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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this volume, we have aimed to make it a complete and sufficient work for advanced classes in Reading, Elocution, and English and American Literature; to furnish, in an available form, such an amount of biographical, historical, classical, orthoëpical, and miscellaneous matter, as to render it highly valuable as a book of reference; and to present a collection of pieces so rich, varied, perspicuous, and attractive, as to suit all classes of minds, all times, and all occasions.

Part First, in two chapters, embraces a simple, complete, and eminently practical Treatise on Elocution. The principles and rules are stated in a succinct and lucid manner, and followed by examples and exercises of sufficient number and extent to enable the student thoroughly to master *each* point as presented, as well as to acquire a distinct comprehension of the parts as a *whole*.

In Part Second, the Selections for Reading and Declamation contain what are regarded as the choicest gems of English literature. The works of many authors, ancient and modern, have been consulted, and more than a hundred standard writers, of the English language, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been laid under contribution to enable the authors to present a collection, rich in all that can inform the understanding, improve the taste, and cultivate the heart, and which, at the same time, shall furnish every variety of style and subject to exemplify the principles of Rhetorical delivery, and form a finished reader and elocutionist. These selections have been arranged in a regularly graded course, and strictly classified with regard to the nature of the subjects. Although we have not been studious of novelty, presenting only what we regarded as suitable, intrinsically excellent, and most truly indicating the mode and range of thought of the writer, it will be seen that a large proportion of this collection is composed of pieces to be found in no similar work.

Much care and labor have been devoted to the orthoëpical department. The pronunciation of all words liable to be mispronounced is indicated once in each paragraph, or at the bottom of the page where they occur. With respect to the words about the pronunciation of which orthoëpists differ, we have adopted the most recent and reliable authority.

Classical and historical allusions, so common among the best writers, have in all cases been explained; *and, if the* authors have not been de-

ceived, every aid has been given in the notes, that the reader may re comprehend the meaning of the writer. This has been done in a ma more full and satisfactory than they have seen in any other collec and in every instance at the bottom of the page where the diffi occurs, so that the reader may not be subjected to the trouble of sulting a dictionary, or other books of reference,—a work whic general, if done at all, is done with extreme reluctance, even by vanced pupils.

In order that the student may still more thoroughly understand t he reads, and for the convenience of that large class of readers have not leisure to peruse voluminous memoirs of distinguished n and yet would be unwilling to forego all knowledge of them, we l introduced concise Biographical Sketches of authors from whose w extracts have been selected, and of persons whose names occur in Reading Exercises. These sketches, presenting a clear and dist outline of the life, and producing a clear and distinct impressio the character, furnish an amount of useful and available informa rarely surpassed by memoirs of greater extent and pretension. I of the names of authors, both alphabetical and chronological, h also been introduced, thus rendering this a convenient text book students in English and American Literature.

The improvements made in the revision of this work are numer and important. The Treatise on Elocution has been carefully elab ted, involving the introduction of phonetic exercises, a more crit orthoëpical notation, and many most apt and interesting examples illustration. Several of these examples under each section are left *marked*, thus affording students opportunities to exercise their ju ment, taste, and discrimination.

The collection of Reading Lessons has been greatly improved judicious omissions, and the substitution of new dialogues, balla dramatic lyrics, and other rhetorical pieces that are more varied a inspiriting, and better adapted to elocutionary readings, both pul and private. The classification of these lessons is more systematic a thorough than that ever before attempted in any corresponding wo They are divided into formal sections, in each of which only one le ing subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rende prominent. All practical aids are furnished by more copious not new indexes, etc.

New York, *June*, 1866.

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PART I.
LECTURE.

PART I.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad.*

2. GOOD ELOCUTION, in reading or speaking, is uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOËPY and EXPRESSION.

Readers may be divided into three classes,—the *mechanical*, or those who merely pronounce words, with but slight reference to their connections and signification; the *intelligent*, or those who understand the meaning of the separate words, their relative importance in sentences, and historical and other references; and the *effective*, or those who bring out clearly the *emotional* part, as well as the *exact* and *full meaning* of the author.

To secure *effective reading*—the only reading that can satisfy a laudable ambition—it will be necessary for the student, *first*, to acquire such a practical knowledge of the oral elements of the language as shall insure the precise pronunciation of the separate words, with as little apparent effort of the mind as is ordinarily employed in the act of walking; *secondly*, to learn the definitions of unusual or peculiarly significant words in the lesson—the explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions—and the analysis of all sentences that embrace parenthetical or other incidental matter; and *thirdly*, to acquire such a command of the perceptive faculties, of the emotional nature, and of the elements of expression, as shall enable him to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause the hearers to see, feel, and understand.

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoëpy has to do with *separate* words,—the production of their oral elements, the division of these elements into syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.
DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. ORAL ELEMENTS are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE PRODUCED by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS OF SPEECH are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. VOICE IS PRODUCED by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE DIVIDED into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. TONICS are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. SUBTONICS are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. ATONICS are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. LETTERS are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. THE ALPHABET IS DIVIDED into vowels and consonants.

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[1] **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea or windpipe, consisting of five gristly pieces which form the organ of voice.

12. VOWELS are the letters that usually represent the tonic elements. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[1]

13. A DIPHTHONG is the union of two vowels in one syllable; as, *ou* in *our*.

14. A DIGRAPH, or Improper Diphthong, is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as *oa* in *loaf*, *ou* in *court*.

15. A TRIPHTHONG is the union of three vowels in one syllable; as *eau* in b*eau*, *ieu* in ad*ieu*.

16. CONSONANTS[2] are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng*; th subtonic, and *th* atonic.

17. LABIALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* may be regarded as a nasal labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labia-dentals.

18. DENTALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

19. LINGUALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

20. PALATALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

21. COGNATES are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, &c.

22. ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in p*i*que.

---

[1] **W not a Vowel.**—As *w*, standing alone, does not represent a pure or unmodified tone in the English language, it is not here classified with the vowels.

[2] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning, *sounding with*, is *applied to these letters* and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (bl), *taken* (kn).

II.
ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the figured vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; åge,—*à*, *à*, *à*, *à*; āte,—*ā*, *ā*, *ā*, *ā*: åt,—*å*, *å*, *å*, *å*; ăsh,—*ă*, *ă*, *ă*, *ă*, &c. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

å or ā,[1]	as in	åge,	āte.	ė or ē,	as in	hė,	thēse.
å or ă,	"	åt,	ăsh.	ė or ĕ,	"	ėlk,	ĕnd.
å,	"	årt,	årm.	ė,[4]	"	hėr,	vėrse.
å,	"	åll,	båll.	i or ī,	"	ice,	chīld.
å,[2]	"	båre,	cåre.	i or ĭ,	"	ink,	ĭnch.
å,[3]	"	åsk,	glåss.	ȯ or ō,	"	ȯld,	hōme.

[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

[2] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first or Alphabetic* sound, modified or *softened by r*. *In its* production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say, ā.

[3] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening å.

[4] **E Third.**—The third element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

ŏ or ŏ,[1]	as in	ŏn,	frŏst.	ŭ or ŭ,	as in	bŭd,	hŭsh.
ŏ,	"	dŏ,	prŏve.	ŭ,	"	fŭll,	pŭsh.
ŭ or ū,[2]	"	cŭbe,	cūre.	*ou*,	"	*our*,	h*ou*se.

II. SUBTONICS.

b,	as in	*b*a*b*e,	or*b*.	*r*,[3]	as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
d,	"	*d*i*d*,	*d*im.	th,	"	th*i*s,	wi*th*.
g,	"	*g*a*g*,	*g*ig.	*v*,	"	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
j,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.	*w*,	"	*w*ake,	*w*ise.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.	*y*,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es.
m,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.	*z*,	"	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ine.	z,	"	a*z*ure,	glazier.
ng,	"	ga*ng*,	sa*ng*.				

III. ATONICS.

f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*i*f*e.	*t*,	as in	*t*art,	*t*oas*t*.
h,	"	*h*ark,	*h*arm.	*th*,	"	*th*ank,	you*th*.
k,	"	*k*ind,	*k*iss.	*ch*,	"	*ch*ase,	mar*ch*.
p,	"	*p*ipe,	*p*ump.	*sh*,	"	*sh*ade,	*sh*ake.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*ense.	*wh*,[4]	"	*wh*ale,	*wh*ite.

[1] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by (ŏ or ŏ) the same marks as its regular second power. This modified or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ŏff*, *sŏft*, *crŏss*, *cŏst*, *brŏth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gŏne*, *begŏne*; *lŏng*, *alŏng*, *prŏng*, *sŏng*, *strŏng*, *thŏng*, *thrŏng*, *wrŏng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* (*a* in *all*), is *vulgar*.

[2] **U initial—preceded by R.**—*U*, at the beginning *of words, when* long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use*. When *u* long, or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as, *rude*, *sure*, *brew*.

[3] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. *R* may be *trilled* when immediately followed by a vowel in the same syllable. When thus situated in emphatic words, it should always be trilled. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

[4] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is *escaping*.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p;* or*b*, *b*, &c. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
li*p*,	*p*.	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*i*f*e,	*f*.	*v*ase,	*v*.
*wh*ite,	*wh*.	*w*ise,	*w*.
*s*ave,	*s*.	*z*eal,	*z*.
*sh*ade,	*sh*.	azure,	z.
*ch*arm,	*ch*.	*j*oin,	*j*.
*t*art,	*t*.	*d*id,	*d*.
*th*ing,	*th*.	*th*is,	th.
*k*in*k*,	*k*.	*g*ig,	*g*.

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in the words, g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee', gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For å, *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee', gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For å, *ai, ua;* as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For å, *au, e, ea, ua;* as in h*au*nt, sergeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For å, *au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou;* as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, *o*rk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For å, *ai*, *e*, *ea*, *ei*; as in ch*ai*r, th*e*re, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ė, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*; as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, val*i*se, f*ie*ld.

For ę, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ę̊, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ea*rth, g*i*rl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, b*u*rn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ī, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*ye*.

For ī̊, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ō, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*tboy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ō̊, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in wh*a*t, h*ou*gh, kn*ow*ledge.

For ō͞, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For ū, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ŭ, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For ů, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; wolf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow*; as in n*ow*.

For oi (åĭ), *oy*; as in b*oy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph*; as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, *g*; as in *g*em, *g*in.

For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in *c*ole, con*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, *c*; as in *c*ell.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danc*ed*, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.

For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.

For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro*s*e, *x*ebec.

For ƶ, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ng, *n*; as in a*n*ger, ba*n*k.

For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in o*c*ean, *ch*aise, *s*ure, a*ss*ure, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sounds. Students will not pass from these exercises until they can utter the elements represented by the figured vowels in whatever order the instructor may require.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1.	bå,	bå,	bå,	bå,	bår,	båf;	bė,	bė,	bėr;
	bi,	bī;	bȯ,	bȯ,	bȯ;	bu,	bū,	bū;	bou.
	åb,	åb,	åb,	åb,	årb,	åf;	ėb,	ėb,	ėrb;
	ib,	īb;	ȯb,	ȯb,	ȯb;	ub,	ūb,	ūb;	oub.
	då,	då,	då,	då,	dår,	dås;	dė,	dė,	dėr;
	di,	dī;	dȯ,	dȯ,	dȯ;	du,	dū,	dū;	dou.
	åd,	åd,	åd,	åd,	ård,	åf;	ėd,	ėd,	ėrd;
	id,	īd;	ȯd,	ȯd,	ȯd;	ud,	ūd,	ūd;	oud.
	gå,	gå,	gå,	gå,	går,	gån;	gė,	gė,	gėr;
	gi,	gī;	gȯ,	gȯ,	gȯ;	gu,	gū,	gū;	gou.
	åg,	åg,	åg,	åg,	årg,	åf;	ėg,	ėg,	ėrg;
	ig,	īg;	ȯg,	ȯg,	ȯg;	ug,	ūg,	ūg;	oug.
2.	jås,	jår,	jå,	jå,	jå,	jå;	jėr,	jė,	jė;
	ji,	jī;	jȯ,	jȯ,	jȯ;	ju,	jū,	jū;	jou.
	lås,	lår,	lå,	lå,	lå,	lå;	lėr,	lė,	lė;
	li,	lī;	lȯ,	lȯ,	lȯ;	lu,	lū,	lū;	lou.
	åf,	årl,	ål,	ål,	ål,	ål;	ėrl,	ėl,	ėl;
	il,	īl;	ȯl,	ȯl,	ȯl;	ul,	ūl,	ūl;	oul.

mås, mår, må, må, må, mà; mẽr, mẽ, mè;
mĩ, mì; mõ, mŏ, mò; mũ, mŭ, mù; mou.
åf, årm, åm, åm, åm, àm; ẽrm, ẽm, èm;
ĩm, ìm; õm, ŏm, òm; ũm, ŭm, ùm; oum.

3. nà, nå, nå, når, nåf, nå; nè, nẽr, nẽ;
nì, nĩ; nõ, nŏ, nò; nù, nŭ, nũ; nou.
ång, årng, ång, åf, ång, àng; èng, ẽrng, èng;
ĩng, ìng; õng, ŏng, òng; ũng, ŭng, ùng; oung.
rà, rå, rår, rå, rå, råf; rè, rẽr, rẽ;
rì, rĩ; rõ, rŏ, rò; rũ, rŭ, rù; rou.

4. thà, thå, thår, thåf, thå, thå; thẽr, thè, thẽ,
thì, thĩ; thõ, thŏ, thò; thù, thŭ, thũ; thou.
åth, åth, åf, àth, årth, åth; ẽth, ẽrth, èth;
ĩth, ìth; õth, ŏth, òth; ũth, ŭth, ùth; outh.
và, vå, vår, vå, våf, vå; vẽr, vè, vẽ;
vì, vĩ; võ, vŏ, vò; vũ, vŭ, vù; vou.
åv, åf, åv, àv, åv, årv; ẽrv, èv, èv;
ìv, ĩv; õv, ŏv, òv; ũv, ŭv, ùv; ouv.
wà, wå, wår, wå, wå, wåf; wẽr, wẽ, wè;
wì, wĩ; wò, wŏ, wõ; wù, wŭ, wũ; wou.

5. yà, yå, yå, yå, yår, yån; yè, yẽ, yẽr;
yì, yĩ; yò, yŏ, yõ; yù, yŭ, yũ; you.
zou; zũ, zŭ, zù; zŏ, zõ, zò; zĩ, zì;
zẽr, zẽ, zè; zåf, zår, zå, zå, zå, zå.
ouz; ũz, ŭz, ùz; ŏz, õz, òz; ĩz, ìz;
ẽrz, ẽz, èz; åf, årz, åz, åz, åz, àz.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fã, fã, fã, fã, får, fås; fẽ, fẽ, fẽr;
fĩ, fĩ; fõ, fŏ, fõ; fũ, fŭ, fũ; fou.
hår, hån, hå, hå, hā, hă; hẽ, hē, hẽr;
hĭ, hī; hō, hŏ, hŏ; hū, hŭ, hŭ; hou.
āk, ăk, åk, åk, årk, åf; ĕk, ēk, ẽrk;
ĭk, īk; ōk, ŏk, ŏk; ūk, ŭk, ŭk; ouk.
pā, pă, på, på, pår, påf; pĕ, pē, pẽr;
pĭ, pī; pō, *pŏ*, *pŏ*; *pū*, pŭ, pŭ; pou.

2. åf, års, ås, ås, ăs, ās; ẻrs, ẽs, ēs;
ĭs, ị̄s; ŏs, ŏs; ōs; ůs, ŭs, ūs; ous.
tås, tår, tå, tå, tă, tā; tẽr, tẽ, tē;
tĭ, tī; tŏ, tŏ, tō; tū, tů, tŭ; tou.
thåf, thår, thå, thå, thā, thă; thẽr, thē, thẽ;
īth, ĭth; ōth, ŏth, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, ůth; outh.
ouch; ůch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, ŏch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ẻrch, ēch, ẽch; åf, āch, åch, årch, åch, ăch.

3. chou; chů, chū, chŭ; chŏ, chŏ, chō; chī, chĭ;
chẽr, chē, chẽ; chā, chă, chå, chå, chår, chån.
oush; ůsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, ŏsh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
ẻrsh, ēsh, ẽsh; āsh, åf, ăsh, åsh, åsh, årsh.
shou; shů, shŭ, shū; shŏ, shŏ, shō; shī, shĭ;
shẽr, shē, shẽ; shån, shår, shā, shå, shă, shå.
whou; whŭ, whů, whū; whō, whŏ, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whẽr, whẽ, whē; whås, whår, whå, whă, whā, whå.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise chiefly, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	stå'm	for	sto*r*m.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	wå'm	"	wå*r*m.
blin'ness	"	blin*d* ness.	bois t'rous	"	bois tẽr ous.
fac's	"	fac*t*s.	chick'n	"	chick ẻn.
sof' ly	"	sof*t* ly.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
fiel's	"	fiel*d*s.	nov'l	"	nov ẻl.
wil's	"	wil*d*s.	trav'l	"	trav ẻl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ẻv ẻn	for	ẻv'n.	rav ẻl	for	rav'l.
heav ẻn	"	heav'n.	sev ẻn	"	sev'n.
tåk ẻn	"	tåk'n.	sof tẽn	"	sof'n.
sick ẻn	"	sick'n.	shåk ẻn	"	shåk'n.
driv ẻl	"	driv'l.	shov ẻl	"	shov'l.
grov ẻl	"	grov'l.	shriv ẻl	"	shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sĕt	for	sĭt.	cârse	for	cȯurse.
sẽnce	"	sĭnce.	re pârt	"	re pȯrt.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	trŏf fy	"	trŏ phy.
for gĭt	"	for gĕt.	pâ rent	"	pâr ent.
câre	"	câre.	bŭn net	"	bŏn net.
dânce	"	dânce.	chil d*r*un	"	chil drĕn.
pâst	"	pâst.	sŭl ler	"	cĕl lar.
âsk	"	âsk.	mel l*e*r	"	mel lȯ*w*.
grâss	"	grâss.	pil l*e*r	"	pil lȯ*w*.
*s*rill	"	*sh*rill.	mo m*u*nt	"	mo mẽnt.
*w*irl	"	*wh*irl.	harm l*i*ss	"	harm lẽss.
a gân	"	a gain (ă gĕn).	kind n*i*ss	"	kind nẽss.
a gânst	"	against (ă gĕnst).	*w*is per	"	*wh*is per.
hêrth	"	hearth (hârth).	sing *i*n	"	sing *ing*.

VII.
WORDS.

A WORD is one or more Oral elements, or letters used to represent an idea.

2. WORDS ARE DIVIDED into primitive, derivative, simple, and compound.

3. A PRIMITIVE WORD is not derived, but constitutes a root from which other words are formed; as faith, ease.

4. A DERIVATIVE WORD is formed of a primitive and an affix or prefix; as faith*ful*, *dis*ease.

5. A SIMPLE WORD is one that can not be divided without destroying the sense; as an, the, book.

6. A COMPOUND WORD is formed by two or more words; as inkstand, book-binder, laughing-stock.

VIII.
ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, *and to understand* the uses of let-

ters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s å v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic.[1] The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by five letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labia-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh ô—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by four letters; s h o e—shoe. The combination *sh* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence,

[1] **The analysis logical.**—It will be seen that this analysis is strictly logical; and that each conclusion is deduced from two premises, one of which (the major proposition) is suppressed. The first syllogism, fully stated, is as follows:—All modified breathings are Atonics;

The oral element of *s* is a modified breathing;

Hence, the oral element of *s* is an Atonic.

it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by ô; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of ô.

ANALYSIS—1st. The compound word FRUIT'-BUD is a dissyllable, accented on the penult. *In pronunciation*, it is formed by the union of seven oral elements; f r ô t'-b û d—fruit'-bud. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic. The *third* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *fourth* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *fifth* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic. The *sixth* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *seventh* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word FRUIT-BUD, *in writing*, is represented by eight letters; f r u i t - b u d. *F* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labia-dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *v*; hence, it is a cognate of *v*. *R* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. The combination *ui* is formed by the union of two vowels; hence, it is a diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by ô; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of ô. *T* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. Its oral element is produced by the same organ and in a similar manner as that of *d*; hence, it is a cognate of *d*. *B* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lips; hence, it is a labial. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *p*; hence, it is a cognate of *p*. *U* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *D* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. Its oral element is produced by the same organ and in a similar manner as that of *t*; hence, it is a cognate of *t*.

IX.
RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS the name of a letter, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should always be pronounced ā (*a* in *age*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter ā, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. THE WORD A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in åsk, gråss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

3. THE, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U PRECEDED BY R.—When *u* long (*u* in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as,

Are you *s*ure that sh*rew*d youth was r*u*de?

5. R MAY BE TRILLED when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

X.
EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT letters are here omitted, in most of the examples, and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze

[1] **A initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is *also marked short (ă)*, its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of a *sixth power* (å), as in ălås, ămåss, ăbåft.

the words, both as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

Sentences that are printed in the usual style are intended for *dictation exercises*, in which silent letters will be omitted and the words so written as to represent their correct and exact pronunciation.

1. Thou lādst down ănd slĕptst.
2. Thů bōld, bâd bâĭz brōk bōlts ând bârz.
3. Hĭ ôn ă hĭl Hů hêrd hârsêz hârnĭ hôfs.
4. Shôr âl hêr pâthz âr pâthz ôv pès.
5. Bâ! thât'z nôt *sĭks* dôllârz, bůt *ā* dôllâr.
6. Chârj thē ōld măn tō chôz â châĭs chēz.
7. Lĭt sēkĭng lĭt, hăth lĭt ŏv lĭt bēgĭld.
8. Thů hōsts stůd stĭl, ĭn sĭlênt wůndêr fĭkst.
9. A thouzând shrēks fâr hōplês mêrsĭ kâl.
10. Thů fōlĭshnês ôv fōlz ĭz fōllĭ.
11. Bôth'z yôths wĭth trôths yůz ôthz.
12. Arm ĭt wĭth răgz, ă pĭgmĭ strâ wĭl pērs ĭt.
13. Nou sêt thů têth ând strêch thů nôstrĭl wĭd.
14. Hė wôcht ând wêpt, hė fêlt ând prâd fâr âl.
15. Hĭz ĭz, âmĭdst thů mĭsts, mêzêrd ân âzêr skĭ.
16. Thů fêbl, frĭtnd frėmân fêblĭ fât fâr frėdům.
17. Whispers of revenge passed silently around among the troops.
18. Nō shėt nâr shroud ênshrĭnd thōz shrůngkn shrêdz ôv shrĭvld klâ.
19. He has prints of an ice-house, an ocean, and wasts and deserts.
20. Thů whâlz whêld ând whêrld, and bârd thâr brâd, broun bâks.
21. Jīlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā,—Arōrâ, àlâs, ămâs, mănnâ, vĭllâ, nâr Lūnâ.
22. It will pain nobody, if the sad dangler regain neither rope.
23. The ragged madman, in his ramble, did madly ransack every pantry in the parish.
24. *Whât thou wůdst hĭll thât* thou wůdst hōllĭ.

25. Hė åksĕpts thė ŏffĭs, ĕkspĕkts tŏ lėrn thŭ făkts, ănd ăttĕmts bī hĭz ăkts tŏ kŏnsēl hĭz fâlts.

26. Prithee, blithe youth, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.

27. That fellow shot a sparrow on a willow, in the narrow meadow, near the yellow house.

28. Thŭ strĭf sėsĕth, pės åpprŏchĕth, ånd thŭ gŭd mån rėjâlsĕth.

29. Thŭ shrŏd shrŏz bâd hĭm sâ thât thŭ vil vĭksnz yŭzd shrŭgz, ånd shârp shrĭl shrėks.

30. Shŏrlĭ, thō wŏndĕd, thŭ prŏdĕnt rēkrŏt wŭd nŏt ēt thăt krŏd frŏt.

31. Stėrn, rŭggĕd nėrs! thĭ rĭjĭd lŏr wĭth pâshėns mėnĭ â yėr shė bŏr.

32. At that time, the lame man, who began nobly, having made a bad point, wept bitterly.

33. When loud surges lash the sounding shore, the hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

34. What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whistle, whisper, and whimper near the wharf, where a floundering whale might wheel and whirl?

35. Amĭdst thŭ mĭsts ånd kŏldĕst frŏsts, wĭth bârĕst rĭsts ånd stoutĕst bŏsts, hė thrŭsts hĭz fĭsts âgėnst thŭ pŏsts, ånd stĭl ĭnsĭsts hė sėz thŭ gŏsts.

36. Thăngks tŏ Thăddēŭs Thĭkthŏng, thŭ thâtlĕs thĭssl-sĭftĕr, hŏ thrīs thrŭst thrē thouzănd thĭsslz thrŏ thŭ thĭk ŏv hĭz thŭm.

37. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.

38. Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

39. A stârm ârizĕth ŏn thŭ sė. A mŏdĕl vĕssĕl ĭz strŭggling ămĭdst thŭ wâr ŏv ĕlĕmĕnts, kwĭvĕring ånd shĭvĕring, shringking ånd bâttling lik â thingking bėing. Thŭ mĕrsĭlĕs, râking whĕrlwĭndz, lik frĭtfŭl fĕndz, houl ånd mŏn, ånd sĕnd shârp, shrĭl shrėks thrŏ thŭ krėking kârdâj, snâpping

thû shêts ând mâsts. Thû stêrdî sâlârz stând tô thâr tâsks, ând wêthêr thû sêvèrêst stârm ôv thû sèzn.

40. Châst-id, chêrîsht Chês! Thû chârmz ôv thî chêkêrd châmbêrz chân mè chânjlêslî. Châmbêrlînz, châplînz, ând chânsêllârz hâv chântêd thî chêrôbîk châîsnês. Chèftînz hâv chânjd thû chârîôt ând thû chàs fâr thû chês-bòrd ând thû chârmîng chârj ôv thû chês-nîts. Nô chîlîng chêrl, nô chètîng châffêrêr, nô châttêrîng chânjlîng kân bè thî chòzn châmpiôn. Thou ârt thû chàssnêr ôv thû chêrlîsh, thû chidêr ôv thû chânjâbl, thû chêrîshêr ôv thû chèrfûl ând thû chârîtâbl. Fâr thè âr thû châplêts ôv chânlês chârîtî ând thû châlîs ôv chîldlîk chêrfûlnês. Chânj kân nôt chânj thè: frôm chîldhûd tô thû chârnêl-hous, frôm our fêrst chîldîsh chêrpîngz tô thû chîlz ôv thû chêrch-yârd, thou ârt our chêrl, chânjlês chèftînês.

XI.

PHONETIC LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, by the aid of Phonetics, is easily taught, as an *art*. It is one of the most interesting and healthy of all class exercises. It may be either vocal or respiratory.

2. There are thirty-two well-defined varieties of laughter in the English language, eighteen of which are produced in connection with the *tonics;* nine, with the *subtonics* of *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*, *r*, *th*, *v*, and *z;* and five, with the *atonics* of *f*, *h*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*.

3. Commencing with vocal laughter, the instructor will first utter a tonic, and then, prefixing the oral element of *h*, and accompanied by the class, he will produce the syllable continuously, subject only to the interruptions that are incidental to inhalations and bursts of laughter; as, ā, hā, hā, hā, hā, hā, &c.,—ă, hă, hă, hă, hă, &c.

4. The attention of the students will be called to the most agreeable kinds of laughter, and they will be taught to pass naturally *and easily from* one variety to another.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.
DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. A MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. A DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. A TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. THE ULTIMATE is the *last* syllable of a word; as *ful,* in peace-*ful.*

7. THE PENULT, or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as *māk,* in peace-*mak*-er.

8. THE ANTEPENULT, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *ta,* in spon-*ta*-ne-ous.

9. THE PREANTEPENULT, or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *cab,* in vo-*cab*-u-la-ry.

II.
FORMATION OF SYLLABLES.

A SINGLE impulse of the voice can produce but one radical or opening and vanishing or gradually diminishing movement. Since a syllable is produced by a single impulse of the voice, it follows that only such an oral element, or order of oral elements, as gives but one radical and vanish movement, can enter into its formation. As the tonics can not be uttered separately without producing this movement, but one of them can enter into a single syllable; and, as this movement is all that is essential, each of the tonics may, by itself, form a syllable. Consistently with this, we find, whenever two tonics adjoin, they always belong to separate syllables in pronunciation, as in *a-e*-ri-al, *i-o-ta, o-a-sis.*

2. Though oral elements can not be combined with a view to lengthen a syllable, by the addition of one tonic to another, as this would produce a new and separate impulse, yet a syllable may be lengthened by prefixing and affixing any number of tonics and atonics to a tonic, that do not destroy its singleness of impulse; as, *a*, *an*, *and*, *land*, *gland*, *glands*.

3. A tonic is usually regarded as indispensable in the formation of a syllable. A few syllables, however, are formed exclusively by subtonics. In the words bidde-*n* rive-*n*, rhyth-*m*, schis-*m*, fic-*kle*, i-*dle*, lit-*tle*, and words of like construction, the last syllable is either pure subtonic, or a combination of subtonic and atonic. These final syllables go through the radical and vanish movement, though they are far inferior in quality, euphony, and force, to the full display of these properties on the tonics.

III.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

INITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.[1]

2. FINAL CONSONANTS.—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He accept*s* the ŏffice, and attempt*s* by his act*s* to conceal his fault*s*.

3. WHEN ONE WORD OF A SENTENCE ENDS and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word, in a

[1] **Initial Elements Prolonged.**— On this point Dr. RUSH mentions the error of a distinguished actor, who, in order to give great force and distinctness to his *articulation, dwelt on the initial letters, as marked in* the following lines:

"Canst thou not *m*-inister to a *m*-ind diseased,
Pl-uck from the *m*-emory a r-oot ed sorrow?"

Such mouthing defeats its object

second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pain *n*obody, if the sad *d*angler regain *n*either rope.

4. FINAL COGNATES.—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. UNACCENTED SYLLABLES should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented: they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thought*less*, help*less*, home*less* girl did not resent his rude*ness* and harsh*ness*.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

EXERCISE IN SYLLABICATION.[1]

1. THIRTY years ago, Marseilles[2] lay *burning* in the sun, one day. A *blazing* sun, upon a fierce August *d*ay, was no greater rarity in Southern France then, than at any other time, before or since. Every thing in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there.

2. *Str*ăngers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt ăwāy. The ōnly things to be seen not firedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

3. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water

[1] **Direction.**—Students will give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one *syllable, and tell what rule* for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in *Italics*, in this exercise, is designed to illustrate.

[2] **Marseilles**, (mär sālz').

within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of dēmarkātion between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays had not cooled for months.

4. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian (ĭ tăl′ yăn) coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it sŏftened nowhere else. Far ăwāy the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain.

5. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in lŏng files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were ăwake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.

6. Every thing that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cicāda, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting. Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot ărrōw.

7. The churches were freëst from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with ugly old shadows piously dozing, spitting, and begging—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strŏngly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

8. Shall I be left, forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to Man ălōne unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?

III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary;* as, *hab*-i-TA-tion.

3. The mark of acute accent ['] is employed, *first*, to indicate primary accent; *secondly*, the rising inflection (p. 53); as,

Réading, or read'ing. If thine enemy húnger, give him bread.

4. The mark of grave accent [`] is employed, *first*, to indicate secondary accent; *secondly*, that the vowel over which it is placed, with its attendant consonant, forms a separate syllable; *thirdly*, that the vowel in the unaccented syllable is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; and *fourthly*, the falling inflection (p. 53); as,

Màgnificent, or mag`nificent. A learnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Her goodnèss moved the roughèst. Awày, thou còward!

The student will be required to give the office of each *mark* in the following

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. The lone'ly hunt'er calls his bound'ing dogs, and seeks the high'way.

2. Hark! the whirl'wind is in the forèst: agèd trees are o`verturned'.

3. Vèrácity first of all, and fòréver.

4. The fínèst wits have their sédimènt.

5. *Hunting mèn,* not béasts, shall be his game.

6. A fòol with júdges; among fóols, a jùdge.

7. Will the heed'lèssnèss of honèst studènts offend' their truèst friends?

8. Hónèst stúdènts learn the greátnèss of hùmílity.

9. That blessèd and belovèd child loves evèry wingèd thing.

10. The agree'able ar'tisan‵ made an ad'mirable păr'asŏl‵ for that beau'tiful Russian (rŭsh'an) la'dy.

11. No'tice the marks of ac'cent, and al'ways accent' correct'ly words that should have but one ac'cent, as in *sen'sible, vaga'ry, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty, in'teresting,* &c.

12. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, cìvilizátion, have no pérmanènt ínterèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offénds his trúest friends.

13. In a crówdèd life, on a stage of nátions, or in the obscúrèst hámlèt, the same bléssèd élemènts óffer the same rich chóicès to each new cómer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY words, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Why does your *ab'sent* friend *absent'* himself?

2. Did he *abstract'* an *ab'stract* of your speech from the desk?

3. Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.

4. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.

5. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert.*

6. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.

7. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.

8. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume.*

9. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand.*

10. If they *rebel'*, and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow.*

11. In *Au'gust*, the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact' discourse.*

12. *In'stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.

13. Within a *min'ute* from this time, I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.

14. Earnest prayer is an *in'cense* that can never *incense'* Deity.

15. While you *converse'* with each other, I hold *con'verse* with nature.

16. If they continue to *progress'* in learning, he will commend them for their *prog'ress*.

17. If Congress *in'terdict'* intercourse with foreign nations, will the *in'terdict* be just?

18. Unless the *con'vert* be zealous, he will never *convict'* the *con'vict* of his errors, and *convert'* him.

19. If the *pro'test* of the minority be not respected, they will *protest'* against your votes.

20. If the farmer *produce'* *prod'uce* enough for his family, he will not *transfer'* his title to that estate, though the *trans'fer* is legal.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

THE ordinary accent of words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.

2. He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.

3. Consider well what you have done, and what you have left *un'*done.

4. I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.

5. He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.

6. This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

7. There are also *ce'*lestial bodies, and bodies *ter'*restrial; but the glory of the *ce'*lestial is one, and the glory of the *ter'*restrial is another.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, SLUR, INFLECTION, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Orthoëpy is the mechanical part of elocution, consisting in the discipline and use of the organs of speech and the voice for the production of the alphabetic elements and their combination into separate words. It is the basis—the subsoil, which, by the mere force of will and patient practice, may be broken and turned up to the sun, and from which spring the flowers of expression.

Expression is the *soul* of elocution. By its ever-varying and delicate combinations, and its magic and irresistible power, it wills—and the listless ear stoops with expectation; the vacant eye burns with unwonted fire; the dormant passions are aroused, and all the tender and powerful sympathies of the soul are called into vigorous exercise.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.
DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, however, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

4. By the proper use of emphasis, we are enabled to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words. Students, however, should be required to observe carefully the following rules.

II.
RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS AND PHRASES PECULIARLY SIGNIFICANT, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. WORDS AND PHRASES THAT CONTRAST, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

3. THE REPETITION of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—YOU, sir!

4. A SUCCESSION of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

The students will tell which of the preceding rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *Boisterous* in speech, in action *prŏmpt* and *bold*.

2. Speak little and well, if you wish to be considered as possessing mĕrit.

3. He buys, he *sells*,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

4. But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

5. I shall know but *one* country. I was *born* an Ămĕrican; I *live* an Ămĕrican; I shall *die* an Ămĕrican.

6. I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.

7. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

8. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

9. The young are slaves to novelty: the old, to custom: the middle-aged, to both: the dead, to nēither.

10. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth*; but the *righteous* are bold as a lion.

11. *They come! to arms!* TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

12. None but the *brave*, none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.

13. A *day*, an HOUR, of *virtuous liberty*, is worth a whōle ETERNITY in bondage.

14. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of Gŏd, it shall be my dying sentiment—independence now, and independence forever.

15. The *thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard to *roll* in the *voice of a united people*.

16. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.[1]

17. Let us fight for *our country*, OUR WHŌLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

18. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES; where *foxes*, GEESE.

19. What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a DŎG *money? is it possible,*
A CUR *can lend three thousand dŭc'ats?*

20. In the prosecution of a virtuous enterprise, a brave man despises danger and difficulty.

21. Was that country a DESERT? No: it was *cultivated* and *fertile; rich* and *populous!* Its sons were men of *genius, spirit,* and *generosity!* Its daughters were *lovely, susceptible,* and *chaste! Friendship* was its inhabitant! *Love* was its inhabit-

[1] In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep depression of the voice,—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

ant! *Domestic affection* was its inhabitant! LIBERTY was its inhabitant!

22. Son of night, RETIRE; call thy winds and *fly*. WHY dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I FEAR thy *gloomy form*, dismal spirit of Loda? WEAK is thy shield of clouds; FEEBLE is that meteor, thy *sword*.

23. What STRŎNGER breastplate than a heart *untainted!* THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel JUST; and he but NAKED, though locked up in STEEL, whose *conscience* with INJUSTICE is corrupted.

24. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounce* it to you: *trippingly* on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-*crier* spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently;* for in the very torrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begĕt a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness*.

25. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this *mantle:* I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on: ('twas on a summer's evening in his tent: that day he overcame the Nervii:)—LOOK! In *this* place ran CASSIUS' dagger through: see what a rent the envious CASCA made. Through THIS, the well-belovèd BRUTUS stabbed; and, as he plucked his cursèd *steel* away, mark how the *blood* of Cæsar *followed* it! THIS was the most *unkindest* cut of all! for, when the noble Cæsar saw HIM stab, INGRATITUDE, more strŏng than *traitors' arms*, quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty *heart;* and, in his mantle muffling up his face, even at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood, GREAT CÆSAR FELL. O WHAT a fall was THERE, my countrymen! Then *I*, and YOU, and ALL of us, fell down; whilst bloody TREASON flourished over us.

26. Oh, now you *weep;* and I perceive you feel the dint of PITY: these are *gracious* drops. *Kind souls! What*, weep you when you but behold our Cæsar's VESTURE wounded? Look ye here! Here is HIMSELF, MARRED, as you see, by TRAITORS.

27. As Cæsar *loved* me, I *weep* for him: as he was *fortunate*, I *rejoice* at it: as he was *valiant*, I *honor* him: but as he was AMBITIOUS, I *slew him*. There is *tears* for his love, *joy* for his fortune, *honor* for his valor, and DEATH for his *ambition*.

II. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. Emphatic words, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more fōrcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. In order to communicate clearly and forcibly the whōle signification of a passage, it must be subjected to a *rigid analysis*. It will then be found, that one paramount idē'a always pervades the sentence, although it may be associated with incidental statements, and qualified in every possible manner. Hence, on the proper management of slur, much of the beauty and propriety of enunciation depends, as thus the reader is enabled to bring forward the primary ideās, or more important parts, into a strŏng light, and throw other pōrtions into shade; thereby entirely changing the character of the sentence, and making it appear lucid, strong, and expressive.

4. Slur must be employed in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition,* or *explanation,* where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and ŏften when *qualification* of *time, place,* or *manner* is made.

5. The parts which are to be *slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whōle sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are *unmarked* in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. The rĭch, *softened by prosperity,* pitied the poor; the poor, *disciplined into order,* respected the rich.

2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

3. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,* seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

4. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

5. I had always thought that I could meet death without a murmur; but I did not know, *she said, with a faint voice, her lips quivering,* I did not know, *till now,* how hard a thing it would be to leave my child.

6. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

7. The stomach (cramm'd from every dish, a tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish, where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar, and all the man is one intestine war) remembers ŏft the school-boy's simple fare, the temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

8. Ingēn'ious boys, *who are idle,* think, *with the hare in the fable,* that, *running with SNAILS (so they count the rest of their school-fellows),* they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting.*

9. I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that, when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man.

10. The soul of eloquence is the center of the human soul itself, which, *enlightened by the rays of an idea, or warmed and stirred by an impression,* flashes or bursts fŏrth, to manifest, *by some sign or other,* what it feels or sees.

11. Can he, who, not satisfied with the wide range of animated existence, calls for the sympathy of the inanimate creation, refuse to worship with his fellow-men?

12. Why does the VERY MURDERER, *his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow,* strike WIDE of the mortal part? Because—of CONSCIENCE!

13. The massy rocks themselves, the old and ponderous

trunks of prostrate trees, that lead from knoll to knoll, a causeway rude, or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots with all their earth upon them, twisting high, breathe fixed tranquillity.

14. "But now," *whispered the dear girl*, "it is evening; the sun, *that rejoices*, has finished his daily toil; man, *that labors*, has finished his; I, *that suffer*, have finished mine." Just then, her dull ear caught a sound. It was the sound, *though muffled and deadened, like the ear that heard it*, of horsemen advancing.

15. Here we have butter pure as virgin gold;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bŏvīne pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

16. I love Music, *when she appears in her virgin purity*, almost to adoration. But vocal music—*the dearest, sweetest thing on earth—unaccompanied with good elocution*, is like butter without salt; a garlic-eater with a perfumed handkerchief; or, rather, like a bankrupt beau—*his soft hands incased in delicate kids*—with soiled linen, and patches upon his knees.

17. A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But lacking pupils, vain was all his skill;
His fortunes sank from low to lower still,
Until at last, pathetic to relate,
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.

18. No! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

19. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedge-hog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blow-pipe of their indignation, and scorch him, and burn his faults into him; and, when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.

20. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned;*
Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round;*
Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale;*
Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale;*
For me your tributary stōres combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

21. If there's a Power above us—and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

22. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

23. The devout heart, *penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence,* bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and, *from a full and overflowing sensibility,* seeks to expand itself to the utmost limits of creation.

24. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

25. O WINTER! *RULER OF THE INVERTED YEAR! thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled, thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks fringed with a bĕard made white with other snows than those of age, thy fŏrehead wrapped in clouds, a leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne a sliding car, indebted to no* WHEELS, *but urged by* STORMS *alŏng its slippery way,* I LOVE THEE, *all* UNLOVELY *as thou seem'st, and* DREADED *as thou art.*

26. They shall hear my VENGEANCE, that would scorn to LISTEN to the story of my WRŎNGS. The MISERABLE HIGHLAND DROVER, *bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down,*

because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall BURST on them in an AWFUL CHANGE.

27. Think
Of the bright lands *within the western main,*
Where we will build our home, *what time the seas*
Weary thy gaze;—there the broad palm-tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whŏle trĕasure in the lap of Time.—
On turfs, *by fairies trod,* the Eternal Flora
Spreads all her blooms; and *from a lake-like sea*
Wooes to her odorous haunts the western wind!
While, *circling round and upward from the boughs,*
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, *like a happy soul released,*
Hangs in the air, and *from invisible plumes*
Shakes sweetness down!

28. Lo! the unlettered hind, who never knew to raise his mind excursive to the heights of abstract contemplation, as he sits on the green hillock by the hedge-row side, what time the insect swarms are murmuring, and marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds, that fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky, feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse the thrill of gratitude to Him who formed the goodly prospect; he beholds the god throned in the west; and his reposing ear hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze, that floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake, or lingers, playful, on the haunted stream.

29. Beauty—*a living presence of the earth,*
Surpassing the most fair ideäl forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me *as I move,*
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—*like those of old*
Sought in the Atlantic main—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the *discerning intellect of man,*

When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, should find these
A simple produce of the common day.

30. Dear Brothers, who sit at this bountiful board,
With excellent viands so lavishly stored,
That, in newspaper phrase, 't would undoubtedly groan,
If groaning were but a convivial tone,
Which it isn't—and therefore, by sympathy led,
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing instead;
Dear Brothers, I rise,—and it wŏn't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising,—
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial reünion this glōrious night!

III. INFLECTIONS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTIONS are the bends or slides of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the slide, is one of the most important divisions of elocution, because all speech is made up of slides, and because the right or wrŏng formation of these gives a pervading character to the whōle delivery. It is to the graceful formation of the slides that we are chiefly indebted for that easy and refined utterance which prevails in polished society; while the coarse and rustic tones of the vulgar are commonly owing to some early and erroneous habit in this respect. Most of the schoolboy faults in delivery, such as drawling, whining, and a monotonous singing sound, result from a wrŏng formation of the slide, and may be corrected by a proper course of practice on this element of speech.

A slide consists of two parts, viz.: the *radical*, or opening sound, and the *vanish*, or gradual diminution of force, until the sound is lost in silence. Three things are necessary to the perfect formation of a slide.

1st. The opening sound must be struck with a *full* and *lively impulse of voice.*

2d. The diminution of force must be regular and ēquable—not more rapid in one part than another, but naturally and gracefully declining to the last.

3d. The final *vanish* must be delicately formed, without being abrupt on the one hand, or too much prolonged on the other.

Thus, a *full opening*, a *gradual decrease*, and a *delicate termination*, are requisite to the perfect formation of a slide.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

3. THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward *from the general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences *above* the *general pitch*, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. THE CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent [′] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [`] the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

Let the students pronounce the following words with contrasted inflections, using great pains to form the slides in accordance with the preceding directions:

1. Cáll, càll; fár, fàr; fáme, fàme; sháme, shàme; áir, àir; scéne, scène; míle, mìle; píle, pìle.

2. Róam, ròam; tóol, tòol; schóol, schòol; púre, pùre; múle, mùle; jóin, jòin; óur, òur.

7. When the *circumflex* commences with a *rising* and ends with a *falling* slide of the voice, it is marked thus ⌢; but

when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* slide, it is marked thus ⌣, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fo͡o͡l, to think I could do tha͡t.

8. The inflections or slides should be used on the accented syllables of important or *emphatic* words; as,

I will *nèver* stay. I said *gòodly* not *hómely.*

II.

RULES IN INFLECTIONS.

DIRECT QUESTIONS, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection; but their answers, the *falling;* as,

Has any one sailed around the éarth? Yès, Captain Còok.

EXCEPTIONS.—The *falling* inflection is required when the direct question becomes an earnest appeal, and the answer is anticipated; and when a direct question, not at first understood, is repeated with marked emphasis; as,

Wìll her love survive your neglèct? and *mày* not you expect the sneers, both of your wife, and of her pàrents?

Do you reside in the cíty? Whát did you say, sír? Do you reside in the *cìty?*

2. INDIRECT QUESTIONS, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same; as,

Who said, "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alòne?" Swìft.

EXCEPTIONS.—The *rising* inflection is required when an indirect question is used to ask a repetition of what was not at first understood; and when the *answers* to questions, whether direct or indirect, are given in an indifferent or careless manner; as,

Whére did you sáy? Shall I tell your énemy? As you pléase!

3. QUESTIONS, WORDS, AND CLAUSES, CONNECTED BY THE DISJUNCTIVE *OR*, usually require the *rising* inflection before, and the *falling* after it; though, when *or* is used *con-*

junctively, it takes the rising inflection *after*, as well as *before* it; as,

Does he deserve *práise*, or *blàme?* Can yóuth, or héalth, or stréngth, or hónor, or pléasure, satisfy the sóul?

4. WHEN WORDS OR CLAUSES ARE CONTRASTED OR COMPARED, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *lóve* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *míne*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

5. FAMILIAR ADDRESS, and the pause of suspension, denoting condition, supposition, or incompleteness, usually require the *rising* inflection; as,

Friénds, I come not here to tálk. If thine enemy húnger, give him bread to eat.

6. THE LANGUAGE OF CONCESSION, politeness, admiration, entreaty, and tender emotions, usually requires the *rising* inflection; as,

Your remark is trûe: the manners of this country have not all the desirable éase and fréedom.

I práy thee remémber, I have done thée worthy sérvice; told thee no líes, made no mistákes; served without grúdge or grùmbling.

7. THE END OF A SENTENCE that expresses completeness, conclusion, or result, usually requires the falling slide of termination, which commences on the general pitch, and falls below it; as,

The rose is beauti*fûl*.

8. AT EACH COMPLETE TERMINATION OF THOUGHT, before the close of a sentence, the *falling* inflection is usually required; though, when several pauses occur, the last but one generally has the *rising* inflection; as,

Every human being has the ideä of dùty; and to unfold this ideä is the end for which life was given him.

The rock crùmbles; the trees fâll; the leaves fáde, and the grass wìthers.

9. THE LANGUAGE OF COMMAND, rebuke, contempt, exclamation, and terror, usually requires the *falling* inflection; as,

Thou slàve, thou wrètch, thou còward! Awày from my sìght!

10. THE LAST MEMBER OF A COMMENCING SERIES, and the last but one of a *concluding* series, usually require the *rising* inflection; and all others the *falling;* as,

A good dispositìon, virtuous prìnciples, a liberal educàtion, and industrious *hábits*, are passports to happiness and honor.

These reward a good dispositìon, virtuous prìnciples, a liberal *educátion*, and industrious hàbits.

11. THE CIRCUMFLEX IS USED when the thoughts employed are not sincere or earnest, but are used in jest, irony, or double-meaning,—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The circumflex which ends with the *rising* slide should be given to the *negative* ideäs, and that which ends with the *falling* slide to *positive* ideas; as,

This is your plain man, if not your gracious one.

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS.

1. Do you see that beautiful stár? Yès: it is splèndid!
2. Will you forsake us? and will you favor us no more?
3. I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter. *Dìd* I say better?
4. *Are* you, my dear sir, willing to forgive?
5. Why is the hàll crówded? What mèans this stìr in town?
6. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blàme?
7. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
9. I said gòod, not bád: hàppy, not míserable.
10. O Róme! O my cóuntry! how art thou fàllen!
11. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?
12. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?
13. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
    Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
    Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
    Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

14. Fíre and wàter, óil and vìnegar, héat and còld, lĭght and dárkness, are not more opposed to each other, than is hònesty to fráud, or více to vìrtue.

15. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?

16. Can the great statesman, skilled in deep design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?—
Can the tuned follower of the sacred Nine
Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death?

17. Hath a *dŏg* móney? Is it possible a *cŭr* can lend three thousand dúcats?

18. All the círcumstances and àges of men, póverty, ríches, yóuth, old àge—all the dispositions and pàssions, mélancholy, lóve, griĕf, conténtment—are capable of being personified in poetry with great propriety.

19. If thou dost sláander *hĕr*, and *tòrture* mĕ—NÈVER PRÀY MÒRE.

20. But, whatever may be óur fate, be assured, be assured that this declaràtion will stànd. It may cost tréasure, and it may cost bloòd; but it will stànd, and it will richly compènsate for bòth.

21. The war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

22. They bŏast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protection! yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek nò change —and leaŏt of all such change as they would bring us!

23. Are flĕets and ărmies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliátion? Have we shown ourselves so unwĭlling to be reconciled, that fŏrce must be called in to win back our lóve?

And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre.

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.

The four general divisions, or modes of vocal sound, presented in this section, are properly the *elements of expression;* as, by the combination of the different forms and varieties of these modes, emphasis, slur, monotone, and other divisions of expression are produced.

I.

PITCH.

PITCH[1] refers to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

2. HIGH PITCH is that which is heard in calling to a per-

[1] **Exercise on Pitch.**—For a general exercise on *pitch*, select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as often as possible.

son at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

2. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

3. First came renownèd Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadōw like an āngel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out, aloud,—
"CLARENCE *is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence;*
SEIZE *on him, ye furies, take him to your torments.*"

3. MODERATE PITCH is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their ideā of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

2. The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I thought that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4. Low Pitch is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yĕt, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yŏn cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand.

2. Sŏftly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day:
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and sinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

II.

FORCE.

FORCE[1] is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking. Though the degrees of force are numerous, varying from a sŏft

[1] **Exercise on Force.**—For a general exercise on *force*, select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard; then gradually increase the quantity, until the whŏle power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the prŏcess, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise can not be too frequently repeated.

whisper to a shout, yet they may be considered as three: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

2. LOUD FORCE is used in strŏng, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sŏrrōw, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*
If I but cătch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ăncient grudge I bear him.

2. VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

4. O thou that, with surpaşsing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the Gŏd
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O SUN, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glōrious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

3. MODERATE FORCE, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

1. Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly at the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare.

2. What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the sŏft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

3. I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell:
To which, in silence hushed, his vĕry soul
Listened intensely;—and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonōrous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.

4. GENTLE FORCE, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

1. Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As sŏftly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy fŏrest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shōre,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no mōre.

2. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—sŏftly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

2. THE PURE TONE is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

1. Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs

From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repāy
For all else fortune tears awāy?

2. It is the hour, when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So sŏftly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

3. The Orotund is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last armed foe *expires;*
Strike—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your *native land!*

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:—
Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

3. The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strŏng,
Yĕt lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far alŏng,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

4. THE ASPIRATED TONE is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong,—the words, or portions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

1. How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*

2. The ăncient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper, in an under-tone,
"*Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.*"

3. While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "*The foe! they come, they come!*"

5. THE GUTTURAL is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

1. Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

2. Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
Of all earth's grŏveling crew the most accursed!
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!

6. THE TREMULOUS TONE, or *tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

7. The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whōle of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the

tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every emphatic syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest;* but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

O love, re*main!* It is not yet *near day!*
It was the nightin*gale,* and not the *lark,*
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree.
Be*lieve* me, love, it was the nightingale.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

IV.

RATE.

RATE[1] refers to movement in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

2. QUICK RATE is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

1. Away! away! our fires stream bright
Alŏng the frozen river,
And their ărrōwy sparkles of brilliant light
On the fŏrest branches quiver.

2. Away! away to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

3. The lake has burst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:

[1] **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at *which distinct articulation* ceases. Having done this, reverse the prŏcess, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at plĕasure, which is one of the most important elements of good *reading* and speaking.

They gallop alŏng, with a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. MODERATE RATE is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

1. When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadōws from yŏn purple hills,
We pace this shōre,—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And bōth unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath wōrn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words; and ōft a smile
Will stray ămĭdst his lessons, as he marks
New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads,
Upon the burning page of my black eyes,
The truth reflected which he casts on me.

2. I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that luster have imbibed
In the sun's palace-pōrch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

3. Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the lŏng sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lŏfty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strŏng feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wĭnd,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!

Yĕt it may be, more lŏfty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells
Warmed by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*,
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

4. SLOW RATE is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation; as,

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-dĕv'astating flight;
Thou ōnly Gŏd! There is no God beside!

2. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lōwing herd winds slowly ō'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darknèss and to me.

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadōw of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncŏffined, and unknown.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE consists of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. It is very seldom the case that a *perfect* sameness is to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone is to be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. The monotone usually requires a low tone of the

voice, loud or prolŏnged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

The sign of monotone is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*, or without inflection; as,

I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than Gòd! Shall a man be more pure than his Màker!

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generàtions. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art Gòd.

2. Then the earth shook and trèmbled; the foundations, also, of the hills moved, and were shàken, because he was wròth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devòured. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down, and darkness was under his fèet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly'; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wìnd.

3. Man dieth, and wasteth awày: yea, man giveth up the ghóst, and where is hè? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth úp, so man lieth down, and riseth nòt; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awáke, nor be raised out of their slèep.

4. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and góld,
Satan exalted sàt!

5. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear alóft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immóvable,
Looking tranquìllity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sìght: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chíllness to my trembling heàrt.

6 Our revels are now ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itsèlf—
Yea, all which it inhèrit, shall dissólve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, fáded—
Léave not a ràck behìnd.

7. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged awày. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfóld, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy sòul; freeze thy young blòod;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their sphères;
Thy knottèd and combinèd locks to pàrt,
And each particular hair to stand on énd,
Like quills upon the fretful pòrcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blòod:—Lìst,—líst,—Ò lìst!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father lóve,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural mùrder.

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

2. This principle of expression, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature.

3. The student should exercise his discrimination and

ingenuity in studying the character of persons to be represented,—fully informing himself with regard to their temperament and peculiarities, as well as their condition and feelings at the time,—and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISE IN PERSONATION.

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these āye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy fŏrests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering—far ăwāy,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? this palm that rears
Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
My heart is wandering round our ăncient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were fŏrced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*—FOR HOME!

VII. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

Pauses are often more eloquent than words. They differ greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively con-

versation and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous, and more prolonged.

The pause is marked thus ⌙, in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

NOMINATIVES.—A pause is required after a *compound nominative*, in all cases; and after a nominative consisting of a single word, when it is either *emphatic*, or is the leading subject of discourse; as,

Joy and sŏrrōw ⌙ move him not. No people ⌙ can claim him. No country ⌙ can appropriate him.

2. WORDS IN APPOSITION.—A pause is required after words which are in *apposition with*, or *opposition to*, each other; as,

Solomon ⌙ the son of David ⌙ was king of Israel. False delicacy is affectation ⌙ not politeness.

3. A TRANSITION.—A pause is required after *but*, *hence*, and other words denoting a marked transition, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence; as,

But ⌙ it was reserved for Arnold ⌙ to blend all these bad qualities into one. Hence ⌙ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ⌙ the beginning of wisdom.

4. CONJUNCTIONS AND RELATIVES.—A pause is required before *that*, when a conjunction or relative, and the relatives *who*, *which*, *what*; together with *when*, *whence*, and other adverbs of time and place, which involve the ideä of a relative; as,

He went to school ⌙ that he might become wise. This is the man ⌙ that loves me. We were present ⌙ when La Fayette embarked at Havre for New York.

5. THE INFINITIVE.—A pause is required before the *infinitive mood*, when governed by another verb, or separated by an intervening clause from the word which governs it; as,

He has gŏne ⌙ to convey the news. He smote me with a rod ⌙ to please my *enemy*.

6. In cases of Ellipsis, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

So goes the world: if ⌙| wealthy, you may call this ⌙| friend, that ⌙| brother.

7. Qualifying Clauses.—Pauses are used to set off *qualifying clauses* by themselves; to separate *qualifying terms* from each other, when a number of them refer to the same word; and when an adjective follows its noun; as,

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and ⌙| *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks* ⌙| seems ⌙| *with continuous laughter* ⌙| to rejoice in its own being. He had a mind ⌙| deep ⌙| active ⌙| well stored with knowledge.

These rules, though important, if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought.

A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. His only guide, in many instances, is a discriminating taste in grouping ideas, and separating by pauses those which are less intimately allied. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity*.

III.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without an actual pause; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

The prolongation on the last syllable of a word, or suspensive quantity, is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover¯sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief¯is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows¯flee—she checks their base career;
The foe¯retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill ¯ your friend and benefactor? Would you *practice* hypocrisy ¯ and smile in his face, while your conspiracy *is* ripening?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing wherever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

Warms ¯ in the sun, refreshes ¯ in the breeze,
Glows ¯ in the stars, and blossoms ¯ in the trees;
Lives ¯ through all life, extends ¯ through all extent,
Spreads ¯ undivided, operates ¯ unspent.

GENERAL RULE.—When a preposition is followed by as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride ¯ of the whole country.

Require students to tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated, wherever a mark, representing the pause or suspensive quantity, is introduced in the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. It matters very little ⏑ what immediate ¯ spot ⏑ may have been the birth-place ¯ of such a man as Washington. *No* people ⏑ can claim ⏑⏑ no country ⏑ can appropriate him. The boon ¯ of Providence to the human race ⏑ his fame ⏑ is eternity ⏑⏑ and his dwelling-place ¯ creation.

2. Though it was the defeat ⏑ of our arms ⏑ and the disgrace ⏑ of our policy ⏑⏑ I almost bless ¯ the convulsion ⏑ in which he had his ŏrigin. If the heavens thundered ⏑ and the earth ¯ rocked ⏑⏑ yet ⏑ when the storm passed ⏑ how pure ¯ was the climate ⏑ that it cleared ⏑⏑ how bright ⏑ in the brow of the firmament ⏑ was the planet ⏑ which it revealed to us!

3. In the production of Washington ⏑ it does reälly appear ⏑ as if nature ⏑ was endeavoring to improve ¯ upon herself ⏑⏑ and that all the virtues ¯ of the ăncient world ⏑ were but so many *studies* ⏑ *preparatory ¯ to the pātriot of the new.* Individual ¯

instances ⏑ no doubt there were ⏑ splendid exemplifications ⏑ of some single qualification. Cæsar ⏑ was merciful ⏑ ⏑ Scipio ⏑ was continent ⏑ ⏑ Hannibal ⏑ was patient. But ⏑ it was reserved for Washington ⏑ to blend them all in one ⏑ ⏑ and ⏑ like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist ⏑ to exhibit ⏑ in one glow of associated beauty ⏑ the pride of evèry modèl ⏑ and the perfection of every master.

4. As a general ⏑ ⏑ he marshaled the peasant ⏑ into a veteran ⏑ ⏑ and supplied by discipline ⏑ the absence of experience. As a statesman ⏑ ⏑ he enlarged the policy of the cabinet ⏑ into the most comprehensive system of general advantage. And such ⏑ was the wisdom of his views ⏑ and the philosophy of his counsels ⏑ ⏑ that to the soldier ⏑ and the statesman ⏑ he almost added ⏑ the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror ⏑ he was untainted with the crime of blood ⏑ ⏑ a revolutionist ⏑ he was free from any stain of treason ⏑ for aggression commenced the contest ⏑ and his country called him to the field. Liberty ⏑ unsheathed his sword ⏑ ⏑ necessity ⏑ stained ⏑ ⏑ victory ⏑ returned it.

6. If he had paused *here* ⏑ history might have doubted ⏑ what station to assign him ⏑ ⏑ whether at the head of her citizens ⏑ or her soldiers ⏑ ⏑ her heroes ⏑ or her pātriots. But the last glōrious act ⏑ *crowns* his career ⏑ and banishes all hesitation. Who ⏑ like Washington ⏑ after having emancipated a hemisphere ⏑ resigned its crown ⏑ ⏑ and preferred the retirement of domestic life ⏑ to the adoration of a land ⏑ he might almost be said to have created?

7. How shall we rank thee ⏑ upon glōry's page,
Thou *mōre* than *soldier* ⏑ and just *less* than *sage!*
All thou *hast* been ⏑ reflects less praise ⏑ on thee,
Far less ⏑ than all thou hast forbōrne to be.

KEY TO THE USE OF MARKED LETTERS.

àge or āge, åt or ăt, årt, åll, bâre, åsk; wè or wē, ẽnd or ĕnd, hêr; îce or īce, în or ĭn, flȳ, hўmn; ôld or ōld, ŏn or ǒn, dŏ; mûte or mūte, ûp or ŭp, fûll; ŧhis; azure; reäl, (not *rē/*); o'vershoot'; badnèss, (not *nĭss*); agèd, (not *ājd*); ġ as j.

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PART II.

READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. THE MONTHS.

JANUARY! Darknèss and light reign ălīke. Snow is on the[1] ground. Cōld is in thē[2] air.[3] The winter is blossoming in frŏst-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth[4] white? So hath Gŏd wiped out the past,[5] so hath he spread the earth like an unwritten page, for ă[6] new year! Old sounds are silènt in the fŏrest and in the air. Insects are dead, birds[7] are gŏne,[8] leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies, white and tranquil, the emblem of newnèss and purity, the virgin[9] rōbes of the yĕt unstained year!

2. FEBRUARY! The day gains upon the night. The strife of heat and cold is scarce[10] begun. The winds that come from the desolate north wander through fŏrests of frŏst-cracking boughs, and shout in the air the wēird[11] cries of the northern bergs[12] and ice-resounding oceans. Yĕt, as the month wears on, the silènt work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yĕt, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. The storms cry out. But the sun is not heard in all the heavens. Yet he whispers words of deliverance into the ears of ĕvèry sleeping seed and root[13] that lies benēath the snow. The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frŏst-lock. They strive togĕther, but

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[1] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 32.
[2] **Thē**, see Rule 3, p. 32.
[3] **Air**, (år), see Note 2, p. 22.
[4] **Earth**, (ĕrth), see Note 4, p. 22.
[5] **Past**, (pȧst), see Note 3, p. 22.
[6] **A**, (ă), see Rule 2, p. 32.
[7] **Birds**, (bĕrdz).
[8] **Gŏne**, see Note 1, p. 23.
[9] **Virgin**, (vĕr′jin).
[10] **Scarce**, (skȧrs).
[11] **Wēird**, like witches; skilled in witchcraft; unearthly; wild.
[12] **Bergs**, (bĕrgz), hills; an iceberg is a hill or mountain of ice, or a vast body of ice floating on the ocean.
[13] **Root**, (rōt).

the Darknèss and the Cold are growing weaker. On some nights they forgĕt to work.

3. March! The conflict is more turbulent,[1] but the victory is gained. The world ăwākes.[2] There[3] come voices from lŏng-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in thē air. The sullen ice retreating from open field, and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of ĕvèry fence and rock. The knōlls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tīny palms.[4]

4. April! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come fōrth. Go, see what they have lōst. What have ice, and snow, and storm, done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How do they come forth opening and glō-rified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave? In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered ăwāy no trĕasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in Jănuary. You have not lōst what Gŏd has only hidden. You lose nothing[5] in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again.[6] Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far ŏff. Secretly the plants love each other.

5. May! O Flower-Month, per'fect the harvèsts of flowers! Be not niggardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooks[7] that refused the sun, casting back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodnèss in the worst. There is warmth in the cōldnèss. The sīlènt, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a plăcid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the vĕry rocks, and līchens[8] grow and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do, that carries in its bosom[9] Love?

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[1] **Turbulent**, (tûr' bu lent).
[2] **Awakes**, (ă wāks'), Note 1, p. 32.
[3] **There**, (thâr).
[4] **Palms**, (pâmz).
[5] **Nothing**, (nŭth' ing).
[6] **Again**, (ă gĕn').
[7] **Nooks**, (nŏks).
[8] **Lichen**, (lī' ken), one of an order of flowerless plants, without distinction of leaf and stem, usually of scaly, expanded, front-like forms, but sometimes imitating the forms of branches of trees.
[9] **Bosom**, (bŭz' um).

6. JUNE! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sĭt down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. Thē ĕlemènts are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring per'fume. The earth shows thee all her trĕasure. The fŏrests sing to thee. The air is all sweetnèss, as if all the āngels of Gŏd had gŏne through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven! Speak to God, now, and say, "O Father, where art thou?" And out of ĕvèry flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here." And the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep! He sĭtteth upon the Circle of the Earth! O sunny joys of the sunny month, yĕt sŏft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the equator, scorch you!

7. JULY! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overfill the earth with hotnèss. Must it be thus in ĕvèrything, that June shall rush toward August? Or, is it not that there are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing[1] sun pierces down its glōwing hands? There is a deeper work than June can perform. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring fŏrth to the ŭttermost the trĕasures of her bosom. For, there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

8. AUGUST! Reign, thou Fire-Month! What canst thou do? Nēither shalt *thou* destroy the earth, whom frŏsts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down. But ĕvèry night the dew pities them. Yĕt, there are flowers that look thee in the eye, fierce Sun, all day lŏng, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the most populous and the happiĕst month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; fŏrest fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant[2] of insect orchestras,[3] each one carrying his part in Nature's grand

[1] **Prōb' ing**, scrutinizing; searching to the bottom.

[2] **Resonant**, (rĕz' o nănt).

[3] **Orchestra**, (ăr' kes tra), a band of musicians; a place prepared for the performers in a concert.

harmony. August, thou art the rīpenèss of the year! Thou art the glowing center of the circle!

9. September! There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a sēcrèt work, and heaping up trĕasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are mōre than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but wōrn with sŏftened pride. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gŏne, while all its growths remain, do we know the fullnèss of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the glowing palm of August, and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividèst them asunder, and art thyself mōldèd of them bōth.

10. October! Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent[1] of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillèst hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in lŏng waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yĕllōw leaves trail, like sparks at night behind the flying ĕngine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yĕt warm mŏss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous ăpparel, looking upon her lŏng labor, and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

11. November! Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life, to thee, now, is only a task accomplished. In the night-time thou liëst down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hōar-frŏsts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

12. December! Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallèst through the still air, the hedge-rows of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as they do in thy frŏstiëst nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constel-

[1] Rĕd′ o lent, having or diffusing a rich fragrance, odor, or scent.

lation[1] is set that Star, whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death! Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee, the Christ came. Every star, that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial, knows that all things shall come fōrth again. Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live, Life shall rejoice, Winter shall break forth and blossom into Spring, Spring shall put on her glōrious appărel and be called Summer. It is life! it is life! through the whōle year! H. W. BEECHER.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813. He was graduated at Amherst College, in 1834. He studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, which was under the direction of his father; and was first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn County, Indiana, where he remained two years. From thence, he removed to Indianapolis, the capital of the State, where he labored with great acceptation till he accepted the unanimous call of a new Congregational Society, in Brooklyn, New York. He was installed pastor of the church, October, 1847. His eloquent sermons, which are never commonplace, attract very large and attentive audiences. He is equally favored as a lecturer on topics of the day, usually lecturing about eighty times a year, in various parts of the country. Mr. Beecher generally avoids doctrinal topics. He preaches the truth of to-day applied to the temptations, the errors, and the wants of to-day. His sympathy with nature, acute observation of men and things, remarkable analysis of character, apt illustration, mental elasticity, soul-strength, and affluence and power of diction, are equally apparent in his writings and his extemporaneous speeches.

II.

2. HYMN TO THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they chānge, Almighty Father! these
Are but the vāried Gŏd. The rōlling year
Is full of Thee. Fōrth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tĕndernèss, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the sŏftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the fōrest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

2. Then comes Thy glōry in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.[2] Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;

[1] Cŏn`stel lā´tion, an assemblage, cluster, or group of fixed stars, situated near each other in the heavens, and bearing the *name of an animal,* or some other object which it is imagined to resemble.

[2] Re fŭl´gent, casting a bright *light;* brilliant; splendid.

And ŏft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hŏllōw-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In Winter awful Thou, with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempèst ō'er tempest rolled,
Mājĕstic darknèss! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world ădōre,
And humblèst Nature with thy northern blast.

3. Mўstērious round! what skill, what fōrce dĭvīne,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yĕt so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence[1] combined;
Shade, unperceived, so sŏftening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whōle,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish[2] still.

4. But wandering ŏft, with brute[3] unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee; marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silènt sphere;
Works in the secrèt deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that ō'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun dĭrĕct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tĕmpèst fōrth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With trănspōrt touches all the springs of life.

5. Nature, attend! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spācious temple of the sky,
In adoration[4] join; and, ardent, raise
One general sŏng! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe sŏft, whose spirit in your frĕshnèss breathes:
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, ō'er the rock, the scarcely[5] waving pine

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[1] **Be nĕf' i cence**, the practice of doing good; active goodness, kindness, or charity.

[2] **Răv' ish**, enrapture; transport with delight.

[3] **Brute**, (brōt), see Rule 4, p. 32.

[4] **Ad` o rā' tion**, the act of paying honors to a divine being; the worship paid to God; marked respect paid to a superior or one in high esteem.

[5] **Scarcely**, (skârs' lĭ).

Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bōlder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

6 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me cătch it as I muse ălōng.
Ye headlōng tŏrrents, rapid and profound;
Ye sōfter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, măjĕstic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous[1] praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you[2] rōar, or bids your[3] roarings fall.

7. Sŏft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits,[4] and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfūmes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye fŏrests, bend; ye harvèsts, wave to Him;
Breathe your still sŏng into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes benēath the joyous moon.

8. Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse[5] your mildèst beams;
Ye constellations, while your ăngels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great sōurce of day! best image here belōw
Of thy Creator, ever pouring widc,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.

9. The thunder rōlls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Blēat out ăfrĕsh, ye hills; ye mŏssy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yĕt will come.
Ye woodlands all, ăwāke: a boundlèss sŏng
Burst from the groves! and when the restlèss day,

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[1] **Stu pĕn′ dous**, *literally*, striking dumb by its greatness of size or importance; hence, astonishing; wonderful.

[2] **You**, (yō).

[3] **Your**, (yōr).

[4] **Fruits**, (frōtz), Rule 4, p. 32.

[5] **Effuse**, (ef fūz′), spill, or pour out.

Expiring, lays the warbling world ăslēep,
Sweetèst of birds! sweet Philomēla,[1] charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

10. Ye chief, for whom the whōle creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hўmn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The lōng-resounding voice, ŏft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bāss;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural[2] shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prŏmpting seraph,[3] and the poet's lўre,
Still sing the Gŏd of Seasons as they roll.

11. For mē, when I forgĕt the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be mў tongue mute, my fancy paint no mōre,
And, dead to joy, forgĕt my heart to beat!—
Should fate command[4] me to the furthèst verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to sŏng,—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles,—'tis naught to me;
Since Gŏd is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

12. When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mўstic[5] flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I can not go

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[1] **Phĭl`o mē′la**, from *Philomela*, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, who was supposed to have been changed into a nightingale; hence, the nightingale.

[2] **Rural**, (rŭ′ral).

[3] **Sĕr′aph**, (Eng., *plural*, sĕr′aphs; Heb., *pl.*, sĕr′a phĭm), an angel of the highest order.

[4] **Command**, (kom mănd′).

[5] **Mўs′tic**, obscure; involving some hidden meaning.

Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yŏn orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Mȳsĕlf in him, in Light ineffable![1]
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, Roxburgh County, Scotland, September 11th, 1700, and died August 27th, 1748. He was the author of the "Seasons," a work which alone would have perpetuated his name. Though born a poet, he seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The first edition of the "Seasons" differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language. That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of his last poem, the "Castle of Indolence," to which he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. As a dramatic writer he was unsuccessful. He was in poverty in early life, but through the influence of Lord Lyttleton, he obtained a pension of £100 a year, from the Prince of Wales, and an office which brought him £300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew-lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. He was friendly, shy and indolent. His noted lines in favor of early rising, commencing—

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And springing from the bed of slōth, &c.,

were written in bed.

SECTION II.

I.

8. NEVER DESPAIR.

THERE is no trait of human character so potential[2] for weal or woe as firmnèss. To the business man it is all-important. Before its irresistible energy the mōst formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path.[3] Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered[4] sons of luxury to shrink

[1] **In ĕf fa ble**, not capable of being expressed in words; untold; unspeakable.

[2] **Potential**, (pō tĕn′ shal), efficient; powerful; mighty; forcible.

[3] **Path**, (pȧth).

[4] **Păm′ pered**, fed or gratified inordinately or unduly.

back with dismay, provoke from the man of lŏfty determination only a smile. The whŏle history of our race—all nature, indeed —teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

2. It is related of Tamerlane,[1] the celebrated warrior, the terror of whose arms spread through all the Eastern nations, and whom victory attended at almŏst ĕvèry step, that he once learned from an insect a lesson of perseverance, which had a striking effect on his future character and success.

3. When closely pursued by his enemies—as a contemporary[2] tells the anecdote—he took refuge in some old ruins, where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each several time, so soon as he reached a certain point of projection, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; but the seventiĕth time he bŏre ăwāy his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero reänimated and exulting in the hope of future victory.

5. How pregnant[3] the lesson this incident conveys! How many thousand instances there are in which inglŏrious defeat ends the career of the timid and desponding, when the same tenacity of purpose would crown it with triumphant success! Resolution is almŏst omnipotent. Sheridan[4] was at first timid, and obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified at, the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend, "It is in me, and it shall come out."

5. From that moment he rose, and shŏne, and triumphed in a consummate[5] eloquence. Here was true mŏral coŭrage. And it was well observed by a heathen mŏralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare[6] not undertake them.

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[1] **Tăm′ er lāne**, called also Timour the Tartar, was born 1335. He became sovereign of Tartary, and subdued Persia, India and Syria. With an army of 200,000 men, in a battle fought at Angora, on the 20th of July, 1402, he defeated the Turkish army, composed of 300,000 men, and made their emperor, Bajazet, prisoner. He was on the point of invading China, when he was seized with a violent fever, and died soon after taking the field, 18th February, 1405.

[2] **Con tĕm′ po ra rў**, living, acting, or happening at the same time.

[3] **Prĕg′ nant**, full of consequences.

[4] **Richard Brinsley Sheridan**, see Biographical Sketch, p. 126.

[5] **Con sŭm′ mate**, carried to the utmost extent or degree; complete; perfect.

[6] **Dare**, (dār), see Note 2, p. 22.

6. Be, then, bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts—they are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slightèst instance: for it is mōre by a disregard of small things, than by open and flagrant offenses, that men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrōng; and if you ever doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advăncemènt.

II.

4. NOW.

THE venerable Past—is past;
'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray:
'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gŏne at last—
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep,
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep?
Or the world's yĕsterdays deplōre,
Mid crumbling ruins mŏssy hōar?

2. Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
Looking at WAS from morn to night,
When the beauteous Now, the dĭvine To BE,
Woo with their charms our living sight?
Why should we hear but echoes dull,
When the wŏrld of sound, so beautiful,
Will give us music of our own?
Why in the darknèss should we grōpe,
When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cōpe,
Shines as bright as e'er it shōne?

3. Abraham[1] saw no brighter stars
Than those which burn for thee and me.
When Homer[2] heard the lark's sweet sŏng[3]
Or night-bird's lovelier melody,

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[1] **A′ bra ham**, the patriarch of the Jews, born and died more than two thousand years B. C.

[2] **Hō′ mer**, the most distinguished of poets, called the "Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birth-place, and the period in which he lived, are not known.

[3] Sŏng, see Note 1, p. 23.

They were such sounds as Shakspeare[1] heard,
Or Chaucer,[2] when he blessed the bird;
Such lovely sounds as we can hear.—

4. Great Plato[3] saw the vernal year
Send fōrth its tender flowers and shoots,
And luscious autumn pōur its fruits;
And we can see the lilies blow,
The corn-fields wave, the rivers flow;
For us all bounties of the earth,
For us its wisdom, love, and mirth,
If we daily walk in the sight of Gŏd,
And prize the gifts he has bestowed.

5. We will not dwell ămĭd the graves,
Nor in dim twilights sit ălōne,
To gaze at mōldered architraves,[4]
Or plinths[5] and columns overthrown;
We will not only see the light
Through paintèd windows cobwebbed ō'er,
Nor know the beauty of the night
Save by the moonbeam on the floor:
But in the presence of the sun,
Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow;
We'll look at nature face to face,
And we shall LOVE because we KNOW.

6. The present needs us. Every age
Bequēaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury or delight—
But strenuous labor for the right;
For *Now*, the child and sire of Time,
Demands the deeds of earnèst men
To make it better than the past,
And stretch the circle of its ken.

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[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. 383.

[2] **Geoffrey Chaucer**, (chā'sẽr), called the day-star and father of English poetry, born about 1328, and died in 1400. His great work is "The Canterbury Tales."

[3] **Plā'to**, a very celebrated philosopher of ancient Greece, was born about 430 B. C., and died in his eightieth year.

[4] **Architrave**, (ārk'ĭ trāv), the part of a roof which rests on the top of a column, designed to represent the beam which supports the roof.

[5] **Plĭnth**, a flat, round, or square base or foundation for a column.

Now is a fact that men deplōre,
Though it might bless them evermōre,
Would they but fashion it aright:
'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.

7. Time, nor Eternity, hath seen
A repetition of delight
In all its phases: ne'er hath been
For men or ăngels that which *is*;
And that which *is* hath ceased to be
Ere we have breathed it, and its place
Is lŏst in the Eternity.
But *Now* is ever good and fair,
Of the Infinitude the heir,
And we of it. So let *us* live
That from the Past we may receive
Light for the Now—from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy. MACKAY.

CHARLES MACKAY, L.L.D., a British poet and journalist, was born in Perth, 1812. He was editor of the Morning Chronicle for five years, and of the Glasgow Argus for three. He is an author of considerable fame, ranking among the first of the present British poets, and still writes for the Illustrated London News.

III.

5. A GOLDEN COPPERSMITH.

BASIL GAVRILOFF MARINE, a Rŭssian crown-slave, and by trade a coppersmith, was, at the beginning of March, returning to St. Petersburg from visiting his family at his native village. He arrived at Mŏs'cōw on the night of the eleventh, with ten of his companions; and as the railway train was already gŏne, they were obliged to pass the night there, and remain till three the next afternoon.

2. "The villagers are curious," Marine himself relates, "and as we had never been at Mŏscōw before, we determined to see all the curiosities of that ăncient town. We entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, and kissed all its holy relics. We ascended to the top of the belfry of d'Ivan-Vĕliky, and then proceeded to the Bird-market. Here we heard that a terrible fire was raging—that the Great Theater was burning. As it was only noon, we determined to be spectators, and hastened to the spot."

3. They arrived just as the fire was at its height; the theater

burnt from the interior, and the flames spread rapidly, bursting from the roof and the windōws in savage fury. At the time the fire broke out, three workmen were engaged at the top of the building: it gained upon them so fast, they had ōnly time from a window to reach the roof; when they frantically rushed about without hope of escape, surrounded by the flames, which each moment gained upon them. Two of them in wild despair threw themselves from the roof, and were killed on the pāvemènt belōw.

4. The third remained; and, suffocating with the smoke, screamed for assistance in a manner that struck agony in the hearts of all who heard him. His death seemed inevitable. There was not a ladder of sufficient length to reach the roof of the building, and the miserable man had the alternative of perishing by the flames or leaping down, as his cŏmrādes had done. But even in this extremity his confidence did not forsake him, and he sought refuge on that side where the wind blew the flames away from him. Marine and his companions all this time were spectators of the scene. "I held my tongue," said Marine, "but my heart beat painfully, and I asked myself how I could save this poor soul."

5. "Companions," cried the brave fellōw, suddenly, "wait for me here, while I try and save that man." His cŏmrādes looked at him with surprise, but without dissuading him from his purpose. "Gŏd be with you," said they, "for it is a good deed you are about to do." Without losing another moment, Marine approached the authŏrities present, and solicited permission to try and rescue the man from the frightful death which menaced him.

6. Permission obtained, he took off his cap and sheepskin cōat, and confided them to the care of the police. Accompanied by his brother, and provided with a stout cord, he rushed to a ladder that was placed against the wall, but which was vĕry far from reaching the roof. Marine made the sign of the Crŏss, and began to ascend. When he reached the summit, he fastened the cord around his waist, and once more devoutly crŏssing himself, began to climb one of the pipes that led from the roof.

7. The crowd below, breathlèss with astŏnishmènt and fear, eagerly watched each movement. Around him the flames were playing with intense fury; and above the terrible noise of the falling timbers were heard the fearful shrieks of the unfortunate man; who, though he saw assistance coming to him, dreaded it

might be too late. Nothing daunted, Marine continued his perilous ascent'. "It was cold," said he, "and there was a terrible wind, but yĕt I felt it not; for, from the moment I determined upon trying to save the fellōw, my heart was on fire, and I was like a furnace." His burning hands kept continually sticking to the frozen pipes, which somewhat retarded his prŏgress; but still he courageously continued his way. "The pipe cracked," said he, "it was no lŏnger firm—this dear pipe; but happily I had arrived at the cornice, where there was foot-room."

8. His brother, who had remained all this time on the ladder, had made a hook fast to one end of the cord. Marine passed it to the man on the roof, and desired him to fasten it somehow securely; this he did by fixing it round one of the ornaments of the cornice. Marine doubled it, to make it mōre secure, and then made him slide down the pipe, holding the cord in his hand, and his knees firmly round the pipe—himself giving the example. At the moment Marine reached the ladder, and the man he had so nobly preserved was seen to glide down in safety, a remarkable movement was manifested by the crowd—a movement truly Rŭssian—all heads were sīmultā'neously uncovered, and all hands made the sign of the Crŏss.

9. When Marine reached the ground, the man was already half-way down the ladder, and out of all danger. "I had hardly reached the ground," relates Marine, "when a gentleman, in a clōak and military casque, approached me, and gave me twenty-five silver rubles."[1] A great number of others surrounded him, and each gave him according to his means—some ten kopecks[2] silver, others a ruble, and some only copper. "Thanks, brave man!" was cried on all sides; "you are a courageous and good Christian; and may Gŏd lŏng grant you health, and bless you!"

10. "What became of the man I rescued," said Marine, "I do not know; but that is not my affair. Thanks to Gŏd, he is saved. A gentleman—an aid-de-camp[3]—came to me, gave me a ticket, and took me in his sledge to the ŏffice of the Chancellerie, where he wrote down all that had taken place." During this time Marine did not lose his presence of mind; he was ōnly

[1] **Ruble,** (rō͞o'bl), a Russian coin about the value of seventy-five cents.

[2] **Kō' peck,** a Russian coin worth about two thirds of a cent.

[3] **Aid-de-camp,** (ād' de kăng), a general's aid; an officer selected by a general officer to assist him in his *military* duties.

anxious about one thing—that the railway should not leave without him. At three o'clock he was in the wagon; and, on Friday, the thirteenth, he arrived at his destination, where he was waited for by his master, Monsieur[1] Flottoff.

11. He requested permission for one day's leave to visit his aunt,[2] who kept a small shop in the Vassili Ostroff, which was readily granted; when, leaving her to return home, he was astonished at being called to the house of the Grand Master of the Police, who accompanied him to the palace. The coŭrage of which he had so lately given so strŏng a proof, had been brought to the knowledge of the Emperor, who desired to see him. Never had he thought, even in his wildèst dreams, that such an honor would be accorded to him, a simple man of the people.

12. The Emperor received Marine in his cabinet, and, with the greatèst kindness, said, "Marine, I thank thee for the good and great action thou hăst performed; but I wish to hear from thy own mouth how, with Gŏd's assistance, thou didst it." Marine related the adventure to him in his own simple manner, and when he had finished, the Czar,[3] who had listened to him with the greatèst attention, embraced him, and said: "My son, may God bless you! and remember, if you ever stand in need of my assistance, come to me and it shall be accorded you." The Emperor then presented him with a medal and one hundred and fifty silver rubles. Marine left the Emperor's presence a happy man.

IV.

6. NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG ŏfficer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his coŭrage. The inex'orable[4] laws of military discipline forbăde to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts.

2. Words ōnly were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned ăwāy, the soldier said to his officer that

[1] **Monsieur**, (mo sēr'), Sir; Mr.
[2] **Aunt**, (ånt).
[3] **Czar**, (zår), emperor.
[4] **In ĕx' o ra ble**, not to be persuaded or moved by entreaty or prayer; unyielding; unchangeable.

he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the ŏfficer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him tōward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than befōre.

3. Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no mōre than a skirmish which is going on; in the cōurse of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hōpelèss difficulty.

4. A strŏng party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half[1] hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic[2] repōrts of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rōlling musketry, and exulting hurrahs[3] advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

5. At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lōst is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glōrious gōre, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending.

6. The plume-crestèd ŏfficer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no mōre than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none[4] in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes ĕvèry notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

7. But wherefore[5] is it that now, when suddenly they wheel

[1] **Half**, (hăf).

[2] **Hi`e ro glўph′ ic**, expressive of meaning by characters, pictures, or figures.

[3] **Hurrahs**, (hŏr răz′), huzzas; shouts of joy or exultation.

[4] **None**, (nŭn).

[5] **Wherefore**, (whăr′ fōr).

into mutual recognition,[1] suddenly they pause? This soldier, this ŏfficer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again[2] they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a mŏment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgivenèss that is sealed forever.

8. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the ŏfficer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glōrified by that shadōw of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before, that I would make you repent it."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester, England, on the 15th of August, 1785. He passed his childhood in rural retirement. He was matriculated at Oxford, at Christmas, 1803, being then in his nineteenth year, where he remained till 1808. He resided for twenty years, between 1808 and 1829, among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, and occupied Wordsworth's cottage seven years of the time. De Quincey's first work, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," which appeared in the London Magazine, in 1821, and was printed in book form in 1822, was immediately and immensely popular. It passed through several editions in Europe and this country, and at once placed its author in the front rank of vivid and powerful writers. After this period, his numerous contributions to the periodical press were paid for at a large price. He has written upon a wider and more diversified range of subjects than any other author of his time. He is noted for his original genius, stores of learning, depth of insight, and subtlety of thought. His *matter* is always abundant and good. He has acquired a style of the rarest brilliancy and richness, but his force is often diminished by his capricious use of words, and the weary length of his digressions.

V.

7. BEAUTY.

THE high and dĭvīne beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark Gŏd sets

[1] **Recognition,** (rĕk`og nĭsh′un), *acknowledgment;* knowledge avowed or confessed; act of knowing again.

[2] **Again,** (ă gĕn′).

upon virtue. Evèry natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

2. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every răational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may dĭvĕst himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as mōst men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plow, build, or sail, obey virtue," said an ăncient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon,[1] "are alway on the side of the ablèst navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven.

3. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leŏnidas[2] and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried,[3] in the high Alps, under the shadōw of the avalanche,[4] găthers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his cŏmrādes; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?

4. When the bark of Columbus[5] nears the shōre of Amĕrica,—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane—the sea behind, and the purple[6] mountains of the

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[1] **Edward Gibbon**, one of the most celebrated historians of any age and country, author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was born at Putney, Surrey, England, April 27th, 1737, and died January 16th, 1794.

[2] **Le ŏn′i das**, the first of the name, king of Sparta, immortalized by his glorious defense of the pass of Thermopylæ against Xerxes, reigned from 491 to 480 B. C.

[3] **Arnold Winkelried**, (wĭngk′ el-rĕd), a Switzer of the fourteenth century, the glory of whose heroic, voluntary death, is not surpassed in the annals of history. In the battle of Sempach, perceiving *that there was* no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians, he ran with extended arms, and, gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp, thus opened a passage for his countrymen, who, with hatchets and hammers, slaughtered the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

[4] **Avalanche**, (ăv′a lânsh′), a snow-slip; a vast body of ice, snow, or earth, sliding down a mountain.

[5] **Christopher Colŭm′bus**, the discoverer of the New World, was born in Gĕn′oä, about the year 1435 or 1436, and died at Seville, Spain, on the 20th of May, 1506.

[6] **Purple**, (pĕr′ pl).

Indian[1] Ar'chĭpĕl'ago around,—can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs as fit drapery?

5. Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envĕlop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane[2] was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sat on so glōrious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the pātriot Lord Russell[3] to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his bīŏgrapher, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side."

6. In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or hĕroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretchèth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatnèss. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the vīŏlet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a son of the Rev. William Emerson, was born in Boston, about the year 1803, took his degree of bachelor of arts at Harvard College in 1821, studied theology, and, in 1829, was ordained the colleague of the late Rev. Henry Ware, jr., over the second Unitarian church of his native city but subsequently, becoming independent of the control of set regulations of religious worship, retired to Concord, where, in 1835, he purchased the house in which he has since resided, except while absent on two excursions in Europe during the latter of which, in 1847, he delivered a course of lectures in London and other parts of England. He has been a contributor to "The North American Review" and "The Christian Examiner," and was two years editor of "The Dial,"

[1] **Indian**, (ĭnd' yan).

[2] **Sir Henry Vane**, a republican and religionist, was born at Hadlow, in Kent, England, in 1612. He was among the earliest of those whom religious opinion induced to seek a home in America. He was appointed governor of Massachusetts in 1635, returned to England the following year, married there, entered parliament, opposed the king, became one of the council of state on the establishment of the commonwealth, and after the restoration, was condemned for treason, and beheaded June 14, 1662. He wrote several works chiefly religious.

[3] **Lord William Russell**, born on the 29th of September, 1639, and beheaded on the 21st of July, 1683.

established in Boston, by Mr. Ripley, in 1840. He published several orations and addresses in 1837-38-39-40, and in 1841 the first series of his "Essays," in 1844 the second series of his "Essays," in 1846 a collection of his "Poems," in 1851 "Representative Men," in 1852, in connection with W. H. Channing and James Freeman Clarke, "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," and in 1856 "English Traits." Mr. Emerson is an able lecturer, a most distinguished essayist, and an eminent poet. He perceives the evils in society, the falsehoods of popular opinions, and the unhappy tendencies of common feelings. He is an original and independent thinker, and commands attention both by the novelty of his views and the graces and peculiarities of his style.

SECTION III.

I.

8. SABBATH MORNING.

HOW still the morning of the hăllōwed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's sŏng.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded[1] grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yĕster-morn bloomed, waving in the breeze.
Sounds, the mōst faint, attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant blēating, midway up the hill.
Calmnèss sits throned on yŏn unmoving cloud.

2. To him who wanders ō'er the upland lēas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles with heaven-tuned sŏng; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yŏn lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms,—the simple sŏng of praise.

3. With dove-like wings, Peace ō'er yŏn village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; and the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietnèss.
Less fearful, on this day, the limping hare

[1] Tĕd' ded, spread out, or turned and scattered for drying.

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliëst foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

4. But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the *poor* man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joylèss bread lonely,—the ground
Bŏth seat and bōard, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on *this* day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves, he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to Gŏd,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grĭmāce′, but reverently,
With covered face, and upward, earnèst eye.

5. Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tĭny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yĕt fears presumption in the hope,—
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

6. But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yŏnder ăncient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the thrŏng moves ō'er the tomb-paved ground;
The agèd man, the bowèd down, the blind
Led by the thoughtlèss boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of Gŏd—these, spite of all their ills,
A glōw of glădnèss feel: with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,

Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated pōrtion reads. A pause ensues.

7. The organ breathes its distant thunder notes,
Then swells into a diäpāson[1] full:
The people rising sing, "with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;" harmoniously attuned,
The various voices blend; the lŏng-drawn aīsles,
At every clōse, the lingering strain prolŏng.
And now the tubes a sŏftened stop contrōls:
In sŏfter harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yŏn orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.

8 Again the organ-peal, loud, rōlling, meets
The halleluiahs[2] of the choīr. Sublime
A thousand notes sўmphōniously ascend,
As if the whōle were one, suspended high
In air, sōaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yĕt thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheered;
He smiles on death; but ah! a wish will rise—
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow;
My heart would sing; and many a sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me fōrth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets—
Who gives the bloom of health once mōre to glōw
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

JAMES GRAHAME.

REV JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1765. He studied law and practiced at the Scottish bar several years, but afterward took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham. Ill health compelled him to

[1] **Diapason,** (dī'a pā'zon), in music, the octave or interval which includes all the tones; concord, as *of notes* an octave apart; harmony.

[2] **Halleluiah,** (hăl' le lū' yā), praise ye Jehovah; give praises to God.

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abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice a dered him a popular and useful preacher; and on revisiting Scotland, September 14th, 1811. His works consist of "Mary, Queen of Scotland, matic poem, published in 1801; "The Sabbath," from which the above se is taken; "Sabbath Walks," "Biblical Pictures," "The Birds of Scotland "British Georgics," all in blank verse. "The Sabbath" is the best of hi ductions. The poet was modest and devout, though sometimes gloomy i seriousness. His prevailing tone, however, is that of implicit trust in the g ness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

II.

9. MATERNAL AFFECTION.

WOMAN'S[1] charms are certainly many and powerful. expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irres ble bewĭtchingnèss; the blooming bride led triumphantly to hȳ'menē'al altar awākens admiration and ĭnterèst, and the bl of her cheek fills with delight; but the charm of maternit mōre sublime than all these.

2. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something yŏnd this world, something which claims kindred with the sk —the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

3. These are objects which nēither the pencil nor the ch can touch, which poëtry fails to exalt, which the mōst eloqu tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description comes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely pictu it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

4. Maternity, ecstatic[2] sound! so twined round our hea that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our l love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother u such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first upli to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old

5. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the ten babe feeding on its mother's beauty—noŭrished by the tid life which flows through her generous veins, without a pan bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinl that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or see the fond pa

[1] **Woman**, (wŭm'an).

[2] **Ec stăt' ic**, rendering one beside one's self; delightful be measure.

over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should
its slumbers, without a veneration beyŏnd all common
g, is to be avoided in ĕvèry intercourse of life, and is fit
or the shadōw of darknèss and the solitude of the desert.

III.

10. THE GOOD WIFE.

IE heart of a man, with whom affection is not a name, and
love a mere passion of the hour, yearns toward the quiet of
ıe, as toward the gōal of his earthly joy and hope. And
ı fasten there your thought, an indulgent, yet dreamy fancy
ı the loved image that is to adorn it, and to make it sācred.
She is there to bid you—Gŏd speed! and an ădieū, that
ı like music on your ear, as you go out to the every-day
of life. At evening, she is there to greet you, as you come
wearied with a day's toil; and her look so full of gladnèss,
ı you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you,
ı soul of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her brow
hat fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude—to her,
Ieaven.

She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of clĕan-
and of order, which give an air of quiet, and which secure
nt. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning
tly; the clean hearth flashes under the joyous blaze; the
bow-chair is in its place. Your vĕry unworthinèss of all
aunts you like an accusing spirit, and yĕt penetrates your
with a new devotion toward the loved one who is thus
ful of your comfort.

She is gentle;—keeping your love, as she has won it, by a
and nameless and modèst virtues, which rādiāte from her
ı life and action. She steals upon your affections like a
ıer wind breathing sŏftly over sleeping valleys. She gains
tery over your sterner nature, by vĕry contrast; and wins
nwittingly to her lightèst wish. And yĕt her wishes are
d by that delicate tact, which avoids conflict with your
r pride; she subdues, by seeming to yield. By a single
rord of appeal, she robs your vexation of its anger; and
a slight touch of that fair hand, and one pleading look of
arnèst eye, she disarms your sternest pride.

5. She is kind ;—shedding her kindnèss, as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it?—lēast of all, you who are living on her kindness, day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade, which blunts the point of benevolence ; but it tempers every action with a blessing.

6. If trouble has come upon you, she knows that her voice, beguiling you into cheerfulnèss, will lay your fears ; and as she draws her chair beside you, she knows that the tender and confiding way with which she takes your hand and looks up into your earnest face, will drive ăwāy from your annoyance all its weight. As she lingers, leading ŏff your thought with pleasant words, she knows well that she is redeeming you from care, and soothing you to that sweet calm, which such home and such wife can ălōne bestōw.

7. And in sicknèss,—sickness that you almōst covet for the sympathy it brings,—that hand of hers resting on your fevered fōrehead, or those fingers playing with the scattered locks, are more full of kindness than the loudèst vaunt of friends ; and when your failing strength will permit no mōre, you grasp that cherished hand, with a fullness of joy, of thankfulness, and of love, which your tears only can tell.

8. She is good ;—her hopes live where the āngels live. Her kindnèss and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of Faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding, you rest fondly upon her buoyant faith, as the trĕasure of your common life; and in your holier musings, you look to that frail hand, and that gentle spirit, to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit. D. G. MITCHELL.

DONALD G. MITCHELL was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April, 1822. His father was the pastor of the Congregational church of that place, and his grandfather a member of the first Congress at Philadelphia, and for many years Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Mr. Mitchell graduated in due course, at Yale, in 1841. His health being feeble, he passed the three following years in the country, where he became much interested in agriculture, and wrote a number of letters to the "Cultivator," at Albany. He gained a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society, as a prize for a plan of farm buildings. He next crossed the ocean, and after remaining about two years in Europe, returned home, and soon after published "Fresh Gleanings." In 1850, after his return from a second visit to Europe, he published "The Battle Summer," containing personal observations in Paris during the year 1848. He has since published the "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," "Fudge Doings,"

"My Farm at Edgewood," "Seven Stories," "Wet Days at Edgewood," and "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects." His works have usually been well received. His style is quiet, pure, and effective. In 1853, Mr. Mitchell received the appointment of United States consul at Venice. He is at present residing in the vicinity of New Haven.

IV.

11. INFLUENCE OF HOME.

HOME gives a certain serenity to the mind, so that every thing is well defined, and in a clear atmosphere, and the lesser beauties brought out to rejoice in the pure glōw which floats over and benēath them from the earth and sky. In this state of mind afflictions come to us chās*tened*; and if the wrŏngs of the world crŏss us in our door-path, we put them aside without anger. Vices are about us, not to lure us away, or make us morose, but to remind us of our frailty and keep down our pride.

2. We are put into a right relation with the world; nēither holding it in proud scorn, like the solitary man, nor being carried alŏng by shifting and hŭrried feelings, and vague and carèless notions of things, like the world's man. We do not take novelty for improvemènt, or set up vogue for a rule of conduct; nēither do we despair, as if all great virtues had departed with the years gŏne by, though we see new vices and frailties taking growth in the vĕry light which is spreading over the earth.

3. Our safèst way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sŏrrōw and regret at the failings of the bad are in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercōurse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulnèss and benevolence of feeling which seem to ray out from him, and to diffuse a plĕasurable sense over those near him, like a sŏft, bright day.

4. As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgmènt and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whōle character. Gŏd, in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight in its stead. But a man of character rightly cast, has plĕasures at home,

which, though fittèd to his highèst nature, are common to him as his daily food; and he moves about his house under a continued sense of them, and is happy almōst without heeding it.

5. Women have been called ăngels in love-tales and sŏnnets, till we have almōst learned to think of angels as little better than women. Yĕt a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly,—and there are women who may be so known and loved,—will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grōsser plĕasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondnèss for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares.

6. He has been led on to virtue through his plĕasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the mōst inward and romantic in our nature, and which keeps much of its character amidst the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence: he shares his vĕry being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's frailties,

Is yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sōrrōws, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being, and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is, as it were, linked to ăngels, and in his exalted moments he feels himself held by the same tie.

7. In the ordinary affairs of life, a woman has a greater influence over those near her than a man. While our feelings are, for the mōst part, as retired as anchorites, hers are in play before us. We hear them in her vărying voice; we see them in the beautiful and harmonious undulations of her movements—in the quick shifting hues of her face—in her eye, glad and bright, then fond and suffused; her frame is alive and active with what is at her heart, and all the outward form speaks.

8. She seems of a finer mold than we, and cast in a form of beauty, which, like all beauty, acts with a mŏral influence upon our hearts; and as she moves about us, we feel a movemènt within which rises and spreads gently over us, harmonizing us with her own. And can any man listen to this—can his eye, day after day, rest upon this—and he not be touched by it, and made better?

9. The dignity of a woman has its peculiar character; it awes more than that of man. His is more physical, bearing itself up with an energy of courage which we may brave, or a strength which we may struggle against: he is his own avenger, and we may stand the brunt. A woman's has nothing of this force in it; it is of a higher quality, and too delicate for mortal touch.

DANA.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 15th of November, 1787. He graduated at Harvard in 1807. He opened a law-office in Newport, R. I., in 1811, and became a member of the legislature; but his constitutional sensitiveness and feeble health compelled him to abandon his profession soon after. For two years, from 1818, he aided in editing the N. A. Review; and in 1821 began the publication of "The Idle Man," a periodical in which he communicated to the public his Tales and Essays. After the discontinuance of that paper, he wrote able articles for several of the best periodicals of the country. The first volume of his poems, containing "The Bucaneer," was printed in 1827. An edition of his writings, in two volumes, was published in New York in 1850. Mr. DANA at present passes his time between his town residence at Boston and his country retirement at Cape Ann, where he can indulge in his love of nature. He is regarded always, by as many as have the honor of his acquaintance, with admiration and the most reverent affection. All of his writings belong to the permanent literature of the country, and yearly find more and more readers. They are distinguished for profound philosophy, simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

V.

12. AN OLD HAUNT.

THE rippling water, with its drowsy tone;
The tall elms, towering in their stately pride;
And—sorrow's type—the willow, sad and lone,
Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;

2. The gray church-tower; and dimly seen beyond,
The faint hills gilded by the parting sun;
All were the same, and seemed with greeting fond
To welcome me as they of old had done.

3. And for a while I stood as in a trance,
On that loved spot, forgetting toil and pain;
Buoyant my limbs, and keen and bright my glance:
For that brief space I was a boy again!

4. Again with giddy mates I careless played,
Or plied the quivering oar, on conquest bent:
Again, beneath the tall elms' silent shade,
I wooed *the fair, and won the* sweet consent.

5. But brief, alas! the spell; for suddenly
Pealed from the tower the old familiar chimes,
And with their clear, heart-thrilling melody,
Awaked the spectral forms of darker times.

6. And I remembered all that years had wrought:
How bowed my care-worn frame, how dimmed my eye!
How poor the gauds by Youth so keenly sought!
How quenched and dull Youth's aspirations high!

7. And in half mournful, half upbraiding host,
Duties neglected—high resolves unkept—
And many a heart by death or falsehood lost—
In lightning current o'er my bosom swept.

8. Then bowed the stubborn knees, as backward sped
The self-accusing thoughts in dread array,
And slowly, from their long-congealèd bed,
Forced the remorseful tears their silent way.

9. Bitter, yet healing drops! in mercy sent,
Like soft dews falling on a thirsty plain,—
And ere those chimes their last faint notes had spent,
Strengthened and calmed, I stood erect again.

10. Strengthened, the task allotted to fulfill;
Calmed the thick-coming sorrows to endure;
Fearful of naught but of my own frail will,—
In His almighty strength and aid secure.

11. For a sweet voice had whispered hope to me,—
Had through my darknèss shed a kindly ray:
It said: "The past is fixed immutably,
Yet is there comfort in the coming day!"

VI.

13. THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

PART FIRST.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its moldering monumènts, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt

of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that ĕvèry restlèss passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

2. I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, ămĭdst the beautiful serĕnity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven. But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pŏmp of the poor worms around me.

3. The ōnly being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bōre the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar.

4. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her agèd form in prayer,—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart,—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

5. I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delīghtfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knōll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of sŏft meadōw scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coëval with itself. Its tall Gŏthic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it.

6. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the mōst remote and neglected corners of the church-yard,

where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were hurried into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral.

7. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse.

8. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and sometimes pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

9. As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued out of the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was pennyless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest, scarcely moved ten steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

10. I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased —"GEORGE SOMERS, AGED 26 YEARS." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

11. The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir that breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: direc-

tions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which at the grave of those we love is of all sounds the most withering.

12. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildnèss. As the men approached with cords to lower the cŏffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—dōn't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

13. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the cŏffin, all the tĕndernèss of the mother burst fōrth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyŏnd the reach of worldly suffering. I could see no mōre—my heart swelled into my thrōat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

14. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe—plĕasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sŏrrōws of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wounds—their elastic spirits soon rise benēath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects.

15. But the sŏrrōws of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the agèd, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widōw, agèd, solitary, destitute, mōurning over an ōnly son, the last sŏlace of her years,—these are the sorrows which make us feel the ĭm'potency of consolation.

VII.

14. THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

PART SECOND.

IT was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

2. The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

3. "O, Sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church,—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

4. Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received the tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave.

5. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her.

6. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door, that faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her; but his steps were faint and faltering: he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child.

7. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"O my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

8. I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet where his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

9. The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He, however, was too weak to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

10. There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that soft*e*ns the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness!

11. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by

danger, nor weakened by worthlèssnèss, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will săcrifice ĕvèry comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every plĕasure to his enjoyment; she will glōry in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world besides cast him ŏff, she will be all the world to him.

12. Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follōw her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

13. My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mōurner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquī'ry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prŏmpted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sŏrrōws, I did not venture to intrude.

14. The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aīsle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mōurning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes shōw.

15. When I looked round upon the stōriĕd monumènts, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pŏmp, with which grandeur mōurned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widōw, bowed down by age and sŏrrōw at the altar of her Gŏd, and ŏffering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

16. I related her stōry to some of the wealthy members of

the congregation, and they were moved at it. They exerted themselves to render her situation mōre comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the cōurse of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gŏne to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sŏrrōw is never known, and friends are never parted. IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, who has delighted the readers of the English language for more than half a century, was born in the city of New York, on the third of April, 1783. His father, a respectable merchant, originally from Scotland, died while he was quite young, and his education was superintended by his elder brothers, some of whom have gained considerable reputation for acquirements and literature. His first essays were a series of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., published in the Morning Chronicle, of which one of his brothers was editor, in 1802. In 1806, after his return from a European tour, he joined Mr. Paulding in writing "Salmagundi," a whimsical miscellany, which captivated the town and decided the fortunes of its authors. Soon after, he produced "The History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker," the most original and humorous work of the age. After the appearance of this work, he wrote but little for several years, having engaged with his brothers in foreign commerce; but, fortunately for American literature, while in England, in 1815, a reverse of fortune changed the whole tenor of his life, causing him to resort to literature, which had hitherto been his amusement, for solace and support. The first fruit of this change was "The Sketch Book," which was published in New York and London in 1819 and 1820, and which met a success never before received by a book of unconnected tales and essays. Mr. Irving subsequently published "Bracebridge Hall," the "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Alhambra," &c., &c. He received one of the gold medals of fifty guineas in value, provided by George the Fourth, for eminence in historical composition. In 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he returned to the United States. His admirable "Life of Washington" is his last literary production. He died Nov. 28, 1859. His style has the ease and purity, and more than the grace and polish of Franklin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate painting, place him in the very front rank of the masters of our language.

SECTION IV.

I.

15. BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.

WHERE the subject of the present memoir (mĕm'war) was born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and

educated, of none at all. I shall therefore[1] pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the ăc'mē[2] of constabulary[3] power and dignity by being creăted high constable of this city and its suburbs: and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation, during their lŏng and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointmènt mōre creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of fŏreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to hŏnèst men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biŏgraphizing, to the high ŏffice he now holds.

2. His ăcūtenèss and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will "have old Hays (as he is affectionately and familiarly termed) after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does, "bring fŏrth the secret'st man of blood?" That he can discover "undivŭlged crime"—that when a stōre has been robbed, he, without hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "These are they"—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unĕrring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim, "You're wanted!"—or, how is it that he is gifted with that strānge principle of ubĭquĭtў[4] that makes him "here and there, and everywhere" at the same moment? No matter how, so lŏng as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet—

Lŏng may he live! our city's pride!
Where lives the rogue, but flies before him!
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of ŏffice waving ō'er him.

3. But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for

[1] Therefore, (thĕr'fŏr.)

[2] Ac' mē, the summit; the top or highest point.

[3] Con stăb' ū la rў, pertaining to a constable, or to a police-officer.

[4] Ubiquity, (yu blk' wĭ tĭ), existence in all places, or every where, at the same time.

phĭlŏsophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles-lettres*,[1] the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment: but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern bĭŏg'raphy, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not.

4. Mr. Hays has not the graphic[2] power or antiquarian[3] lōre of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tendernèss of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck: no, he is mōre in the petit larceny[4] manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those in'teresting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villainy, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works.

5. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strŏngly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair—

> There was a laughing devil in his sneer
> That raised emotions bōth of hate and fear;
> And where his glance of "apprehension" fell,
> Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell!

6. Yĕt with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not cōurted—no man bōasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticised; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there

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[1] **Belles-lettres**, (bel-lĕt'ter), polite or elegant literature.

[2] **Grăph'ic**, written; clearly and vividly described.

[3] **An`ti quā'ri an**, pertaining to antiquity, or former ages.

[4] **Petit larceny**, (pĕt'it lär'ce nĭ), small thefts. In England, the stealing of any thing of the value of twelve pence, or under that amount; and in the State of New York, under twenty-five dollars.

were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterward in decent society. Such things can not fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

7. The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the City Hall. The room was crowdèd in evèry part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his grīpe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor cōatlèss individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy,[1] and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"Hats ŏff there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand cōat-pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down.

8. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was disagreeable in consequence of the heat, acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory[2] organs were always lăm'entably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial mĕmoir.

9. Health and happinèss be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sŏrrōws few—may thy life be like a lŏng and cloudlèss summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thȳself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn "wanted, and must go,"

Mayest thou fall
Into the grave as sŏftly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath[3] the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth! WILLIAM COX.

WILLIAM COX, author of two volumes, entitled "Crayon Sketches," published

[1] Bĭg' a my, the crime of having two wives or two husbands at the same time.

[2] Ol făc' to ry, pertaining to smelling.

[3] Be nēath'.

at New York, in 1833, an Englishman by birth, came to America at an early age to practice his calling of a printer. He was employed on the "Mirror," conducted by General MORRIS, and gained a literary reputation by contributing a series of essays to its columns. These, in a happy vein of humor and criticism, satirizing the literary infirmities of the times, pleased men of taste and good sense. The above sketch, "written during an awful prevalence of biographies," gained great celebrity at the time. His "Crayon Sketches" are full of originality, pleasantry, and wit, alternately reminding the reader of the poetical eloquence of Hazlitt, and the quaint humor and eccentric tastes of Charles Lamb. After writing a number of years for the Mirror, he returned to England, where he died in 1851.

II.

16. PETER POUNCE AND PARSON ADAMS.[1]

PETER POUNCE, being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favor was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterward said he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition. The chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day. "Ay,[2] and a very fine country, too," answered Pounce.

2. "I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately traveled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this, and all other prospects in the universe." "A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there: for my part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."

3. "Sir," said Adams," "you can indulge yourself in many fine prospects of that kind." "I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man. I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can."

4. Adams answered, "that riches, without charity, were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others." "You and I," said Peter,

[1] In the following conversation, which is one of the most exquisite in all novel-writing, the reader experiences a delightful triumph in seeing how a vulgar upstart is led to betray his baseness while he thinks he is most exalting himself; the poor, *but* virtuous and manly parson, on the other hand, rising and becoming glorious out of the depths of his humble honesty. This and the following two lessons are admirable exercises in *Personation*—see p. 69.

[2] Ay, (āl), yea; yes.

"have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean, parson-like quality; though I would not infer that many parsons have it nēither."

5. "Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed." "There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition—and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it: but, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? believe me, the distresses of mankind are mōstly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

6. "Sure,[1] sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakednèss, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils." "How can any man complaîn of hunger," said Pounce, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be găthered in almōst ĕvèry field?—or of thirst, where every stream and river produce such delicious potations?—and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whōle nations who go without them. But these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world—"

7. "You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the *Gymnŏs'ophists.*"[2] "A plague of your Jehosaphats," cried Peter; "the greatèst fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you I expect myself to come to the parish in the end."

8. To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded:—"I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who I fancy believe that not only my pockets, but my whōle clothes are lined with bank bills; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken: I am

[1] **Sure,** (shŏr), see Rule 4, p. 32.

[2] **Gўm nŏs' o phists,** philosophers of India, so called because they went with bare feet and little clothing. They never drank wine, nor married. Some of them practiced medicine. They believed in the transmigration of souls, and placed the chief happiness of man in the contempt of pleasures of sense and goods of fortune.

not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbor, where should I have that quantity of money the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?"

9. "Why truly," said Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered, as well as yourself, with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you are worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family through many generations, they might have had a color for their assertions." "Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer.

10. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

11. "However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the country, like some people in torn cassocks,[1] and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy,[2]

[1] **Căs′ sock**, a kind of long frock-coat worn by a priest; close garment or gown.

[2] **Cū′ ra cy**, the office of a curate, who performs the duties in the place of the vicar, parson, or incumbent.

for what I know; yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

12. "Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience!" And so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the cōachman, and lēaped out into the highway, forgĕtting to take his hat alŏng with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence.

HENRY FIELDING.

HENRY FIELDING was born at Sharpham, Somersetshire, England, April 22, 1707. He was educated at Eton, and afterward studied law at Leyden. He was the author of "Joseph Andrews," "A Journey from this World to the Next," "Jonathan Wild," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." He received £600 for the copyright of "Tom Jones," and such was its success, that Miller, the publisher, presented £100 more to the author. For "Amelia," he received £1000. In 1749 Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, and was a zealous and active magistrate. He was a kind-hearted man; but improvident, and in early life dissipated. He ranks as one of the first among English novelists. His style is marked for light humor, lively description, and keen, yet sportive satire. Endowed with little of the poetical or imaginative faculty, his study lay in real life and every-day scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigor, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy raillery, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivaled. He died at Lisbon, on the 8th of October, 1754.

III.

17. CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE.[1]

PART FIRST.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* SIR PETER.

SIR PETER. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. [*Right.*] Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's mŏre, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know vĕry well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. [*Left.*] Vĕry well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authŏrity?

Lady T. Authŏrity! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority

[1] From "The School for Scandal."

over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Panthēon[1] into a green-house.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forgĕt what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a vĕry disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yĕs, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambor, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. Oh yĕs! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led,—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap dŏg.

Sir P. Yĕs, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements;—to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan[2] with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses, L.*

[1] **Pan thē′ on**, a magnificent temple at Rome, dedicated to all the gŏds. It is now converted into a church. It was built or embellished by Agrippa, is of a round or cylindrical form, with a spherical dome, and one hundred and forty-four feet in diameter.

[2] **Pōpe Jōan**, a game at cards.

Sir P. [*R.*] I am glad you have so good a memory. madam, these were the recreätions I took you from; but you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*[1]—and three pow footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollecti suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the ler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. [*L.*] No—I never did that: I deny the butler the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what ha done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fort of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then; and there is but one thing more can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equ obliged to you for the hint. [*Crosses,*

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expen

Sir P. [*L.*] 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these li elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to h your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay; there again—taste. Zounds! madam, you no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after hav married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I all But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangl presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a cha ing set of acquaintance you have made there.

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[1] Vis-a-vis, (zĭv`ȧ vē´), a carriage in which two persons sit face to fa

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and forme, and remarkably tenăcious of reputation.

Sir P. Yĕs, egad, they are tenăcious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has died on a hurdle[1] who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady P. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir. P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. [*Exit* Lady Teazle.

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yĕt, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authŏrity! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

IV.

18. CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE.

PART SECOND.

Lady Teazle. Lud! Sir Peter. I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter. [*Left.*] Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

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[1] **Hurdle,** (hĕr dl), *a sort of sledge used to* draw traitors to execution.

Lady T. [*Right.*] I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this mŏment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady T. Oh no; there—my note of hand will do as well.

[*Offering her hand.*

Sir P. And you shall no lŏnger reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave ŏff quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you: you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stŏries of what a gallănt' you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellōw, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yĕs, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to ăbūse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay; and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a vĕry good sort of a husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiĕst couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper vĕry seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my ăngel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the vĕry thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

Sir P. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any mōre.

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquĕtte' that had refused half the honèst squires in the neighborhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him. [*Crosses L.*

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married. [*Crosses R.*

Sir P. [*L.*] I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the repōrts relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds.

Lady T. [*R.*] Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Vĕry well, madam! very well! A separate māin'tenance as soon as you please! Yĕs, madam, or a dĭvōrce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once mōre, we may be the happiĕst couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so, bye—bye. [*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry ēither! Oh, I am the mōst miserable fellōw! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, the celebrated orator, statesman, and comic play-writer, was born at Dublin in 1751. His father, Thomas Sheridan, was well known as an actor, elocutionist, and author of a pronouncing dictionary. Richard, an idle and mischievous boy, passed at school for a hopeless blockhead. He left Harrow at the age of eighteen, studied law with indifferent success in the Middle Temple, and, when barely of age, made a runaway marriage with Miss Linley, a beautiful and accomplished singer. His earliest comedy, "The Rivals," a humorous and lively play, appeared in 1775, when the author was little more than twenty-three years old. About the same period he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theater. His farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and opera of "The Duenna," appeared in 1776; and "The School for Scandal," which in plot, character, incident, dialogue, humor, and wit, perhaps, surpasses any comedy of modern times, was played in 1777. His last play, "The Critic," appeared in 1779. He obtained a seat in parliament in 1780. He worked hard for the House of Commons, and, in his great efforts, was one of the most showy and striking of parliamentary orators. His famous speech on the trial of Warren Hastings produced an impression on the public mind never, perhaps, surpassed. Losing his wife in 1792, he married again, in 1796, a lady with whom he received £5000; and with this money, and £15,000 from shares in the theater, he purchased an estate, but his sottish habits soon dispelled his dreams of splendor, and finally reduced him to penury. He was treasurer of the navy during the ministry of Fox and Grenville; but after 1812 he was no longer able to speak in the house. He died in 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

V.

19. A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could

spoil.—Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.—Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you DO hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house.

2. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yĕsterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dŏgs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella!—I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-mŏrrōw! They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing (the blessèd creatures!), sooner than go and gĕt wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing: who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

3. But I know why you lent the umbrella: oh! yes, I know vĕry well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-mŏrrōw: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir: if it comes down in bucketfulls, I'll go all the mōre. No; and I wŏn't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cŏst me sixteen-pence, at least. Sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

4. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-mŏrrōw—I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always

does; but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yĕs, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of cōurse!

5. Nice clothes I gĕt, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bŏnnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy, to please you, or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't ŏften that I step over the threshold:—indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

6. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windōws. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-mŏrrōw! How am I to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell; but if I die, I'll do it.—No, sir; I wōn't bŏrrōw an umbrella: no; and you shan't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! And it was ōnly last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gōne without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! it's all vĕry well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creātion! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

7. I know that walk to-mŏrrōw will be the death of me. But that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella!—You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of cōurse, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt, for what I care—it wōn't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

8. And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it,—nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we shan't

have at all;—because we've no umbrella.—The children, too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure! But they *shall* go to school. Dōn't tell me they shouldn't (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an ăngel!); they *shall* go to school: mark that! and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I DIDN'T LEND THE UMBRELLA. JERROLD.

DOUGLAS JERROLD was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803. His father, Samuel Jerrold, was manager of the two theaters of Sheerness and Southend, and in these sea-places much of his childhood was passed. His school-days were few, and the results of his studies unimportant. At eleven years of age he became a midshipman in the British navy, and served about two years, thus acquiring nautical experience, which he used in writing "Black-eyed Susan," one of his most successful plays. A mere boy when he came ashore, he went to London, became an apprentice in a printing-office, and went through the ordinary course of a printer's life. At this time, though the hours of labor were long, he studied very hard, and wrote pieces for the magazines. Emboldened by success, he wrote numerous plays for the theaters before he was twenty years old. Among the greatest and maturest of his comedies are "The Prisoner of War," "Bubbles of a Day," "Time works Wonders," "St. Cupid," and "The Heart of Gold." His chief brilliant and original prose writings, except "A Man made of Money," were first prepared for magazines. "Men of Character" appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine,"—"The Chronicles of Clovernook," in the "Illuminated Magazine," of which he was founder and editor,—and "The Story of a Feather," "Punch's Letters to his Son," and "The Caudle Lectures" in "Punch," of which he was the originator. The last literary event in his life was his assuming the editorship of "Lloyd's Newspaper," which rose under his hand to great circulation and celebrity. He died, from disease of the heart, on the 8th of June, 1857.

SECTION V.

I.

20. THANATOPSIS.[1]

TO him, who, in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A vărious language; for his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladnèss, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild,

[1] Thăn`a tŏp′ sis, this Greek word means a view of, or meditation on, death.

And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour, come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathlèss darknèss, and the nărrōw house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go fōrth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while, from all around,
Comes a still voice:

3. "Yĕt a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no mōre,
In all his cōurse; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nŏurished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again:
And, lōst each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

4. "Yĕt not, to thy eternal resting-place,
Shalt thou retire, ălōne—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With pātriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hōary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

5. "The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ăncient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietnèss between;
The venerable woods: rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadōw green; and pōured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the ĭnfinīte hōst of heaven,
Are shining on the sad ăbōdes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

6. "All that tread
The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or, lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Or'egon, and hears no sound,
Save its own dashings—yĕt the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there ălōne.

7. "So shalt thou rest; and what, if thou shalt fall,
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
When thou art gŏne; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yĕt, all these shall leave
Their mirth, and their enjoymènts, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

8. "As the lŏng train
Of ages glide ăwāy, the sons of men,
The youth, in life's green spring, and he, who goes
In the full strength of years, mātron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut ŏff—
Shall, one by one, be găthered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follōw them.

9. "So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chāmber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

W. C. BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, on the third day of November, 1794. He gave indications of superior genius at a very early age; and fortunately received the most careful and judicious instruction from his father, a learned and eminent physician. At ten years of age, he made very creditable translations from some of the Latin poets, which were printed in a newspaper at Northampton. At thirteen, he wrote "The Embargo," a political satire, which was never surpassed by any poet of that age. Bryant entered an advanced class of Williams College in the sixteenth year of his age, in which he soon became distinguished for his attainments generally, and especially for his proficiency in classical learning. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and commenced the practice of his profession in the village of Great Barrington, where he was soon after married. He wrote the above noble poem—"Thanatopsis"—when but little more than eighteen years of age. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College his longest poem, "The Ages," which is in the stanza of Spenser, and in its versification is not inferior to "The Faerie Queene." "To a Waterfowl," "Inscription for an entrance to a Wood," and several other pieces of nearly equal merit were likewise written during his residence at Great Barrington. After passing ten years in successful practice in the courts, he determined to abandon the uncongenial business of a lawyer, and devote his attention more exclusively to literature. With this view, he removed to the city of New York in 1825, and, with a friend, established "The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine," in which he published several of his finest poems. In 1826 he assumed the chief direction of the "Evening Post," one of the best gazettes in this country, with which he has ever since been connected. In the summer of 1834, Mr. Bryant visited Europe, with his family, where he remained till 1836, when the illness of his partner and associate, the late William Leggett, caused his hasty return. A splendid edition of his complete poetical works was published in 1846. His last volume entitled "Thirty Poems," appeared in 1864. He is a favorite with men of every variety of tastes. He has passages of profound reflection for the philosopher, and others of such simple beauty as to please the most illiterate. He has few equals in grace and power of expression. Every line has compactness, precision, and elegance, and flows with its fellows in exquisite harmony. Mr. Bryant is the poet of nature. He places before us, in pictures warmly colored by the hues of the imagination, the old and shadowy forests, the sea-like prairies, the lakes, rivers, and mountains of our own country. To the thoughtful critic every thing in his verse belongs to America, and is as different from what marks the poetry of England as it is from that which most distinguishes the poetry of France or Germany.

II.

21. EUTHANASIA.[1]

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim,—
When evening's shadows veil the sky,

[1] **Euthanasia**, (yū`than ā' zĭ ă), an easy death; a mode of dying to be desired.

And plĕasure's sīren[1] hymn
Grows fainter on the tunelèss ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dream of seraphim,—
It were not sad to cast ăwāy
This dull and cumbrous lōad of clay.

2. It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionlèss and cold;
To feel those lōngings to depart
That cheered the good of old;
To clăsp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold,
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

3. It were not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
By white-winged seraphs led:
Where glōries earth may never knōw
O'er "many mansions" lingering glōw,
In peerless luster shed;
It were not lonely thus to sōar,
Where sin and grief can sting no mōre.

4. And, though the way to such a gōal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfettered soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue, unpillared skies,
Up to its final home!
Beyōnd the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run.

W. G. CLARK.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, a journalist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born

[1] Sī′ren, one of three damsels,—or, according to some writers, of two,—said to dwell near the Island of Caprea, in the Mediterranean, and to sing with such sweetness that they who sailed by forgot their country, and died in an ecstacy of delight; hence, an enticing, alluring, or dangerous woman; one rendered dangerous by her enticements.

at Otisco, an agricultural town in Central New York, in the year 1810. Stimulated by the splendid scenery outspread on every side around him, he began to feel the poetic impulse at an early age; and, in numbers most musical, painted the beauties of nature with singular fidelity. As he grew older, a solemnity and gentle sadness of thought pervaded his verse, and evinced his desire to gather from the scenes and images its reflected lessons of morality. When about twenty years of age, he repaired to Philadelphia, where he commenced a weekly miscellany, which was soon abandoned. He then assumed, with the Reverend Doctor Brantley, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical, of high character, in which he printed many brief poems of considerable merit. Some years later, he took charge of the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable journals in Pennsylvania, of which he ultimately became proprietor, and from that time until his death continued to conduct it. In 1836 he married Anne Poyntell Caldcleugh, the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia, and a woman of great personal beauty, rare accomplishments, and affectionate disposition, who soon after died of consumption, leaving her husband a prey to the deepest melancholy. From this time his health gradually declined, though he continued to write for his paper until the last day of his life, the twelfth of June, 1841. His metrical writings, which are pervaded by a gentle religious melancholy, are all distinguished for a graceful and elegant diction, thoughts morally and poetically beautiful, and chaste and appropriate imagery. His prose writings, on the other hand, were usually marked by passages of irresistible humor and wit. His perception of the ludicrous was acute, and his jests and "cranks and wanton wiles" evinced the fullness of his powers and the benevolence of his feelings.

III.

22. BROKEN HEARTS.

PART FIRST.

MAN is the creature of ĭnterèst and ambition. His nature leads him fŏrth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embĕllishmènt of his early life, or a sŏng piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellŏw-men. But a woman's whŏle life is a hĭstòry of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends fŏrth her sympathies on adventure: she embarks her whŏle soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopelèss—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

2. To a man, the disappointmènt of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tendernèss—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of vāried occupation, or may plunge into the tide of plĕasure: or, if the scene of disappoint-

ment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his ăbōde at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can "fly to the ŭttermōst part of the earth, and be at rest."

3. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is mōre the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sŏrrōw, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

4. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many sŏft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade ăwāy into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the ārrōw that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

5. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful cŭrrents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sŏrrōw drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury.

6. Look for her, after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the rādiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darknèss and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her lōw; but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

7. She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliăge, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be mōst fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted

and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decāy.

8. I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almōst as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner they were related.

IV.

23. BROKEN HEARTS.

PART SECOND.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical stōry of young Emmett,[1] the Irish pātriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason.[2] His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so ĕvèrything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lŏfty and intrepid![3] The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication[4] of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopelèss hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

2. But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happiĕr days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and in'teresting girl, the daugh-

[1] **Robert Emmett**, the Irish patriot, was born in 1780. He was executed on the 20th of September, 1803.

[2] **Treason**, (trē′zn), the offense of attempting to overthrow the government of the state to which the offender owes allegiance, or of betraying the state into the hands of a foreign power.

[3] **In trĕp′id**, undaunted; brave.

[4] **Vĭn`di cā′tion**, a justification against censure, objections, or accusations; defense by proof, force, or otherwise.

ter of a late celebrated Irish barrister.[1] She loved him with the disin'terested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and dānger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his vĕry sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whōle soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the pōrtals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

3. But then the hŏrrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sŏrrōw into those blessèd tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

4. To render her wĭdōwed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displĕasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind ŏffices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by hŏrror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The mōst delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and ămūsemènt to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical stōry of her love.

5. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scăth and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put fōrth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of plĕasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mŏcked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the sŏng of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

[1] John Philpot Curran, celebrated for his eloquence, wit, and sarcasm, born near Cork, 1750, and died 1817.

6. The person who told me her stō̆ry had seen her at a masquerade.[1] There can be no exhibition of far-gŏne wretchednèss mōre striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a specter, lonely and joylèss, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begŏne, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgĕtfulness of sŏrrōw.

7. After strōlling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gairish[2] scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an ex'quisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed fōrth such a soul of wretchednèss, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

8. The stō̆ry of one so true and tender could not but excite great ĭnterèst in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave ŏfficer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrĕv'ocably engrōssed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tendernèss, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

9. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a chānge of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and ĕx'emplarў[3] wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her vĕry soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart. WASHINGTON IRVING.

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[1] **Masquerade**, (mȧs ker ȧd') an evening assembly of persons wearing masks, and amusing themselves with dancing, conversation, etc.

[2] **Gairish**, (gȧr'ish), gaudy; showy; very fine.

[3] **Exemplary**, (ĕgz'em pler ĭ), serving as a pattern; commendable.

V.

24. LINES RELATING TO CURRAN'S DAUGHTER.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But cōldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

2. She sings the wild sŏng of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

3. He had lived for his love—for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor lŏng will his love stay behind him.

4. Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glōrious mŏrrōw;
They'll shine ō'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sŏrrōw. THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, the poet, was born in Dublin, in 1780. He showed from boyhood an imaginative and musical turn; and various circumstances combined in impressing him early with that deep sense of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland to which his poetry owes so many of its most powerful touches. He was educated at Trinity College, where he took his degree in 1798, after which he went to London to keep his terms for the bar. Poetry however had taken possession of his mind; and his gay translation of Anacreon was published in 1800. In 1804, having obtained a registrarship in Bermuda, he went out to discharge the duties of the office. It proved much less lucrative than he expected; and in a few months he returned home, from which time his course of life was very uneventful. In 1811 he married Miss Dyke, an amiable, attractive, and domestic lady. He soon after established himself permanently at Sloperton, near Devizes, visiting London, however, frequently, and making other excursions. In 1835 he received from government a pension of £300 a year; and in 1850, when his health was completely broken, Mrs. Moore obtained a pension of a hundred pounds. He died in the beginning of 1852. Of his serious poems, "Irish Melodies," and "Lalla Rookh" best support his fame. Many pieces of the former are exquisite for grace of diction, for beauty, and for a refined and ideal kind of pathos. The latter evinces great skill and care of execution, with marvelous richness of fancy, and singular correctness of costume, and establishes his claim to an important place among the great painters of romantic narrative. Moore's political satires, perhaps, show his genius in a more brilliant light than any of his other works. Of his prose writings, the most noted and worthy is the gorgeous romance of "The Epicurean," which appeared in 1827.

VI.

25. THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

1.

ONE mōre unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,[1]
Gŏne to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

2.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cērements,[2]
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not lōathing!

3.

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mōurnfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

4.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

5.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
While wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

6.

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yĕt, than all other?

7.

Alas! for the rărity
Of Christian chărity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whōle city full,
Home she had none.

8.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had chānged—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estrānged.

9.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,

[1] Im port′ ū nate, over-pressing in request or demand; troublesomely urgent.

[2] Cēre′ ment, cloth dipped in melted wax, and wrapped about dead bodies previous to embalming.

With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

10.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere—anywhere
Out of the world!

11.

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!—
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

12.

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

13.

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

14.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,[1]
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD, humorist and poet, was born at London, in 1798. The best incident of his early boyhood was his instruction by a schoolmaster who appreciated his talents, and was so interested in teaching as to render it impossible not to interest his pupil. At this period he earned his first fee—a few guineas—by revising for the press a new edition of "Paul and Virginia." In his fifteenth year, after receiving a miscellaneous education, he was placed in the counting-house of a Russian merchant; but, soon after learned the art of engraving. In 1821, having already written fugitive papers for periodicals, he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," a position which at once introduced him to the best literary society of the time. "Odes and Addresses" soon after appeared. "Whims and Oddities," "National Tales," "Tylney Hall," *a novel*, and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," followed. In these, the humorous fac-

[1] Cŏn' tu mē lў, rudeness or reproach compounded of haughtiness and contempt; despiteful treatment.

ulty not only predominated, but expressed itself with a freshness, originality, and power, which the poetical element could not claim. There was, however, much true poetry in the verse, and much sound sense and keen observation in the prose of these works. After publishing several annuals, he started a magazine in his own name. Though aided by men of reputation and authority, this work, which he conducted with surprising energy, was mainly sustained by his own intellectual activity. At this time, confined to a sick-bed, from which he never rose, in his anxiety to provide for his wife and children, he composed those poems, too few in number, but immortal in the English language, such as the "Song of the Shirt," the "Song of the Laborer," and the "Bridge of Sighs." His death occurred on the 3d of May, 1845.

VII.

26. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I. SUCCESSION OF HUMAN BEINGS.

LIKE leaves on trees the life of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their cōurse decāy;
So flŏŭrish these, when those have passed ăwāy.

II. DEATH OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR.

She died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropped from some diadem;
She died in beauty, like a lay alŏng a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty, like the sŏng of birds amid the brake;
She died in beauty, like the snōw on flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty, like a star lŏst on the brow of day;—
She *lives* in glōry, like Night's gems set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

III. A LADY DROWNED.—PROCTER.

Is she dead?...
Why so shall I be,—ere these autumn blasts
Have blown on the bēard of Winter. Is she dead?
Ay, she *is* dead,—quite dead! The wild Sea kissed her
With its cold white lips, and then—put her to sleep:
She has a sand pillōw, and a water sheet,
And never turns her head or knows 'tis morning!

IV. LIFE OF MAN.—BEAUMONT.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,

Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

V. CORONACH.[1]—SCOTT.

He is gŏne on the mountain, he is lŏst to the fŏrèst,
Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sŏrèst;
The fount, reäppearing, from the rain-drops shall bŏrrōw,
But to us comes no cheering, to Duncan no mŏrrōw!
The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hōary,
But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glōry;
The autumn winds rushing waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest.—
Fleet foot on the correi,[2] sage counsel in cumber,[3]
Red hand in the foray,[4] how sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gŏne, and forever!

VI. IMMORTALITY.—R. H. DANA.

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By ängel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound fŏrth still
The sŏng of our great immortality!
Thick-clustering orbs on this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-tōned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O listen, ye our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis flōating mid day's setting glōries; night,
Wrapped in her sable[5] robe, with silent step,

[1] Coronach, (kŏr' o nak), a song of lamentation; a lament.
[2] Correi, (kŏr' rā), the side of a hill where game usually lies.
[3] Cŭm' ber, perplexity; distress.
[4] Fō' rāy, a sudden pillaging incursion in peace or war.
[5] Sā' ble, dark; black.

Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic[1] instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee:[2]
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

VIII.

27. SELECTED EXTRACTS.

THE man who carries a lantern in a dark night, can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to his precious gain.

2. As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem,—so one who is bowed down with affliction longs for a friend to lift him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots.

3. Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting forth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

4. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou

[1] Mys'tic, obscure; involving some secret meaning.

[2] Jū'bi lee, among the Jews every fiftieth year, when the bondsmen were all set free and lands restored to their former owners.

art my sun." And so Gŏd sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

5. I think the human heart is like an artist's studiŏ. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, for they are mōstly scattered at once, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. And so you can tell the cōurse of a man's life, not so much by his well-defined purposes, as by the half-formed plans—the faint day-dreams, which are hung in all the chāmbers of his heart.

6. Men are like birds that build their nests in trees that hang over rivers. And the birds sing in the tree-top, and the river sings underneath, undermining and undermining, and in the moment when the bird thinks not, it comes crashing down, and the nest is scattered, and all goes floating down the flood. If we build to ambition, we are like men who build before the track of a volcāno's eruption, sure to be overtaken and burnt up by its hot lāva. If we build to wealth, we are as those who build upon the ice. The spring will melt our foundations from under us.

7. Shall we build to earthly affections? If we can not transfigure[1] those whom we love—if we can not behold the eternal world shining through the faces of father and mother, of husband and wife—if we can not behold them all irradiated with the glōry of the supernal[2] sphere, it were not best to build for love. Death erects his batteries right over against our homes, and in the hour when we think not, the missile flies and explodes, carrying destruction all around.

8. I think it is a sad sight to look at one of the receiving hulks at the Navy Yard. To think that that was the ship which once went so fēarlèsslў ăcrōss the ocean! It has come back to be anchored in the quiet bay, and to roll this way and that with the tide. Yĕt that is what many men set before them as the end of life—that they may come to that pass where they may be able to cast out an anchor this way and an anchor that way, and never move again, but rock lazily with the tide—without a sail—without a voyage—waiting simply for decay to take their

[1] **Trans fig′ ure**, change the outward form or appearance of.

[2] **Su per′ nal**, being in a higher region or place; heavenly.

timbers apart. And this is what men call, "*retiring from business*"—to become simply an empty old hulk.

9. We are beleaguered by Time, and parallel after parallel is drawn around us, and then a change is made, and we see the enemy's flag waving on some outpŏst. And as the sense of hearing, and touch, and sight fails, and a man finds all these marks of time upon him, oh woe! if he has no Hereafter, as a final citadel into which to retreat.

10. Would that I could break this Gŏspel as a bread of life to all of you! My best prĕsentātions of it to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am ălōne, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of Gŏd and the truths of His word, that I think if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking fŏrth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew, that reflect every hue of the rainbow. "Oh!" he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother," and eagerly shakes them ŏff into his little palm. But the charm is gŏne—they are no mōre water-pearls.

11. There are days when my blood flows like wine; when all is ease and prosperity; when the sky is blue, and the birds sing, and flowers blossom, and ĕvèry thing speaks to me; and my life is an anthem, walking in time and tune; and then this world's joy and affection suffice. But when a chānge comes—when I am weary and disappointed—when the skies lower into the somber night—when there is no sŏng of bird, and the per'fume of flowers is but their dying breath breathed away—when all is sunsetting and autumn, then I yearn for Him who sits with the summer of love in His soul, and know that all earthly affection is but a glow-worm light compared to that which blazes with such effulgence in the heart of Gŏd.

12. I think that in the life to come my heart will have feelings like Gŏd's. The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Mŏs'cōw.[1] Its

[1] **Mŏs' cōw**, a famous city of Russia, formerly capital of the whole Russian Empire. It is situated four hundred miles S. E. of St. Petersburg, with which it is connected by a first-class railroad. The stupendous *bell here* alluded to, called Czar Kolokol, or the Monarch, weighing nearly one hundred and eighty tons, is about twenty-one and a-half feet in height, and twenty-two and a-half in diameter. A huge fragment was broken from it, more than a century ago, when the bell-tower was burned.

note may be sŏft as a bird's whisper, and yĕt it is the same. And so God may have a feeling, and I, standing by him, shall have the same feeling. Where he loves, I shall love. All the prŏcesses of the Dĭvīne mind will be reflected in mine. And there will be this companionship with him to eternity. What else can be the meaning of those expressions that all we have is Christ's, and God is ours, and we are heirs of God? To inherit God—who can conceive of it? It is the growing marvel, and will be the growing wonder of eternity.

13. We are glad that there is a bosom of Gŏd to which we can go and find refuge. As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windōws at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look fōrth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SECTION VI.

I.

28. FULLER'S BIRD.[1]

THE wild-winged creature, clad in gōre
(His bloody human meal being ō'er),
Comes down to the water's brink:
'Tis the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks—alarmed—ămāzed,
And dares not drink.

2. "Have I till now," he sadly said,
"Preyed on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to-day?"—
Once mōre he glances in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look;
Then turns ăwāy.

[1] **Fuller's Bird,** "I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterward enjoyeth itself."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

8. With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark, wild wood;
And there, midst briers and sheltering weeds,
He hīdĕth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

4. And in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines, until he dies;
And, when all's ō'er,——
What follōws?—Naught! his brothers slāke
Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

5. So fable flows!—But would you find
Its mŏral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse;
Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
And fŏrehĕad read "*The Harpy's*"[1] name;
But no remorse! B. W. Procter.

Bryan Walter Procter, better known by his assumed name of Barry Cornwall, is a graceful and accomplished writer, and a true poet. "If it be the province of poetry to give delight," says Lord Jeffery, "this author should rank very high among the poets." He is a genuine poet of love. There is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection, in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. He is chiefly noted, however, as a song-writer. "The fair blosoms of his genius, though light and trembling as the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted."

II.

29. THE BARBARITIES OF WAR.

THE first great obstacle to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried ŏff from its barbarities and its hŏrrors by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contem'plating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tĕmpèst; and this so elevates and engrōsses the whŏle man,

[1] Hăr' py, in antiquity, the *harpies* were fabulous wingèd monsters, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a woman and the body of a vulture, with their feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. They were three in number, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeno. The name *harpy* is often applied to an extortioner, a plunderer, or ravenous animals.

that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is dĕaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families.

2. There is a grăcefulnèss in the picture of a youthful warrior, burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepèst of the animated thrŏng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle for a remembrance and a name; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcases of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more who have been laid on the cold ground, where they are left to languish and to die.

3. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common Father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over ĕvèry coŭntenance, and when night comes on, and darknèss around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home, without one companion to close his eyes!

4. I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a mōst delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the background of our contempla'tions altogether. I see it in the history, which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poĕtry, which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transpōrts its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry it throws its treacherous embĕllishmènts over a scene of legalized slaughter.

5. I see it in the music, which represents the prŏgress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet notes of preparation, the whōle beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment: nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear and sink into lifelèss silence. All, all goes to prove what strānge and half-sighted crēatures we

are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness: and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war.

6. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the Gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever from its sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations. THOMAS CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D., the celebrated pulpit orator and divine, was born on 17th March, 1780, at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, Scotland, of respectable and pious, though humble, parents. He was entered a student in St. Andrews College at the early age of twelve; and soon gave indications of that strong predilection for the physical sciences which he retained through life. He obtained license to preach in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, while only 19, on the express ground that he was "a lad of pregnant parts;" though, at that early age, he considered the functions of the sacred office to be subordinate to scientific pursuits. By long personal illness, and severe domestic bereavements, he was brought from making religion a secondary concern with him to regard it as a subject of paramount importance. In 1815 he took charge of the Tron Church and Parish, Glasgow, from which time his reputation continued to advance, until the sensation produced by his preaching surpassed all that was ever known or heard of in the annals of pulpit eloquence. In 1824 he became professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews; and in 1828 he was translated to the chair of divinity in the university at Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers now commenced a career of authorship, by which he still further extended his reputation as a divine. The most flattering honors were now heaped upon him; for he was chosen President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, created Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and appointed corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France—a compliment which no clergyman in Britain had ever previously enjoyed. His collected works, including sermons, theological lectures, &c., amount to 25 volumes. Died May 30, 1847.

III.

30. BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

1.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never mōre shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bĭng'en—at Bingen on the Rhine.

2.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mōurnful stōry in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, benēath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

3.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was āye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart lēaped fōrth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to dīvīde his scanty hōard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's swōrd,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

4.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a cŏmrāde seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old swōrd in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

5.

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gŏne by,
You'd have known her by the mĕrrimènt that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightèst heart makes sometimes heaviëst
mōurning;
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yĕllōw sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

6.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep alŏng—I heard, or seemed to hear
The German sŏngs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glăd blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly
talk
Down many a path beloved of yōre, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no mōre at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

7.

His voice grew faint and hōarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His cŏmrāde bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a fŏreign land—was dead!
And the sŏft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yeā, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shōne on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

MRS. NORTON.

MRS. NORTON, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan, was grand-daugter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius and she has well sustained the family honors. In her seventeenth year, this lady had composed her poem, "The Sorrows of Rosalie." She termed her next poem, founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, "The Undying One." Her third volume, entitled "The Dream, and other Poems," appeared in 1840. "This lady," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel." She was married at the age of nineteen to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to Lord Grantley, and himself a police magistrate in London. After being the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description, the union was dissolved in 1840.

IV.

31. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Cullō'den[1] are scattered in fight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trămple them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms[2] are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning—no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O weep! but thy tears can not number the dead;
For a mercilèss swōrd on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gōry Cullō'den so dreadful appear,
Draw, dōtard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Seer. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be tōrn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly fōrth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionlèss, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry (ā'rĭ), that bēacons the darknèss of heaven.

[1] **Cul lō' den**, a wide, moory ridge in Scotland, county of Inverness, in the parish of Croy, memorable for the total defeat of Prince Charles's army, on the 16th of April, 1746, by the royal troops under the Duke of Cumberland.

[2] **Bosoms**, (bŭz' umz).

O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn:
Return[1] to thy dwelling; all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream ō'er her famishing brood!

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt![2] I have marshalled my clan:
Their swŏrds are a thousand; their bosoms are one.
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvèst of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her clāymōre[3] indignantly draws;
When her bŏnneted chiēftaĭns to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntlèss, and Moray the proud,
All plăided and plumed in their tartan array——

Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yĕt man can not cover what Gŏd would reveal?
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lōre,
And coming events cast their shadōws before.
I tell thee, Cullō'den's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,[4]
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darknèss and billōws he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tĕmpèsts, and cover his flight!—
'Tis finished. Their thunders ăre hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lōst, and my country deplōres.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and tōrn?
Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tōlling: O, mercy, dispel
Yŏn sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!

[1] **Return**, (re tûrn').
[2] **Avaunt**, (å vânt').
[3] **Clāy' mōre**, a large, two-handed sword, formerly used by the Scottish Highlanders.
[4] **Wrath**, (råth).

Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nŏstril in agony swims!
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. Down, soothlĕss insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat!
Though his perishing ranks should be strewed in their gōre,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shōre,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the distinguished poet, was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. Owing to the straightened circumstances of his father young Campbell was obliged, while attending college, to have recourse to private teaching as a tutor. Notwithstanding this additional labor, he made rapid progress in his studies, and attained considerable distinction at the university of his native city. He very early gave proofs of his aptitude for literary composition, especially in the department of poetry. At the age of twenty, he occasionally labored for the booksellers, while attending lectures at the university in Edinburgh. In 1799, his first extended poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published. Its success was instantaneous and without parallel. It is not too much to say, that it is, without an exception, the finest didactic poem in the English language. In 1809, he published "Gertrude of Wyoming," which holds the second place among his lengthier poems, and to which were attached the most celebrated of his grand and powerful lyrics. Though Campbell was too frequently timid, and noted more for beauties of expression than for high inventive power and vigorous execution, yet his lyrical pieces, particularly "The Battle of the Baltic," "Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and "Lochiel's Warning," which appear to have been struck off at a heat, prove conclusively that his conceptions, when not too much subjected to elaboration, were glowing, bold, and powerful. In the latter part of the poet's life his circumstances were materially improved. In 1826, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He died July 15th, 1844, and his remains were solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey.

V.

82. BATTLE OF WARSAW.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased ăwhīle,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression pōured to northern wars

Her whiskered pandoors, and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn!
Tumultuous hŏrror brooded ō'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man.

2. Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide ō'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yĕt, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yĕt remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die!

3. He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors—few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a hŏrrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds alŏng their banners fly,
Revenge or death!—the watchword and reply:
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tōlled their last alarm.

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh, bloodiĕst picture in the "book of time!"
Sarmatia[1] fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nervelèss grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:
Hope, for a season, bădе the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciŭsko[2] fell!

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[1] **Sarmatia,** (sär mā′ shĭ ă), the classical name of Poland. For many centuries Poland existed as an independent and powerful State, but having fallen a prey to internal dissensions, it was violently seized by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and divided between them. The first partition took place in 1772, a second in 1793, and a third in 1795. The Poles have made several attempts to recover their liberty, the last of which was in 1830.

[2] **Thaddeus Kŏs′cĭ ŭs′ ko,** a noble Pole, was born in 1756. When young, he served the United States in their war of independence against England, where he rose to the rank of

5. The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air!
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away.
Bursts the wild cry of hŏrror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hōpelèss mercy call:
Earth shook—red meteors flashed ălŏng the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry. CAMPBELL.

VI.

33. THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

MEANTIME the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set fŏrth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its prŏgress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its sălvōs[1] of artillery on its arrival at North Aa;[2] but since then, all had been dark and mōurnful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting ĕvèry breast.

2. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So lŏng as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yĕt, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dŏgs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute propor-

general. He returned to Poland, and signalized himself at the head of one of her armies in 1792 and 1793; and when the Poles rose up against their oppressors in 1794, he was made their generalissimo, and their dictator. He was wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians at the fatal battle of Maciovice, October 1st, 1794, and the complete downfall of his country soon followed. He closed his unstained and noble life in Switzerland in 1817.

[1] Săl′ vō, a general discharge of fire-arms; a volley.

[2] North Aa, (ä).

tions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population.

3. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation.

4. The daily mortality was frightful: infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses,—father, mother, children, side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath the scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out,—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe,—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

5. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved:

6. "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that

we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate mōre hŏrrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may Gŏd give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my swōrd, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

7. On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encoŭraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a vĕry few days at furthèst, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power ăcrŏss the ruined dykes.

8. In the cōurse of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had mōre than two feet of water. On it went, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten; and as they approached some shăllōws which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. On again the fleet of Boisot still went, and, overcoming every obstacle, entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leȳden was relieved. MOTLEY.

JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY, the distinguished historian, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1831. Soon after, he spent several years in Germany, studying in its universities. In 1841, he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Russia, which post he resigned in less than two years, having written in the meantime for the N. A. Review a leading article on Peter the Great. He has written numerous papers for leading periodicals,—two anonymous novels, Morton's Hope, and Merrymount,—"The Rise of the Dutch Republic," in 1856,—and quite recently, the "United Netherlands."

VII.

84. THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of reăl life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:—
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his mŏral being his prime care:—

2. Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed (miserable train!)
Turns his necessity to glōrious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highèst dower;
Contrōls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:—
By objects which might fōrce the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered mōre compassionate;
Is plăcable,—because occasions rise
So ŏften that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, e'en more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence, also, more ălīve to tĕndernèss.

3. 'T is he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,—
(And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,)
He fixes good on good ălōne, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:—

4. Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand

On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire :—
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singlenèss of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state ;—
Whom they must *follow ;* on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :—

5. Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful mōmènt to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover ; and attired
With sudden brightnèss, like a man inspired ;
And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :—

6. He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yĕt a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt plĕasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, whereso'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidĕlity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
Mōre brave for this, that he hath much to love :—

7. 'T is finally the Man, who, liftèd high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
And with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse to his wish or not,—
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he mōst doth value *must* be won !
Whom nēither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happinèss betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed :—

8. Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth,
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause!
This is THE HAPPY WARRIOR; this is he
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the greatest of metaphysical poets, and one of the purest and most blameless of men, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland county, England, April 7th, 1770. He read much in boyhood, and wrote some verses. He received his early education at the endowed school of Hawkshead; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, and though he disliked the system of the university, and attended little to the studies of the place, graduated with his degree of B. A. in 1791. In the close of the same year he went to France, where he passed nearly a year; and there he wrote the poem called "Descriptive Sketches," which, with "The Evening Walk," was published in 1793. In 1795 he received a legacy of £900 from his friend, Raisley Calvert, and at the close of the same began to live with his sister, their first residence being at Racedown, Dorsetshire. He here made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and wrote many of the fine passages that afterward appeared in "The Excursion." In the autumn of 1798 he published the first edition of his "Lyrical Ballads," and then went to Germany with his sister and Coleridge; and, the party separating, Miss Wordsworth and her brother passed the winter at Goslar, in Hanover. Here were written "Lucy Gray," and several beautiful pieces. His long residence among the lakes of his native district began immediately after his return to England. His second volume of "Lyrical Ballads" appeared at the close of 1800. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, to whose amiability his poems pay warm and beautiful tributes. In the spring of 1813, after various changes of residence, he took up his abode at Rydal Mount, two miles from Grasmere, which was his home for thirty-seven years, and the scene of his death. There, too, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland; an office which was executed by a clerk, and yielded about £500 a year. In the summer of 1814 was published "The Excursion," a poem which, if judged by its best passages, has hardly an equal in our language. The following year appeared "The White Doe of Rylstone." From his fiftieth to his eightieth year the poet traveled much, suffered a great deal, and wrote but little. In 1842 he resigned his distributorship in favor of one of his two sons, and received from Sir Robert Peel, a pension of £300 a year. In 1843 he was appointed poet-laureate. He died on the 23d of April, 1850.

VIII.

85. THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
And yĕt the mŏnumĕnt proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought

The emblems of a fame that never dies—
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name ălōne,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
Meek meadōw-sweet and vīōlets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

2. Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mōld and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restlèss heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlèst in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindnèss made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;
Yĕt at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

3. Nor deem that when the hand that mōlders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds befōre the rainy east,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alōne her task was wrought;
Alone the battle fought;
Through that lōng strife her constant hope was staid
On Gŏd alone, nor looked for other aid.

4. She met the hōsts of sŏrrōw with a look
That altered not benēath the frown they wōre;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no mōre.
Her sŏft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain:
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her great Master's name.

5. Her glōry is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was rādiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, lōng befōre,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bōre,
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat—
He who, returning glorious from the grave,
Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

6. See, as I linger here, the sun grows lōw;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yĕt in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yĕt all may win the triumphs thou hast won;
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty rōll; the glōrious armory
That ministered to thee is open still.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SECTION VII.

I.

36. DESTINY OF AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glōrious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame:

2. In happy climes, where, from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue;
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts;
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisèst heads and noblèst hearts.

5. Not such as Europe breeds in her decāy:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clāy,
By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the cōurse of empire takes its wāy:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drāma with the dāy
Time's noblèst ŏffspring is the last. BERKELEY.

GEORGE BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Thomastown, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684, and died at Oxford, England, in 1753. He was the author of several works, principally on metaphysical science. He visited America in 1728 for the purpose of founding a college for the conversion of the Indians; but failing to obtain the promised funds from the government, after remaining seven years in Rhode Island, he returned to Europe. While inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the above fine moral verses, so truly prophetic of the progress of the United States.

II.

37. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

HE was decidedly a visionary,[1] but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardènt imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgmènt, and dĭrected by an acute sagacity, is the mōst extraordinary[2] feature[3] in his character. Thus governed,

[1] **Visionary**, (vĭz′un a rĭ), one who is confident of success in a project which others perceive or think to be idle and fanciful; a dreamer.

[2] **Extraordinary**, (ĕks trâr′dĭ na rĭ), beyond or out of the common method or order; remarkable.

[3] **Feature**, (fēt′yŏr).

his imagination, instead of wasting itself in idle sōarings, lent wings to his judgmènt, and bōre it ăwāy to conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived; nāy, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

2. To his intellectual vision it was given to read, in the signs of the times and the reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise to plow the sea which had given rise to so many fables, and to decipher the mȳstery of his time."

3. With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondèst dreams fell short of the reālity. He died in ignorance of the reāl grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the ideā that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remōte parts of Asiā.

4. What visions of glōry would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whōle of the old world in magnitūde, and separated, by two vast oceans, from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amid the chills of age and cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

WASHINGTON IRVING

III.

88. RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

IN the spring of 1493, while the cōurt was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful ăchiēvemènt of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyōnd the western

ocean. The delight and astonishment, raised by this intelligence, were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns (sŭv′ er ĭnz) were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery: and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

2. The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage, the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in descrying land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in explōring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a Europē′an, he embarked in the month of Jănuary, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him, so that he was left alone to retrace his cōurse acrŏss the Atlantic.

3. After a mōst tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and crŏssing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Pālos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that pōrt.

4. Great was the agitation in the little community at Pālos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had lŏng since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural hŏrrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mărinērs. Most of them had relatives or friends on bōard. They thrŏnged immediately to the shōre, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

5. When they beheld their faces once mōre, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst fōrth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whōle population of the place accompanied

him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were ŏffered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glōrious event.

6. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay lŏng at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifārious prŏducts of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costūme', and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned: he exhibited, also, considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics,[1] possessed of aromatic[2] or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pāgeant.

7. The admiral's prŏgress through the country was ĕvèrywhere impeded by the multitudes thrŏnging fōrth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the mōre extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lŏst its fōrce from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Sĕv'ille, every windōw, băl'cony, and housetop, which could affōrd a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators.

8. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the cōurt, together with the authŏrities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them.

9. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious cōurt of Castile (kas tēl'). It was, indeed, the proudèst moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his lŏng-contested theory, in the face of argument, sŏphistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the mōst adverse circum-

[1] **Exotic**, (egz ŏt'ik) a foreign plant or production.

[2] **Ar`o măt' ic**, spicy; fragrant; odoriferous; strong-scented.

stances by consum'mate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

10. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred, less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christianity in the illumination of a race of men, whose minds, for want of being made to acquaint themselves with the true God, had been debased by a system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and unpolluted doctrine.

11. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart intensely; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves in their places in grateful thanksgiving, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum[1] were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

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[1] **Te Deum**, (te de'um), a hymn of thanksgiving, so called from the first words, "*Te Deum laudamus*," Thee, God, we praise.

withstanding, his indefatigable industry, united with fine taste and a well-stored mind, elevated him to the highest rank in that difficult department, historical composition. Indeed, it is the concurrent judgment of the best European critics that he had no superior, if he had an equal, among contemporary historians. His first work, "Ferdinand and Isabella," was published in the beginning of 1838, and was soon republished in nearly all the great cities of Europe. That, with his second work, "The Conquest of Mexico," are not only among the finest models of historical composition, but in a very genuine sense they are *national* works. The choicest words of panegyric can not do injustice to the exquisite "beauty of Mr. Prescott's descriptions, the just proportion and dramatic interest of his narrative, his skill as a character writer, the expansiveness and completeness of his views, and that careful and intelligent research which enabled him to make his works as valuable for their accuracy as they are attractive by all the graces of style." In private life Mr. Prescott was as much admired for his amiability, simplicity, and highbred courtesy as for his remarkable abilities and acquirements. He died January 28th, 1859.

IV.

89. THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relāys of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been bōrne North, and South, and East, and West, throughout the land.

2. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco[1] and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille[2] broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overlēapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Mōntreāl, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

3. As the summons hŭrried to the South, it was one day at New York; in one mōre at Phĭladĕlphiă; the next it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It trăvĕrsed the Dismal Swamp[3] to Nansemond, ălŏng the route[4] of the first emi-

[1] Saco, (sâ′ ko).

[2] Reveille, (re vâl′ yâ), the beat of drum about break of day, to give notice that it is time for the soldiers to rise, and for the sentinels to stop challenging.

[3] Swamp, (swŏmp).

[4] Route, (rōt).

grants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington.

4. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live oaks, further to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

5. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the 19th day of April, 1776, by naming their encampment *Lexington*.

6. With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or Death." BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the eminent historian, was born in 1800, in Worcester, Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College at the early age of seventeen. The next year he went to Europe, and studied for four years at Gottingen and Berlin, and traveled in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and England. On his return, in 1823, he published a volume of poems, which were principally written while he was abroad. He soon after established the academy at Round Hill, at Northampton. He was appointed collector of Boston in 1838; was made secretary of the navy in 1845; was sent as minister plenipotentiary to England in 1846; and on his return, in 1849, became a resident of New York, where he has since devoted himself principally to the composition of his "History of the United States," the ninth volume of which appeared in 1866. He has also lately published a volume of "Literary and Historical Miscellanies." His "History of the United States" has been published in its original language in London and Paris, and has been translated into several foreign languages. It is a work of great labor, originality, and ability, and eminently American, in the best sense of that word as used in regard to literature. It is the most accurate and philosophical account that has been given of the United States; and is elaborately and strongly, yet elegantly written.

V.

40. THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the bōreăl[1] light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hŭrrying feet;
While the first ōath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her pātriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

2. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Mănor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

3. How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose petals all perfume
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

4. The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallōwed his brow of thought and care;

[1] **Bŏr' re al**, northern; pertaining to the north, or the north wind.

And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strŏng;
The psalm was warrior David's sŏng;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"*The Lord of hŏsts shall arm the right!*"
He spoke of wrŏngs too lŏng endured,
Of sācred rights to be secured;
Then from his pātriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tȳrant king.

5. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathlèss choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

6. A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nāy, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiëst places then are ours,
His temples are our fōrts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

7. And now befōre the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar

Rang through the chapel, ō'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient tōll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! WAR!"

8. "Who dares?"—this was the pātriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!" READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12th, 1822. In 1839 he went to Cincinnati, where he was employed in the studio of Clevenger, the sculptor, and here his attention was first called to painting, which he chose for his profession, and soon practiced with marked skill and success. He settled in New York City in 1841. After a few months he removed to Boston, where he remained until 1846, and then went to Philadelphia, where he practiced his profession, writing occasionally for periodicals, until 1850, when he first visited Europe. In the summer of 1853 he went abroad a second time, and settled in Florence, where until recently he has resided. In 1853 he issued an illustrated edition of his poems, comprising, with some new pieces, all he wished to preserve of volumes previously printed. In 1855, he published "The House by the Sea" and "The New Pastoral,"—the latter, in thirty-seven books, being the longest of his poems. The above is from his latest work, "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies." Mr. Read's distinguishing characteristic is a delicate and varied play of fancy. His verse, though sometimes irregular, is always musical. He excels in homely descriptions. The flowers by the dusty wayside, the cheerful murmur of the meadow brook, the village tavern, and rustic mill, and all tender impulses and affections, are his choice sources of inspiration.

VI.

41. THE SETTLER.

HIS echoing ax the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung

The Tītans[1] of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mŏssy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt belōw.

2. Rude was the garb, and strōng the frame
Of him who plied his ceaselèss toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The sōul that warmed that frame, disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This fōrest tamer decked.

3. The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his plĕasures, there.

4. His roof adorned a pleasant spot,
Mid the black logs green glōwed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling ō'er the dell,
The lōw—the blēat—the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strānge,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the chānge.

5. The viōlet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glōw,
The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
Rude Winter brought his snōw;

[1] Tītans, fabled giants of ancient mythology; hence, whatever is enormous in size or strength.

And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Alŏng the hillock's side.

6. He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Rōaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Benēath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

7. His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
Its fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank benēath the wound,
Its pond-built Venice[1] by.

8. Humble the lot, yĕt his the race,
When Liberty sent fōrth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliëst place,
To fight—to bleed—to die;
Who cumbered Bunker's[2] height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's[3] sun

[1] **Pond-built Venice.** The city of Venice, one of the finest in Europe, is built on eighty-two small islands, separated by one hundred and fifty canals, which are crossed by three hundred and sixty bridges. The beaver constructs his habitation in the water, and the different parts have no communication except by water, and hence the poetical allusion.

[2] **Bunker Hill,** a height near Charlestown, Massachusetts, celebrated as the place where the first great battle was fought between the British and Americans, on the memorable 17th of June, 1775.

[3] **Yorktown,** Virginia, where was fought the final battle of the Revolutionary war, resulting in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to General Washington, on the 19th of October, 1781.

Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won. STREET.

ALBERT B. STREET was born in Poughkeepsie, a large and beautiful town on the Hudson, on the 18th of December, 1811. His father, Gen. Randall S. Street, was an officer in active service during our second war with England, and subsequently several years a representative in Congress. When the poet was about fourteen years of age his father removed to Monticello, Sullivan County, then what is called a "wild county," though extremely fertile. Its magnificent scenery, deep forests, clear streams, gorges of piled rocks and black shade, and mountains and valleys, called into life all the faculties that slumbered in the brain of the young poet. He studied law in the office of his father, and attended the courts of Sullivan County for one year after his admission to the bar; but in the winter of 1839 he removed to Albany, where he successfully practiced his profession. For several years past he has been State Librarian. The most complete edition of his poems was published in New York, in 1845. Mr. Street is a descriptive poet, and in his peculiar department he has, perhaps, no superior in this country. He writes with apparent ease and freedom, from the impulses of his own heart, and from actual observations of life and nature.

VII.

42. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yĕt wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2.

On the shōre, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the fōe's haughty hōst in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze ō'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it cătches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glōry, reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! lōng may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swōre,
'Mid the hăvoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our Trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. KEY.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, son of an army officer of the Revolution, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1779. He commenced the practice of law at Fredericktown in 1801, but soon removed to Washington, D. C., where he became District-Attorney for the city. He died January 11th, 1843. A small volume of his poems was published in 1857.

VIII.

43. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

2. Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,

And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

3. Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the lŏng line comes gleaming on.
Ere yĕt the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glōries burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Cătch war and vengeance from the glance:
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gōry sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink benēath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph ō'er his closing eye.

5. Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By ăngel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us! DRAKE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, author of "The Culprit Fay," was born in the city of New York, August 7th, 1795. He entered Columbia College at an early period, through which he passed with a reputation for scholarship, taste, and admirable social qualities. He soon after made choice of the medical profession, and completed his professional studies in his native city. Immediately after he was married to Miss Sarah Eckford, daughter of the noted marine architect, Henry Eckford, through whom he inherited a moderate fortune. His health, about the same time, began to decline; and in the winter of 1819 he visited New Orleans. He had anticipated some benefit from the sea-voyage and the mild climate of Louisiana, but was disappointed; and in the spring of 1820, he returned to New York. His disease, consumption, had now become deeply seated. He lingered through the summer, and died near the close of September, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. He began to write verses when very young, and was a contributor to several gazettes before he was sixteen years old. The secrets of his authorship, however, were only known to his most intimate friends. His longest poem, "The Culprit Fay," was composed in the summer of 1819, though it was not printed until several years after his death. It exhibits the most delicate fancy, and must be considered a very successful effort. Drake placed a very modest estimate on his own productions, and it is thought that but a small portion of them has been preserved. A collection of them appeared in 1836. It includes, besides "The Culprit Fay," eighteen short pieces, some of which are very beautiful.

SECTION VII.

WANTS.

PART FIRST.

EVERYBODY, young and old, children and gray-beards, has heard of the renowned Haroun Al Raschid,[1] the hero of Eastern history and Eastern romance, and the most illustrious of the cāliphs[2] of Bagdad; that famous city on which the light of

[1] **Haroun al Raschid**, ha'roon al-rash'id, a celebrated caliph of the Saracens, ascended the throne in 786, and was a contemporary of Charlemagne. He was brave, munificent, and fond of letters, but cruel and perfidious.

[2] **Cā'liph**, a successor or representative of Mohammed; one vested with supreme authority and power in all matters relating to religion and civil policy. This title is borne by the grand seignior in Turkey, and by the sophi or Persia.

Bagdad, (bag dad'), a large and celebrated city of Asiatic Turkey,

learning and science shōne, lŏng ere it dawned on the benighted regions of Europe, which has since succeeded to the diādem that once glittered on the brow of Asia. Though as the successor of the Prophet he exercised a despotic swāy over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, yĕt did he not, like the Eastern despots of more modern times, shut himself up within the walls of his palace, hearing nothing but the adulation of his dependents; seeing nothing but the shadōws which surrounded him; and knowing nothing but what he received through the medium of in'terested deception or malignant falsehood.

2. That he might see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, he was accustomed to go about through the streets of Bagdad' by night, in disguise, accompanied by Giafer the Barmecide, his grand vĭzier,[1] and Mesrour, his executioner; one to give him his counsel, the other to fulfill his commands promptly, on all occasions. If he saw any commotion among the people, he mixed with them and learned its cause; and if in passing a house he heard the moanings of distress or the complaints of suffering, he entered, for the purpose of administering relief. Thus he made himself acquainted with the condition of his subjects, and ŏften heard those salutary truths which never reached his ears through the walls of his palace, or from the lips of the slaves that surrounded him.

3. On one of these occasions, as Al Raschid was thus perambulating the streets at night, in disguise, accompanied by his vĭzier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion he overheard, through the lattice of a windōw, the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepèst distress, and silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury. On a sōfa of satin embroidered with gold, and sparkling wi brilliant gems, he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he rĕc'ogn zed his favorite boon-companion Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with mōre than Eastern prodigality. He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his fōrehead, tearing his bēard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length starting up on his feet, he

formerly capital of the empire of the caliphs, now capital of the pashalic of the same name, on both banks of the Tigris, about 190 miles above its junction with the Euphrates.

[1] Vizier, (vĭz'yer), a councilor of state; a high executive officer in Turkey and other Eastern countries.

exclaimed in tones of despair, "O Allah (God)! I beseech the to relieve me from my misery, and take ăwāy my life!"

4. The Commander of the Faithful, who loved Bedreddin pitied his sŏrrōws, and being desirous to know their cause, tha he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opene by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were străn gers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them, and in formed his master, who called them into his presence and bĭd them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at whic the master of the house sat down with his guests, but of whic he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the whil

5. The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to as him what caused his distress, and why he refrained from partak ing in the feast with his guests, in proof that they were welcom "Has Allah afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjo the blessings he has bestōwed? Thou art surrounded by all th splendor that wealth can procure; thy dwelling is a palace, an its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivat the eye, or administer to the gratification of the senses. Wh is it, then, O my brother, that thou art miserable?"

6. "True, O strānger," replied Bedreddin. "I have all these I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all tha wealth can bestow, and if I required more wealth and honors, am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithfu on whose head lie the blessings of Allah, and of whom I hav ōnly to ask, to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."

7. "And what is that?" asked the cāliph. "Alas! I ador the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whos eyes are brighter and sŏfter than those of the gazelle, and whos mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, an all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of on thing renders the possession of ĕvèry other of no value. I an the mōst wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my deatl would be a blessing."

8. "By the bēard of the Prophet," cried the cāliph, "I swear thy case is a hard one. But Allah is great and powerful, an will, I trust, ēither deliver thee from thy burden or give the strength to bear it." Then thanking Bedreddin for his hŏspi tăl'ity, the Commander of the Faithful departed, with his com pănions.

II.

45. WANTS.

PART SECOND.

TAKING their way tōward that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of people, the cāliph stumbled over something, in the obscurity of night, and was nigh falling to the ground: at the same moment a voice cried out, "Allah, preserve me! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be trodden under foot by a wandering beggar like myself, in the darknèss of night!"

2. Mesrour the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut ōff his head, when Ali Raschid interposed, and inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets, at that hour of the night.

3. "Mashallah," replied he, "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep; and if I lie on a satin sōfa, my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on dīvăns' of silk or in the dirt, all one to me, for nēither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting, and I ăwāke ōnly to feel mōre bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

4. "Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities, or administer to thy infirmities?"

5. "No," replied the beggar; "my house was consumed by fire; my kindrèd are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas! strānger, I am in want of ĕvèrything—health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the mōst wretched of mankind, and death ălōne can relieve me."

6. "Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the cāliph, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter, and may Allah restore thy health."

7. The beggar took the purse, but instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor, exclaimed, "Of what use is money? it can not cure disease;" and the cāliph again went on his way with Giafer his vĭzier, and Mesrour his executioner.

III.

46. WANTS.

PART THIRD.

PASSING from the abodes of want and misery, they at length reached a splendid palace, and seeing lights glimmering from the windōws, the cāliph approached, and looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backward and forward, with languid step, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length casting himself down on a sōfa, he stretched out his limbs, and yawning desperately, exclaimed, "O Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me! I am weary of life; it is nothing but a cheat, promising what it never purposes, and affording ōnly hopes that end in disappointmènt, or, if realized, only in disgust."

2. The curiosity of the cāliph being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mesrour to knock at the door; which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strāngers to enter, for rest and refrēshmènts. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Kō'ran and the customs of the East, the strangers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the palace, who received them with welcome, and directed refreshments to be brought. But though he treated his guests with kindnèss, he nēither sat down with them nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discōurse, walking back and fōrth languidly, and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sŏrrōws.

3. At length the cāliph approached him reverently, and said: "Thou seemèst sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body, I am a physician, and peradventure can afford thee relief; for I have traveled into distant lands, and collected vĕry choice remedies for human infirmity."

4. "My sufferings are not of the body, but of the mind," answered the other.

5. "Hast thou lŏst the belovèd of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

6. "Alas! no. I have been disappointed, not in the means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification of all my wishes, and the fruition of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition

of riches, that ōnly awakened new desires, and honors that no lōnger gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of plĕasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am pĕrishing for lack of the excitement of some new want. I have every thing I wish, yĕt enjoy nothing."

7. "Thy case is beyŏnd my skill," replied the cāliph; and the man cursed with the fruition of all his desires turned his back on him in despair. The caliph, after thanking him for his hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had reached the street exclaimed—

8. "Allah preserve me! I will no lōnger fatigue myself in a vain pursuit, for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, every thing, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep." PAULDING.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING was born August 22, 1779, in the town of Pawling, on the Hudson, so named from one of his ancestors. After receiving a liberal education, he removed to New York City, where he has since principally resided. After writing some trifles for the gazettes, Mr. Paulding, with Washington Irving, established a periodical entitled "Salmagundi," in 1807. It met with extraordinary success, and was, perhaps, the determining cause of the author's subsequent devotion to literature. In 1819, Mr. Paulding published a second series of the "Salmagundi," of which he was the sole author. He is a voluminous writer. His various works, including stories, essays, and other papers, which he has published in periodicals, make more than thirty volumes. "The Dutchman's Fireside," published in 1831, and "Westward Ho," published the next year, are regarded as his best novels. They are distinguished for considerable descriptive powers, skill in character-writing, natural humor, and a strong national feeling, which gives a tone to all his works. Mr. Paulding was many years navy agent for the port of New York. When President Van Buren formed his cabinet, in the spring of 1837, he was selected to be the head of the navy department, in which office he continued for four years. He died at his country seat in Hyde Park, in his native county, in 1860.

IV.

47. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

PART FIRST.

SWEET Auburn! loveliëst village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliëst visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,

Seats of my youth, when every spōrt could please,
How ōf*ten* have I loitered ō'er thy green,
Where humble happinèss endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats benēath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

2. How ŏften have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its aid to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their spōrts benēath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked ō'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated plĕasure tired,
Succeeding spōrts the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustlèss of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The mātron's glance that would these looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms;—but all these charms are fled.

3. Sweet, smiling village, loveliĕst of the lawn,
Thy spōrts are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amid thy bowers the tȳrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One ōnly master grasps the whōle domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No mōre thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Alōng thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollōw-sounding bittern guards its nest;

Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

4. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

5. Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes, my lātèst hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes,—for pride attends us still,—
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursūe,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my lōng vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

6. O blessed retiremènt! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strŏng temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explōre the mine, or tempt the dāngerous deep;
Nor surly pōrter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn implōring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

7. Sweet was the sound, when ŏft, at evening's close,
Up yŏnder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I passed with carelèss steps and slōw
The mingling notes came sŏftened from belōw;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lōwed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled ō'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wĭn
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yŏn widōwed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched mātron, fōrced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She ōnly left of all the harmlèss train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

V.

48. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

PART SECOND.

NEAR yŏnder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few fōrlorn hŭmble cottages
The village preacher's modest mansion rose,
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose bēard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no lŏnger proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bĭde to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept ō'er his wounds, or tales of sŏrrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wŏe;

Carelèss their mĕrits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

8. Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prŏmpt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearmènt tries
To tempt its new-fledged ŏffspring to the skies,
He triėd each art, reproved each dull delāy,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the wāy.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sŏrrōw, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

4. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double swāy,
And fools, who came to scŏff, remained to prāy.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honèst rustic ran;
E'en children fŏllōwed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

5. Beside yŏn straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

6. Yĕt he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bōre to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could mĕasure, terms and tides presăge,
And e'en the stōry ran that he could gāuge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics rānged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The vĕry spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

7. Near yŏnder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybēard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Rānged ō'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

8. Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it mōre impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;

Thither no mōre the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
The hōst himself no lŏnger shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

9. Yĕs! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the vain pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

49. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

YE friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yĕt count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the lŏss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, ĕq'uĭpage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken slōth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary spōrts are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful prŏduct flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,
While thus the land, adorned for plĕasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

2. As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines fŏrth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring ĭmpotence of dress;—
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplèst charms at first arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mōurnful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

3. Where, then, ah! where shall Poverty reside,
To escape the pressure of contiguous Pride?
If to some common's fencelèss limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth dĭvīde,
And e'en the bare-wōrn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of Plĕasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their lŏng-drawn pŏmp display
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous Grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

4. Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houselèss, shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modèst looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lŏst to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplŏres that lucklèss hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

5. Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliëst train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through tŏrrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that hŏrrid shŏre;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion găthers death around:
Where at each step the strănger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, mōre murderous still than they;
While ŏft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

6. Far different these from every former scene,—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That ōnly sheltered thefts of harmlèss love.
Good Heaven! what sŏrrōws gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every plĕasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a lōng farewell, and wishĕd in vain
For seats like these beyŏnd the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!

7. The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He ōnly wished for worlds beyŏnd the grave.
His lovely daughter, loveliĕr in her tears,
The fond companion of his helplèss years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every plĕasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtlèss babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sŏrrōw doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

8. Oh, Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy pōtions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their plĕasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatnèss grown,
Bōast of a flŏrid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

9. E'en now the dĕvastā'tion is begun,
And half the businèss of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yŏn anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shōre, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

10. And thou, sweet Poĕtry! thou loveliĕst maid,
Still first to fly, where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To cătch the heart, or strike for honèst Fame:
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou sōurce of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

11. Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach ĕrring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that States, of native strength possessed,
Though vĕry poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decāy,
As ocean sweeps the labored mōle āwāy;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billōws and the sky. GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century, was born at Pallas, Ireland, in November, 1728. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had long been settled in Ireland. At the time of Oliver's birth, his father with difficulty supported his family on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer. Soon after, he was presented with a

orth about £200 a-year, near the village of Lissoy, in Westmeath County,
e boy passed his youth and received his preparatory instruction. In
iteenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. He
tered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled
lf, is still read with interest. He neglected the studies of the place,
r at the examinations, and led a life divided between squalid distress
lid dissipation. His father died, leaving a mere pittance. Oliver ob-
s bachelor's degree, and left the university. He was now in his twenty-
r; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education
o have fitted him to do nothing of moment. He tried five or six pro-
in turn, without success. He went to Edinburgh in his twenty-fourth
ere he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and
p some superficial information about chemistry and natural history.
ie went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that cele-
niversity in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, and with no
but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend.
led on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes
erywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him
and a bed. In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, England, without a
without a friend, and without a calling. After several expedients had
e unlucky adventurer, at thirty, took a garret in a miserable court in
and sat down to the lowest drudgery of literature. In the succeeding
s he produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; chil-
oks; "An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe," a
'Beau Nash," an excellent work of its kind; a superficial, but very
"History of England;" and "Sketches of London Society." All these
ere anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's.
ially rose in the estimation of the booksellers, and became a popular
He took chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court, and
intimate with Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and other eminent men. In
published a poem, entitled "The Traveler." It was the first work to
put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate
classic. Its execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior
sign. No philosophic poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble,
ie same time so simple. Soon after his novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield,"
l, and rapidly obtained a popularity which is likely to last as long as our
. This was followed by a dramatic piece, entitled the "Good-natured
It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The
nowever, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright,
han £500. In 1770 appeared the "Deserted Village." In diction and
tion, this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to "The
." In 1773, Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with "She
o Conquer," an incomparable farce in five acts, which met with unpre-
l success. While writing the "Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to
," he compiled, for the use of schools, a "History of Rome," by which
£300; a "History of England," by which he made £600; a "History
e," for which he received £250; and a "Natural History," for which the
ers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. He produced these works by
, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing lan-
hat he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too
oys and girls. He was a great, perhaps an unequaled master of the arts
ion and condensation. He died on the 4th of April, 1774, in his forty-
ar.

SECTION IX.

I.

50. THE POWER OF ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An ăngel left her place in heaven,
And crŏssed the wanderer's sunlèss path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art!—new rădiance broke
Where her light foot flew ō'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,—
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

2. She led him through the tracklèss wild,
Where noontide sunbeams never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvèst smiled,
And nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

3. He rends the oak, and bids it ride,
To guard the shōres its beauty graced;
He smites the rock, upheaved in pride,—
See towers of strength and domes of taste!
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal;
Fire bears his banner on the wave;
He bids the mortal poison heal;
And lēaps triumphant ō'er the grave.

4. He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mŏcks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glōwing sōul,
He bids the ōre illume the page;
And, proudly scorning Time's contrōl,
Commerces with an unborn age.

5. In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chāmbers of the sky;

He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatnèss and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race. SPRAGUE.

ES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, on the 26th day of October, 1791. He ated in the schools of his native city, which he left at an early period e a practical knowledge of trade. At twenty-one years of age, he com- the business of merchant on his own account, and continued in it until en he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank. He is still connected t institution. In this period he has found leisure to study the works of est authors, particularly those of the masters of English poetry, and to admirable poems on which is based his own reputation. Mr. Sprague's ductions that attracted much attention, were a series of brilliant pro- he first of which was written for the Park Theater, in New York, in Shakspeare Ode," delivered in Boston Theater, in 1823, at the exhibition ant in honor of Shakspeare, is one of the most vigorous and exquisite the English language. "Curiosity," the longest and best of his poems, ered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in August, 1829. f his short poems evince great skill in the use of language, and show e a master of the poetic art.

II.

51. WORK.

ERE is a perennial[1] noblenèss, and even sācredness, in ork. Were he never so benighted, forgĕtful of his high there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly in īdlenèss ălōne is there perpetual despair. Work, never nmonish,[2] mean, is in communication with Nature: the ire to get work done will itself lead one mōre and more to o Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth. lessèd is he who has found his work; let him ask no lĕssèdnèss. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found will follōw it. How, as a free flowing channel, dug and noble fōrce through the sour mud-swamp of one's exist- ke an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows!— g ŏff the sour festering water gradually from the root of ıōtèst grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, ı fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How

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[1] ən′ ni al; *literally*, through or a year; hence, enduring; erpetually.

[2] Măm′ mon ish, relating to Mammon, the Syrian god of riches; *mercenary*, or procured by money.

blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small!

3. Labor is life; from the inmōst heart of the worker rises his Gŏd-given fōrce, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nōblenèss, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yeā to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yĕt all a hȳpŏthesis[1] of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endlèss logic vor'ticès[2] till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatevĕr kind, can be ended by action alone."

4. Older than all preached gŏspels[3] was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable,[4] for-ever-enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a fōrce for work:—and burns like a painfully smōldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfōld it, till thou write it down in beneficent[5] facts around thee! What is immethodic,[6] waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable,[7] obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findèst disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, dĭvinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of noŭrishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, găther its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

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[1] **Hȳ pŏth′ e sis**, a proposition or principle assumed for the purpose of argument; a supposition.

[2] **Vor′ ti cēs**, whirlpools; whirlwinds; hence, *logical vortices* are intricate arguments, or arguments that contain so many windings as to bewilder.

[3] **Gŏs′ pel**, good news, hence the four books which relate the history of the Saviour are called gospels; the great truths of Christianity.

[4] **In`e răd′ i ca ble**, that can not be uprooted or destroyed.

[5] **Be nĕf′ i cent**, doing good; abounding in acts of goodness; charitable.

[6] **Im`me thŏd′ ic**, having no method; without systematic arrangement, order, or regularity.

[7] **Ar′ a ble**, fit for tillage or plowing; plowed; productive.

5. But, above all, where thou findèst ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou līvèst and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of Gŏd! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sīnāi[1] thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyŏnd the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their lŏng-mōldering dust, the vĕry tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting cōurses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-dāy; for the night comèth, wherein no man can work.

6. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of dīvīnenèss. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Swĕat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler[2] calculations, Newton[3] meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted hĕroism, martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called dīvīne! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblèst thing yĕt discovered under Gŏd's sky.

7. Who art thou that complainèst of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellōw-workmen there, in Gŏd's eternity; surviving there, they ălōne surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so lŏng, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving:

[1] **Sī′nāi**, a mountain of Arabia Petræa, famous in Scripture. Height above the sea, 7,497 feet.

[2] **John Kepler**, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, was born at Wiel, in Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December, 1571, and died November 5th, o. s., 1631.

[3] **Sir Isaac Newton**, the greatest of philosophers and mathematicians, was born in Lincolnshire, England, December 25, 1642. His investigations have completely revolutionized modern science. His three great discoveries, of fluxions, the nature of light and colors, and the laws of gravitation, have given him a name which will last as long as civilization exists. His "Principia" unfolds the theory of the universe. He died in 1727.

peopling, they alone, the immĕasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "WITH IT, MY SON, OR UPON IT!" Thou, too, shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepèst death-kingdoms, art not an alien;[1] thou everywhere art a dĕn'ĭzen![2] Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*. CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the eminent essayist, reviewer, and historian, was born at Middlebie, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1796. He received the rudiments of a classical education at a school in Annan, a town about sixty miles south of Edinburgh. At the University of Edinburgh, which he entered at the age of seventeen, he was distinguished for his attainments in mathematics. For some years after leaving the university, he supported himself by teaching, and writing for booksellers. He is the author of various works and translations—"Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," 1836; "The French Revolution," a history in three volumes, 1837; "Chartism," 1839; "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," from reviews and magazines, in 5 vols., 1839; "Hero Worship," a series of lectures, 1841; "Past and Present," 1843; "Life of Oliver Cromwell," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of John Sterling," &c., &c. The peculiar style and diction of Mr. Carlyle have with some retarded, and with others advanced his popularity. It is more German than English, angular, objective, and unidiomatic: at times, however, highly graphic, and swelling out into periods of fine imagery and eloquence. He is an original and subtle thinker, and combines with his powers of analysis and reasoning a vivid and brilliant imagination. His opinions and writings tend to enlarge our sympathies and feelings—to stir the heart with benevolence and affection—to unite man to man—and to build upon this love of our fellow-beings a system of mental energy and purity far removed from the operations of sense, and pregnant with high hopes and aspirations.

III.

52. ADDRESS TO THE INDOLENT.

IS not the field with lively culture green
A sight mōre joyous than the dead morăss'?
Do not the skies, with active ē'ther clean,
And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fŏgs, and slumberous mass,
With which sad Nature vails her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?—
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

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[1] Alien, (āl'yen), a foreigner who has not been naturalized; a stranger.

[2] Dĕn'ĭ zen, a naturalized foreigner.

2. It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That sŏft yĕt ardent Ath'ens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And ō'er the nations shook her conquering dart!
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

3. Had unambitious mortals minded naught
But in loose joy their time to wear away,—
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillōw their dull heads to lay,—
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day:
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had sōared to fame, none honored been, none praised.

4. But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, you plĕasure all require:
Then see how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this, nature's wide desire.
Toil and be glad! let In'dustry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead;—absorpt entire
In miry slōth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

5. Ah! what avail the largèst gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tastelèss then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallōwed in disease's sad abyss,
While he whom toil has braced, or manly plāy,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as dāy.

6. O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health,—
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind?
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,

The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladnèss find.
See! how the younglings frisk ălŏng the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wĭnd;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
Yĕt what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

7. There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue, yĕt despair.
"All may be done," methinks I hear them say,
"Even death despised by generous actions fair,—
All, but for those who to these bowers repair!
Their every power dissolved in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishnèss the lair,
And from the powerful arms of slŏth get free—
'Tis rising from the dead:—Alas!—it can not be!"

8. Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve—resolve! and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblèst privilege,—alone
Here to mankind indulged;—control desire:
Let gŏdlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word, I WILL!—and it is done.

JAMES THOMSON.

IV.

53. STUDY.

THE favorite ideă of a genius among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies, nobody can tell when—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals—and now and then strikes out, *at a heat*, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the persons of our Fieldings, our Savages,[1] and our Steeles[2]—

[1] **Richard Savage**, a poet of considerable merit, born 1698, in London, died 1743. He was intimate with Johnson, who wrote an admirable Life of him.

[2] **Richard Steele**, the principal author of the "Tattler," the "Spectator," the "Guardian," and other periodical papers, an Irishman by birth, born in 1671, and died in 1729.

"loose fellōws about town," or loungers in the country, who slept in ale-houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up the pen as a magician's[1] wand to supply their wants, and when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals.

2. Your reāl genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fireside; whose strŏng impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hŭrry him into wild irregularities or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor: such a one, for instance, as Newton or Milton! What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses!

3. "The young man," it is ŏf*t*en said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study, it is that in the mind which does study; that is the vĕry nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any mōre than all reading is study. Study, says Cicero,[2] is the voluntary and vigorous application of the mind to any subject.

4. Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. This is the only test of the original bias; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdnèss, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius.

5. No need to waste regrets upon him, as that he never could be induced to give his attention or study to any thing; he never had that which he is supposed to have lōst. For attention it is—though other qualities belŏng to this transcendent[3] power—attention it is, that is the vĕry soul of genius: not the fixed eye, not the pōring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one ide'a or one series of ideas,—which collects in one point the rays of the soul till they search, penetrate, and fire the whōle train of its thoughts.

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[1] **Magician**, (ma jish' an), one who is skilled in the art and science of putting into action the power of spirits or the secret operation of natural causes.

[2] **Marcus Tullius Cicero**, Consul of Rome, a distinguished orator, writer, rhetorician, and philosopher, born at Arpinum in B. C. 106, beheaded B. C. 43.

[3] **Trans cĕnd' ent**, surpassing: very excellent.

6. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, and negligent,—absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within. And what though "it bursts fŏrth" at length, as has been said, "like volcănic fires, with spontaneous, original, native fŏrce?" It only shows the intenser action of the elements benēath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day.

7. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes,[1] was once a feeble infant's thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful steps the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it,—even as it finds them here.

8. It went on; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its prŏgress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected trĕasures and energies; till in its hour of glōry, it stood fŏrth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence!

9. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strānge, strange, that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a míracle in it, than there is in the towering of the preĕminent fŏrest-tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundlèss harvèst. DEWEY.

ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D., was born in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, March 28th, 1794. His father was a farmer, occupying a highly respectable position as a citizen. He entered Williams College, in his native county, at the age of seventeen, where he gained a high position. He was thorough in all his studies. Rhetoric he cultivated with uncommon perseverance. He was critical and severe upon his own literary productions, revising and pruning with

[1] De mŏs′ the nes, the greatest of Greek orators, was born at Athens, B. C. 382, and died B. C. about 322. His orations present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection of all human productions.

a fidelity which gained him preëminence in his class, as already attaining a style of classic strength and purity. He was graduated in 1814, with the highest honors of the institution, having received the appointment of Valedictorian. He pursued his professional studies at Andover Theological Seminary. In 1823 he received and accepted a call to become pastor of a Unitarian Church in New Bedford, where he remained ten years. During this period he lectured frequently, and wrote for the press. He first visited Europe for the improvement of his health in June, 1833, where he spent a year. After his return, he published some results of his travels in a volume entitled, "The Old World and the New." This book contains some of the best criticisms on painting, on music, on sculpture, on men, things, and places; and more than all, views of society, of government, of the tendency of monarchical institutions, and of the condition of the European people, which are sound, comprehensive, and deeply interesting. On his return from Europe he was settled over "The Second Congregational Unitarian Society" of New York. In 1842 he again went abroad for his health, taking his family with him. He passed two years in France, Italy, Switzerland, and England. In 1848, his health again failing, he dissolved his connection with his church. Since that time he has occasionally preached and lectured in nearly all the large cities of the Union. All, except his late writings, are bound in one volume, published at London, in 1844. His productions since that period are published in New York, in three volumes, except his latest, "The Problem of Human Destiny," which appeared in 1864. Dr. Dewey has great depth of thought. His imagination is rich, but not superfluous; ready, but not obtrusive. His style is artistic and scholarly. His periods are perfectly complete and rounded, yet filled by the thought; the variety is great, yet a symmetry prevails; and in general we find that harmony between the thoughts and their form which should always obtain.

SECTION X.

I.

54. LETTERS.

BLESSED be letters!—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the ōnly true heart-talkers. Your speech, and their speeches, are conventional; they are mōlded by circumstances; they are suggested by the observation, remark, and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard. Your truëst thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual: it is not in'tegral: it is social and mixed,—half of you, and half of others. It bends, it swāys, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

2. But it is not so with Letters:—there you are, with only

the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is mĕasuring itself by itself, and sāying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare; nothing is present but you and your thought. Utter it then freely—write it down—stamp it—burn it in the ink!—There it is, a true soul-print!

3. Oh, the glōry, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk of the world. Do you say, it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic? Let me see it then; let me run it over: tell me age, sex, cir'cumstances, and I will tell you if it be studied or reăl; if it be the mērèst lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

4. I have a little packet, not vĕry large, tied up with nărrōw crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sŏrrōw and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me, for weeks after, a kinder and holiër man.

5. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother: what gentle admonition—what tender affection! Gŏd have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lōst sister;—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulnèss: does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundrèdth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i's* so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t's* so carefully crŏssed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

6. I have added latterly to that packet of letters: I almōst need a new and lŏnger ribbon; the old one is gĕtting too short. Not a few of these new and cherished letters, a former Reverie has brought to me; not letters of cold praise, saying it was well done, artfully executed, prettily imagined—no such thing; but letters of sympathy—of sympathy which means sympathy.

7. It would be cold and dastardly work to copy them; I am too selfish for that. It is enough to say that they, the kind writers, have seen a heart in the Reverie—have felt that it was reăl, true. They know it: a secret influence has told it. What matters it, pray, if literally there was no wife, and no dead child,

and no cŏffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling; and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thrŏnging on my brain, bringing tears to my eyes, bringing joy to my soul, as living as any thing human can be living? What if they have no material type—no objective form? All that is crude,—a mere reduction of ideality to sense—a transformation of the spiritual to the earthy—a leveling of soul to matter.

8. Are we not creatures of thought and passion? Is any thing about us mōre earnest than that same thought and passion? Is there any thing more reäl,—more characteristic of that great and dim destiny to which we are born, and which may be written down in that terrible word—Forever? Let those who will, then, sneer at what in their wisdom they call untruth—at what is false, because it has no material presence: this does not create falsity; would to Heaven that it did!

9. And yĕt, if there was actual, material truth, superadded to Reverie, would such objectors sympathize the mōre? No!—a thousand times, no; the heart that has no sympathy with thoughts and feelings that scorch the soul, is dead also—whatever its mŏcking tears and gestures may say—to a cŏffin or a grave! Let them pass, and we will come back to these cherished letters.

10. A mother who has lŏst a child, has, she says, shed a tear —not one, but many—over the dead boy's coldness. And another, who has not, but who trembles lest she lose, has found the words failing as she reads, and a dim, sŏrrōw-borne mist spreading over the page. Another, yĕt rejoicing in all those family ties that make life a charm, has listened nervously to careful reading, until the husband is called home, and the cŏffin is in the house—"Stop!" she says; and a gush of tears tells the rest. Yet the cold critic will say—"It was artfully done." A curse on him! it was not art; it was nature.

11 Another, a young, fresh, healthful girl-mind, has seen something in the love-picture—albeit so weak—of truth; and has kindly believed that it must be earnest. Ay, indeed is it, fair and generous one,—earnest as life and hope! Who, indeed, with a heart at all, that has not yĕt slipped away irrĕp'arably and forever from the shōres of youth—from that fairy-land which young enthusiasm creates, and over which bright dreams hover—but knows it to be reäl? And so such things will be

real, till hopes are dashed, and Death is come. Another, a father, has laid down the book in tears.—Gŏd bless them all! How far better this, than the cold praise of newspaper paragraphs, or the critically contrived approval of colder friends!

12. Let me găther up these letters carefully,—to be read when the heart is faint, and sick of all that there is unreăl and selfish in the world. Let me tie them togĕther, with a new, and lŏnger bit of ribbon,—not by a love knot, that is too hard —but by an easy slipping knot, that so I may gĕt at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug packet, and we will label them, not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it), but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term—REMEMBRANCERS OF THE HEART. D. G. MITCHELL.

II.

55. SELECT PASSAGES IN PROSE.

I. GOOD USE OF MEMORY.

I CAN not too strŏngly urge upon the young the advantage of committing to memory the choicèst passages in prose and poĕtry in English literature. What we learn thoroughly when young, remains by us through life. "Sir," said the great Dr. Johnson to Boswell,[1] "in my early days I read vĕry hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at èighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come unto you, you will find that pŏring upon books will be but an irksome task.'"

II. INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY.—LOCKE.[2]

THE ēagernèss and strŏng bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is ŏften a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and cătches at

[1] James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, born 1740, and died 1795.

[2] John Locke, a name than which there is none higher in English philosophical literature, author of the celebratod "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding," was born at Wrington, near Bristol, England, on the 29th of August, 1632, and died at Oates, in Essex, on the 28th of October, 1704.

the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not lŏng enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yĕt out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morăss' and there a river; woodland in one part and savannas in another. Such superficial ideās and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the mōre useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her trĕasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor, and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth.

But here, care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every uselèss nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every triviāl question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laded with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their ŏbviousnèss or difficulty, but their value is to be mĕasured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light toward further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our cōurse, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

III. STUDIES.—Bacon.[1]

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in prīvatenèss and retiring; for orna-

[1] Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England under James I., author of the "Instauratio Magna," was born in London on 22d of January, 1561, and died in 1626. The immortal Englishman possessed a mind so vast, with powers so varied, that it can not be said that any one department of labor, or species of activity, belonged to him peculiarly. From early manhood Bacon was immersed in public affairs, intrusted with very onerous functions: in the first rank of jurisconsult, he moved in the work of reforming and arranging the laws of England; as a statesman, he la-

ment, is in discōurse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learnèd. To spend too much time in studies, is slōth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment whōlly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they per'fect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give fōrth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discōurse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and dĭgĕsted: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read whōlly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be ōnly in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading makèth a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

IV. BOOKS.—CHANNING.

IT is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercōurse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their mōst precious thoughts, and pōur their souls into ours. Gŏd be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of

bored effectively in promotion of the British treaty of Union; as a historian, he produced the first meritorious history in English literature, viz., the "Reign of Henry VII.;" as orator and writer, he had no equal in his age; and, *besides*, he renovated Philosophy.

past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatèst of our race. No matter how poor I am,—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling,—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will crŏss my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin[1] to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

V. THE BIBLE.—HALL.[2]

THE Bible is the trĕasure of the poor, the sŏlace of the sick, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a lēisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darknèss, to alleviate the sŏrrōw which admits of no other alleviation, to dirĕct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.

There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainèst and mōst uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentences, combined with a lŏfty spirit of poĕtry—its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature and the transactions of common life—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts—and the profusion of mĭrăc'ulous facts, which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground—its constant advertence to the Deĭty, whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable—unite in bestowing upon it an ĭn'terèst which attaches to no other performance, and which, after

[1] **Benjamin Franklin,** an eminent American moralist, statesman, and philosopher, was born in Boston, Mass., January 6th, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790.

[2] **Robert Hall,** an eminent Baptist clergyman, was born at Arnsby, England, in 1764. Splendid, graceful, and majestic, with a large and various erudition, and a thorough intellectual training; master alike of the sternest weapons of logic, and "the dazzling fence of rhetoric;" in style, combining the sweetness of Addison with the sublimity of Burke; he was regarded as the most eloquent preacher of modern times. He died in February, 1831.

assiduous and repeated perusal, invests it with much of the charm of novelty; like the great orb of day, at which we are wont[1] to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age.

What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloys? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues, every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.

III.

56. BUYING BOOKS.

HOW easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yĕt glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the cŏstly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children! how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather,—Rŭssiă, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it, and shuts it, he holds it ŏff, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whōle body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down, in amaze at the mysterious allotments of Providence that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to the house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar, or fancy and variety store, how many *conveniences* he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted, at a bookstore, of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one can not live without!

[1] **Wont**, (wŭnt), used; accustomed.

2. Then, too, the subtle prŏcess by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy. No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of finăncial embărrassmènts half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises with himself marvels of retrenchment; he will eat less, or less cŏstly viands, that he may buy mŏre food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of cŏats. Yeā, he will write books, that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade—he will do any hŏnèst thing for money to buy books!

3. The appetite is insātīable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first, and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases, and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same lŏnging, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on bŏth heels of his in'dustry; and then, besides all this, he will *somehow* gĕt alŏng when the time for payment comes! Ah! this SOMEHOW! That word is as big as a whŏle world, and is stuffed with all the vagā'ries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope.

4. And yĕt, is there not some comfort in buying books, *to be* paid for? We have heard of a sot, who wished his neck as lŏng as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught! Thus, it is a prolŏnged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "*Do not let me be taken from you.*"

5. Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them, promotes caution. You do not feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you can not afford. She has no "speculation" in *her* eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows.*" It is a matter of no small skill and experience to gĕt your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering Express

brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh! nothing—a few books that I can not do without."

6. That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband, can smile a whŏle arithmetic at him in one look! Of cŏurse she insists, in the kindèst way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whŏle stŏry. You have bought a complete set of cŏstly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt! You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

7. Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books acrŏss the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be vĕry careful not to be too kind. That ŏften brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been, lately. I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without."

8. After a while, you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, *what* a beautiful book! Where *did* you bŏrrŏw it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quiĕtest tone you can command: "*That!* oh! that is *mine*. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and every thing else you can think of: but it all will not do; you can not rub out that roguish, ărithmĕt'ical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman, will vanquish ten men. Of cŏurse you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

9. Another method, which will be found peculiarly effective, is, to make a *present* of some fine work to your wife. Of cŏurse, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into

your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But, that stops remark in the prĕsentātion. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four mōre works, which have come home with the gift-book—they will pass, through the favor of the other.

10. These are plĕasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one can not imagine the peculiar plĕasure of buying books, if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whōle relish of delight ōnly comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They set down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!

H. W. Beecher.

IV.

57. SELECTED EXTRACTS.

ALL novels whatever, the best equally with the worst, have faded almōst with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a superscription above the whōle class. The modes of combining characters, the particular objects selected for sympathy, the diction, and ōften the manners, hold up an imperfect mirror to any generation that is not their own. And the reader of novels belonging to an obsolete ēra, whilst acknowledging the skill of the groupings, or the beauty of the situations, misses the echo to that particular revelation of human nature which has met him in the social aspects of his own dāy; or too often he is perplexed by an expression which, having dropped into a lower use, disturbs the unity of the impression, or is revōlted by a cōarse sentiment, which increasing refinement has made unsuitable to the sex or to the rank of the character.———

2. Too constantly, when reviewing his own efforts for improvement, a man has reason to say (indignantly, as one injured by others; penitentially, as contributing to this injury himself,) "Much of my studies have been thrown ăwāy; many books which were uselèss, or worse than useless, I have read; many

books which ought to have been read, I have left unread; such is the sad necessity under the absence of all preconceived plan, and the proper rōad is first ascertained when the journey is drawing to its close."

3. In a wĭldernèss so vast as that of books, to go astray often and widely is pardonable, because it is inevitable; and in proportion as the errors on this primary field of study have been great, it is important to have rēaped some compensatory benefits on the secondary field of conversation. Books teach by one machinery, conversation by another; and, if these resōurces were trained into correspondence to their own separate īdē'als, they might become reciprocally the complements of each other.———

4. It had happened that amongst our nursery collection of books was the Bible illustrated with many pictures. And in lŏng dark evenings, as my three sisters with myself sat by the firelight round the *guard* of our nursery, no book was so much in request amongst us. It ruled us and swayed us as mўstĕriously as music. One young nurse, whom we all loved, before any candle was lighted, would often strain her eyes to read it for us; and, sometimes, according to her simple powers, would endeavor to explain what we found obscure. We, the children, were all constitutionally touched with pĕnsivenèss; the fitful gloom and sudden lambencies of the room by firelight suited our evening state of feelings; and they suited, also, the dĭvine revelations of power and mysterious beauty which awed us. Above all, the stōry of a just man—man and yĕt *not* man, reăl above all things, and yet shadowy above all things, who had suffered the passion of death in Pălestīne—slept upon our minds like early dawn upon the waters.———

5. A man of original genius, shown to us as revolving through the lēisurely stages of a bīogrăphical memoir, lays open, to readers prepared for sympathy, two separate theaters of ĭnterèst; one in his personal career: the other in his works and his intellectual development. Bōth unfōld together; and each bŏrrōws a secondary interest from the other: the life from the recollection of the works—the works from the joy and sŏrrōw of the life. There have, indeed, been authors whose great creātions, severely preconceived in a region of thought transcendent to all impulses of earth, would have been pretty nearly

what they are under any possible changes in the dramatic arrangement of their lives. Happy or not happy—gay or sad—these authors would equally have fulfilled a mission too solemn and too stern in its obligations to suffer any warping from chance, or to bend before the accidents of life, whether dressed in sunshine or in wintry gloom.

6. But generally this is otherwise. Children of Paradise, like the Miltons of our planet, have the privilege of stars—to "dwell apart." But the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically with the agitations of mother-earth, can not sequester themselves in that way. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow, which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very tenure on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet always with more bitterness.———

7. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of princes,"—this has been the warning,—this has been the farewell moral, winding up and pointing the experience of dying statesmen. Not less truly it might be said, "Put not your trust in the intellectual princes of your age:" form no connections too close with any who live only in the atmosphere of admiration and praise. The love or the friendship of such people rarely contracts itself into the narrow circle of individuals. You, if you are brilliant like themselves, they will hate; you, if you are dull, they will despise. Gaze, therefore, on the splendor of such idols as a passing stranger. Look for a moment as one sharing in the idolatry; but pass on before the splendor has been sullied by human frailty, or before your own generous homage has been confounded with offerings of weeds.———

8. Grief! thou art classed amongst the depressing passions. And true it is that thou humblest to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the clouds. Thou shakest as with ague, but also thou steadiest like frost. Thou sickenest the heart, but also thou healest its infirmities.———

9. Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world *alone;* all leave it *alone.* Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness, that, if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse

will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philŏsopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries ălone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appalls or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he *has* to pass: reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

10. Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling fŏrth love, have none (nŭn) to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepèst of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sŏrrōw—bringing befōre it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave; but even over those that keep watch outside the grave, thou stretchèst out a scepter of fascination.———

11. The dream commenced with a music which now I ŏften heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Cŏronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing ŏff, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting, —was evolving like a great drāma, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the mōre insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yĕt had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive.

12. Then, like a chŏrus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yĕt the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hŭrryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darknèss and lights; tempèst and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lŏst, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the ăbhŏrrèd name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I WILL SLEEP NO MORE!" DE QUINCEY.

SECTION XI.

I.

58. GIL BLAS AND THE OLD ARCHBISHOP.

ARCHBISHOP. Well, young man, what is your business with me?

Gil Blas. I am the young man whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

Arch. Oh! you are the person, then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a valuable acquisition. From the specimens he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. It is vĕry evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your handwriting, and still mŏre with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well, you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me, ingĕnuously, my friend, did you find nothing that shocked you in writing over the homily I sent you on trial,—some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper term?

Gil B. Oh! sir, I am not learnèd enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded the works of your grace would escape my censure.

Arch. Young man, you are disposed to flatter; but tell me, which parts of it did you think most strikingly beautiful.

Gil B. If, where all was excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of hope, and the description of a good man's death.

Arch. I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas,[1] henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune, I will take care of that. I love thee, and as a proof of my affection, I will make thee my confidant: yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief plĕasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies, but I confess my weakness. The honor of being thought a perfect ŏrator has charmed my imagination; my performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I would of all things avoid the fault of good authors, who write too lŏng. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal, is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, dōn't fail to advertise' me of it, for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disin'terested understanding, and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

Gil B. Thank heaven, sir, that time is far ŏff. Besides, a genius like that of your grace, will preserve its vigor much better than any other; or, to speak mōre justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximenes,[2] whose superior genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

Arch. No flattery, friend: I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the in-

[1] **Gil Blas**, (zèl blȧ).

[2] **Francis Ximenes**, (zī mē' nĕz), archbishop of Toledo, confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, was born in 1437. He received the cardinal's hat in 1507. His chief influence arose from his efforts to advance the interests of the Church. He was a great patron of letters, and by his exertions and expenditure produced the earliest edition of a polyglot Bible. He died November 8th, 1517.

firmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

Gil B. Your grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

Arch. I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas; and now tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homilies?

Gil B. Your homilies have always been admired, but it seems to me that the last did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

Arch. How, sir, has it met with any Aristarchus?

Gil B. No, sir, by no means, such works as yours are not to be criticised; everybody is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, sir, yourself?

Arch. So, then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

Gil B. I don't say so, sir: I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.

Arch. I understand you; you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

Gil B. I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded me; I do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

Arch. God forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it. I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments, it is your sentiment itself, only, that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.

Gil B. Your grace will pardon me for obeying—

Arch. Say no more, my child, you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you, I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for, my genius, thank Heaven, hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigor: henceforth

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[1] Ar'is tar'chus was a celebrated grammarian of Samos. He was famous for his critical powers; and he revised the poems of Homer with such severity, that, ever after, all severe critics were called *Aristarchi*.

I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas, and tell my trĕasurer to give you a hundred dŭcats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.

LE SAGE.

ALAIN LE SAGE, a French novelist and dramatist, was born in 1668. In 1692, after having studied at the Jesuit College of Vannes, he came to Paris, where he was admitted as an advocate, but soon betook himself exclusively to literature. Few of his plays were successful; and for many years his career was very obscure. Entering on the study of Spanish literature, he used models from that language for his comic novels, some of which are among the liveliest and wittiest of their class. His most celebrated work is "Gil Blas," from which the above is taken. He died at Boulogne, in 1747.

II.

59. THE POET AND HIS CRITICS.

THE poĕm was at length published. Alas, who that knows the heart of an author—of an aspiring one—will need be told what were the feelings of Maldura, when day after day, week after week passed on, and still no tidings of his book. To think it had failed, was wormwood to his soul. "No, that was impossible." Still the suspense, the uncertainty of its fate were insupportable. At last, to relieve his distress, he fastened the blame on his unfortunate publisher; though how he was in fault he knew not. Full of this thought, he was just sallying fŏrth to vent his spleen on him, when his servant announced the Count Piccini.[1]

2. "Now," thought Maldura, "I shall hear my fate:" and he was not mistaken; for the Count was a kind of talking gazette. The poĕm was soon introduced, and Piccini rattled on with all he had heard of it. He had lately been piqued[2] by Maldura, and cared not to spare him. After a few hŏllōw professions of regard, and a careless remark about the pain it gave him to repeat unpleasant things, Piccini proceeded to pōur them out one upon another with ruthless volubility. Then, stopping as if to take breath, he continued, "I see you are surprised at all this; but indeed, my friend, I can not help thinking it principally owing to your not having suppressed your name; for your high reputation, it seems, has raised such extravagant expectations as none but a first-rate genius could satisfy."

[1] Piccini, (pĕt chē′ ne).

[2] Piqued, (pēkt), offended.

3. "By which," observed Maldura, "I am to conclude that my work has failed? "Why, no—not exactly that; it has ōnly not been praised—that is, I mean in the way you might have wished. But do not be depressed; there's no knowing but the tide may yĕt turn in your favor." "Then I suppose the book is hardly as yet known?" "I beg your pardon—quite the contrary. When your friend the Marquis introduced it at his last conversazione[1] ĕvèry one present seemed quite *au fait*[2] on it, at least they all talked as if they had read it."

4. Maldura bit his lips. "Pray, who were the company?" "Oh, all your friends, I assure you: Guattani, Martello, Pessuti, the mathematician, Alfieri, Benuci, the Venetian Castelli, and the old Ferrarese Carnesecchi: these were the principal, but there were twenty others who had each something to say." Maldura could not but perceive the malice of this enumeration; but he checked his rising choler. "Well," said he, "if I understand you, there was but one opinion respecting my poem with all this company?"

5. "Oh, by no means. Their opinions were as vārious as their characters." "Well, Pessuti—what said he?" "Why you know he's a mathematician, and should not regard him. But yĕt, to do him justice, he is a vĕry nice critic, and not unskilled in poĕtry." "Go on, sir, I can bear it." "Why then, it was Pessuti's opinion that the poem had more learning than genius." "Proceed, sir." "Martello denied it bōth; but he, you know, is a disappointed author. Guattani differed but little from Pessuti as to its learning, but contended that you certainly showed great invention in your fable—which was like nothing that ever did, or could happen. But I fear I annoy you."

6. "Go on, I beg, sir." "The next who spoke was old Carnesecchi, who confessed that he had no doubt he should have been delighted with the poem, could he have taken hold of it; but it was so *en regle*,[3] and like a hundred others, that it put him in mind of what is called a polished gentleman, who talks and bows, and slips through a great crowd without leaving any impression. Another person, whose name I have forgotten, praised the versification, but objected to the thoughts."

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[1] **Conversazione**, (kŏn′ ver sät`se-ō`nā), a meeting for conversation, particularly on literary *subjects*.

[2] **Au fait**, (ō fā′), expert; well instructed.

[3] **En regle**, according to rule; stiff.

7. "Because they were absurd?" "Oh, no, for the opposite reason—because they had all been lŏng ago known to be good. Castelli thought that a bad reason; for his part, he said, he liked them all the better for that—it was like shaking hands with an old acquaintance in every line. Another observed, that at least no critical court could lawfully condemn them, as they could each plead an *alĭbi*.[1] Not an *alibi*, said a third, but a *double;* so they should be burnt for sorcery With all my heart, said a fourth; but not the poor author, for he has certainly satisfied us that he is no conjuror.

8. "Then Castelli—but, 'faith, I dŏn't know how to proceed." "You are over-delicate, sir. Speak out, I pray you." "Well, Benuci finished by the mŏst extravagant eulogy I ever heard." Maldura took breath. "For he compared your hero to the Apollo Belvedere,[2] your hĕroine to the Venus[3] de Medicis, and your subordinate characters to the Diāna,[4] the Hercules,[5] the Antĭn'oŭs,[6] and twenty other celebrated antiques; declared them all equally well wrought, and beautiful—and like them too, equally cold, hard, and motionlèss. In short, he maintained that you were the boldèst and most original poet he had ever known; for none but a hardy genius, who consulted nobody's taste but his own, would have dared, like you, to draw his animal life from a statue gallery, and his vegetable from a hortus siccus."[7]

9. Maldura's heart stiffened within him, but his pride contrŏlled him, and he masked his thoughts with something like composure. Yĕt he dared not trust himself to speak, but stood looking at Piccini, as if waiting for him to go on. "I believe

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[1] **Al' i bi**, elsewhere. *To plead an alĭbi* is to show that the accused was in some other place when the crime was committed.

[2] **Apollo Belvedere**, a statue of the Greek divinity Apollo. In this the god is represented with commanding but serene majesty; sublime intellect and physical beauty are combined in the most wonderful manner. It was discovered in 1503 at Rettuno, and is now in the Vatican at Rome.

[3] **Venus de Medicis**, a statue admired as the perfection of female beauty. It was discovered in the villa of Adrian, at Tivoli, the favorite country-seat of the ancient Romans, and carried to Florence in 1695.

[4] **Dī ā' na**, an ancient Italian divinity, whom the Romans identified with the Greek *Artemis*.

[5] **Her' cu les**, the most celebrated of all the heroes of antiquity.

[6] **Antinous**, (an tĭn' o us), a beautiful youth, celebrated as the companion and favorite of Adrian, the Roman emperor, drowned in 132.

[7] **Hortus siccus**, a dry or unproductive garden.

that's all," said the count, carelessly twirling his hat, and rising to take leave. Maldura roused himself, and, making an effort, said, "No, sir, there is one person whom you have only named —Alfieri; what did he say?"—"NOTHING!" Piccini pronounced this word with a graver tone than usual: it was his fiercest bolt, and he knew that a show of feeling would send it home. Then, after pausing a moment, he hurried out of the room.

ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, universally acknowledged as of the first eminence among American painters, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, November 5th, 1779. He received his early education at the school of Mr. Robert Rogers, in Newport, Rhode Island, entered Harvard College in 1796, and received his baccalaureate degree in 1800. Immediately after leaving college he chose his vocation, embarked for London in 1801, and became a student of the Royal Academy, of which Benjamin West, the distinguished American painter, was then president. Here he remained three years, and then, after a sojourn at Paris, went to Rome, where he resided four years, and became the intimate associate of Coleridge. In 1809 he returned to America for a period of two years, which he passed in Boston, where he married the sister of the Rev. Dr. Channing. In 1811 he went a second time to England, where his reputation as a painter was now well established. He received by his picture of the "Dead Man raised by the Bones of Elisha" a prize of two hundred guineas, at the British Institute, where the first artists in the world were his competitors. Here he published a small volume, "The Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems," which was reprinted in Boston the same year. This year his wife died, an event which affected him deeply. He returned home in 1818, and resumed his residence at Boston. In 1830 he married a sister of Richard H. Dana, and removed to Cambridgeport. His lectures on art were commenced about the same period, four only of which were completed, and these did not appear until after his decease. Besides his lectures, his poems, and many short pieces which have since been given to the public, Mr. Allston was the author of "Monaldi," a story of extraordinary power and interest, from which the above extract is taken. He died very suddenly, on the night of the 8th of July, 1843, leaving but one painting incomplete, "Belshazzar's Feast, or the Handwriting on the Wall," upon which he had been engaged at intervals for nearly twenty years.

III.

60. THE SENSITIVE AUTHOR.[1]

DANGLE, SNEER, SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

DANGLE. Ah, my dear friend! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful,—never in your life.

[1] In this scene from "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," Sheridan caricatured *the foibles of Richard* Cumberland, a vain and sensitive, though excellent man, a writer of several plays, who died in 1811.

Sir F. Sincerely, then,—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the mŏst part, to——

Sir F. With mŏst authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenăcious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect in me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you dōn't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Vĕry true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whŏle, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblīge me mōre.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. You surprise me!—wants incident?

Sneer. Yĕs; I own, I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Reăally, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the ĭn'terèst rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe, you mean, sir ——

Dan. No; I dōn't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my word,—it certainly dōn't fall ŏff, I assure you. No, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to gĕt rĭd as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers!—Sir, they are the mōst villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them! No! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right,—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No!—quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best pănegўric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their suppōrt.

Sneer. Why, that's true,—and that attack now on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. O, so much the better—Ha! ha! ha!—I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it's ōnly to be laughed at; for——

Sir F. You dōn't happen to recollect what the fĕllōw said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. O no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least. I— But one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect?—[*Aside to* Sneer.] Make out something.

Sneer. [*Aside to* Dangle.] I will. [*Aloud.*] Yĕs, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightèst invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Vĕry good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one ideă of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lōst and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste: but that you glean from the ref'use of obscure volumes, where mōre judicious plagiārists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments,—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your mōre serious efforts, he says, your bombast (bŭm'bast) would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the hōmelĭnèss of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha! *ha!*

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general cŏarsenèss of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-wolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's Page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finèst passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, ōnly to dĭvert' you.

Sir F. I know it—I am dĭvertèd—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! vĕry good! very good!

Sneer. Yĕs—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dan. A severe rogue! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense. You are quite right.

Sir F. To be sure—for, if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is ăbūse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it from one good-natured friend or another!

R. B. SHERIDAN.

SECTION XII.

I.

61. ANCIENT AND MODERN WRITERS.

THE classics possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the mŏdèls, I might almost say the masters, of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions.

2. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and mōre cherished still than all the intermediate words that have been uttered; as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the

mind. But they show with mŏst unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the swāy of reason and the affections. They want the highèst charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to Gŏd and man.

3. It is not in the frigid phĭlŏsophў of the Pŏrch and the Academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvelous teachings of Sŏcratès,[1] as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander[2] pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar,[4] where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an ăth'lēte[5] at the Isthmian games; not in the tŏrrent of Demŏsthenès, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully,[6] not in the geniăl libertinism of Hŏrace,[7] or the stately ātheĭsm of Lucretius.[8] No: these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek the way of life.

4. For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been engaged in wĕaponlèss contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such sīren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

5. Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ăncients in the arrangement of ideăs, in method, in beauty

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[1] **Sŏc′ra tes**, an illustrious Grecian philosopher and teacher of youth, was born at Athens, in the year 468 B. C. Though the best of all the men of his time, and one of the wisest and most just of all men, he unjustly suffered the punishment of death for impiety, at the age of seventy.

[2] **Mel lif′lu ous**, flowing with honey; sweetly flowing; smooth.

[3] **Alexander the Great**, son of Philip, king of Macedonia, one of the States of Greece, was born in the autumn, B. C. 356. He made so many conquests that he was styled the Conqueror of the *World*. *He died* in May or June, B. C. 323.

[4] **Pindar**, the greatest of the Greek lyric poets, born B. C. 518, and died B. C. 439.

[5] **Ath′ lete**, a contender for victory in wrestling or other games.

[6] **Tully**, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

[7] **Hŏr′ ace**, the Roman poet, born on the 8th of December, B. C. 65, and died on the 19th of November, B. C. 8.

[8] **Lucretius**, (lu krē′ shĭ ŭs), an eminent philosopher and poet; born at Rome about 96 B. C., and said to have died by his own hands in the forty-fourth year of his age, about 52.

of form, and in freshnèss of illustration, are immĕasurably superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments; above all, in the benign recognition of that great Christian revelation, the brotherhood of man. How vain are eloquence and poĕtry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lōre of antiquity, with its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the sŏng of the nightingale, as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart. SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER, son of Charles Pinckney Sumner, sheriff of Suffolk, Massachusetts, was born in Boston, 1811. He is widely known for the extent of his legal knowledge and general attainments. As an orator and writer, he stands deservedly high. His style is rapid and energetic, with much fullness of thought and illustration. He has a great deal of enthusiasm and courage, as is shown by his discourse on the "True Grandeur of Nations." On the death of Judge Story, in 1845, he was offered the vacant seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which honor he persisted in declining. He was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1851, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Daniel Webster, and still retains that position (1866).

II.

62. LANGUAGE.

SOME words on Language may be well applied;
And take them kindly, though they touch your pride:
Words lead to things; a scale is mōre precise,—
Cōarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.
Our cōld Northeaster's içy fetter clips
The native freedom of the Saxon lips:
See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
How all his passions play about his mouth!
With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.

2. The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
Tie the small muscles, when he strives to talk;
Not all the pumice of the polished town
Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down
Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race
By this one mark—he's awkward in the face;—

Nature's rude impress, lŏng before he knew
The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

3. It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,
We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;
But school and college ŏft*e*n try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain:
One stubborn word will prove this axiom true—
No late-caught rustic can enunciate *view* (vū).

4. A few brief stanzas may be well employed
To speak of errors we can all avoid.
Learning condemns beyŏnd the reach of hope
The careless churl that speaks of sōap for sōap:
Her ēdict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rōad for rōad,
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat believing it a bŏat,
She pardoned one, our classic city's bōast,
Who said, at Cāmbridge, mōst instead of mōst;
But knit her brows, and stamped her angry foot,
To hear a teacher call a root[1] a root.[2]

5. Once mōre: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Dōn't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to rōll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't—let me beg you—don't say "*How?*" for "*What?*"
And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.[3] HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, son of the late Abiel Holmes, D.D., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 29th of August, 1809. He received his early education at Phillips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1825. On being graduated, after a year's application to the study of law, he relinquished it, and devoted himself with ardor and industry to the pursuit of medicine. He visited Europe in the spring of 1833, principally residing at Paris while abroad, where he attended the hospitals, became personally acquainted with many of

[1] **Root**, (rŏt).

[2] **Root**, (růt).

[3] **Urs**, the drawling style in which many persons are in the habit of talking, heedlessly hesitating to think of a word, and the meanwhile supplying its place by the unmeaning syllable "*ur*," is here happily condemned. Such habits may easily be corrected by a little presence of mind, or by following the direction, Think twice before you speak once.

the most eminent physicians of France, and acquired an intimate knowledge of the language. He returned to Boston near the close of 1835, and in the following spring commenced the practice of medicine in that city. He soon acquired a large and lucrative practice, and in 1847 succeeded Dr. Warren as Professor of Anatomy in the medical department of Harvard University. His earlier poems appeared in "The Collegian," a monthly miscellany, published in 1830, by the under-graduates at Cambridge. His longest poem, "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," was delivered before a literary society at Cambridge in 1835. He published "Terpsichore," a poem read at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1843; and in 1846, "Urania, a Rhyme Lesson," pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association. Since the "Atlantic Monthly" was started in 1855, he has been a leading contributor, both in prose and verse; and here first appeared his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and "Elsie Venner." A complete edition of his poems was published in 1862. Dr. Holmes is a poet of art and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness, and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. "His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness."

III.

63. SOUND AND SENSE.

THAT, in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of the things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder, boundless, terrible,* a something appropriate to the sublime ideäs intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash* we hear the very action implied. *Imp, elf,*—how descriptive of the miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy,*—how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself!—the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bend the grass-blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower.

2. *Pea* is another of those words expressive of light, diminutive objects; any man born without sight and touch, if such ever are, could tell what kind of thing a pea was from the sound of the word alone. Of picturesque[1] words, *sylvan* and *crystal* are among our greatest favorites. *Sylvan!*—what visions of beautiful old sunlit forests, with huntsmen and bugle-horns, arise at the sound! *Crystal!*—does it not glitter like the very thing it stands for? Yet crystal is not so beautiful as its own adjective. *Crystalline!*—why, the whole mind is light-

[1] Pĭct' ūr ĕsque', expressing that peculiar kind of beauty that is pleasing in a picture, natural or artificial.

ened up with its shine. And this superiŏrity is as it should be; for crystal can only be one comparatively small object, while crўstallīne may refer to a mass—to a world of crystals.

3. It will be found that natural objects have a larger proportion of expressive names among them than any other things. The *eagle*,—what appropriate daring and sublimity! the *dove*,—what sŏftnèss! the *linnet*,—what fluttering gentleness! "That which men call a rose" would *not* by any other name, or at least by many other names, smell as sweet. *Lily*,—what tall, cool, pale, lady-like beauty have we here! *Vĭŏlet, jessamĭne, hyacinth, a-nem'onè, geranium!*—beauties, all of them, to the ear as well as the eye.

4. The names of the precious stōnes have also a beauty and magnificence above mōst common things. *Dĭămond, sapphire, am'ethyst, bĕr'yl, ruby, ag'ate, pearl, jasper, topaz, garnet, emerald*, —what a caskanet of sparkling sounds! *Dĭădem* and *cŏronet* glitter with gold and precious stones, like the objects they represent. It is almost unnecessary to bring forward instances of the fine things which are represented in English by fine words. Let us take any sublime passage of our poëtry, and we shall hardly find a word which is inappropriate in sound. For example:—

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yeā, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pāgeant faded,
> Leave not a rack[1] behind.

The "gorgeous palaces," "the solemn temples,"—how ad'mirably do these lŏfty sounds harmonize with the objects!

5. The relation between the sound and sense of certain words is to be ascribed to mōre than one cause. Many are evidently imitative representations of the things, movements, and acts, which are meant to be expressed. Others, in which we only find a general relation, as between a beautiful thing, and a beautiful word, a ridiculous thing and a ridiculous word, or a sublime ideā and a sublime word, must be attributed to those faculties,

[1] **Răck**, *properly*, moisture; dampness; hence, thin, flying, broken clouds, or any portion of floating vapor in the sky. This line is frequently read, "Leave not a *wreck* behind." It is manifest, however, that Shakspeare wrote *rack*, a more poetical and descriptive epithet.

native to every mind, which enable us to perceive and enjoy the beautiful, the ridiculous, and the sublime.

6. Doctor Wallis, who wrote upon English grammar in the reign of Charles II., represented it as a peculiar excellence of our language, that, beyŏnd all others, it expressed the nature of the objects which it names, by employing sounds sharper, sŏfter, weaker, strŏnger, more obscure, or more stridulous,[1] according as the ideă which is to be suggested requires. He gives vărious examples. Thus, words formed upon *st* always denote firmnèss and strength, anal'ogous[2] to the Latin *sto;* as, stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, &c.

7. Words beginning with *str* intimate viŏlent fŏrce and energy; as, strive, strength, stress, stripe, &c. *Thr* implies forcible motion: as, throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thraldom, thrill: *gl*, smoothness or silent motion; as, glib, glide: *wr*, obliquity or distortion; as, wry, wrest, wrestle, wring, wrŏng, wrangle, wrath, &c.: *sw*, silent agitation, or lateral[3] motion; as sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim: *sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion; as, slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, sling: *sp*, dissipation or expansion; as, spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring.

8. Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply; as, crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash: terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully; as, crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The learnèd author produces a great many more examples of the same kind, which seem to leave no doubt that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory. CHAMBERS.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, a noted Scottish writer and publisher, remarkable for his energy and industry, was born in 1801. He, with his brother William, commenced trade in book-shops in Edinburgh; and, subsequently, became author and publisher. The brothers are completely identified with the cheap and useful literature of the day, in this country, as well as in the United Kingdom.

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[1] **Strĭd′ u lous**, making a creaking sound.

[2] **A năl′ o gous**, correspondent; having a similarity with regard to form, design, effects, etc., or in the relations borne to other objects.

[3] **Lăt′ er al**, pertaining or belonging to the side; from side to side.

IV.

64. THE POWER OF WORDS.

WORDS are mŏst effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they must bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift,[1] Temple,[2] Addison, Hume,[3] Gibbon, Johnson, Burke,[4] are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular wĕapon.

2. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonōrous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practicing the broad swōrd exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with ĕvèry stroke. Arbuthnot,[5] "plays his wĕapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken.

3. Luther[6] is different. His words are "half battle;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the vĕry secret of

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[1] **Jonathan Swift**, of English descent, author of the "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver," was born at Dublin, in November, 1667. In the spring of 1713 he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. As a writer of plain, pure, vigorous, idiomatic English, Swift had no equal; and he had hardly any superior as a satirist. He died in October, 1745.

[2] **Sir William Temple**, an eminent statesman and writer, born at London, in 1628, and died in 1700.

[3] **David Hume**, one of the most celebrated historians and philosophers of Great Britain, author of a "History of England," was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, April 26th, 1711, and died in August, 1776.

[4] **Edmund Burke**, a celebrated British orator, statesman, and philosopher, was born at Dublin, Jan. 1st, 1730, and died July 8th, 1797.

[5] **John Arbuthnot**, an eminent English physician of the 17th century, but more distinguished as a man of wit and letters; the associate of Pope and Swift, and the companion of Bolingbroke at the court of Queen Anne: born in 1675, and died in 1735.

[6] **Martin Luther**, the great German reformer, was born November 10th, 1483, and died on the 18th of February, 1546.

the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust benēath their fine apparel, and there are suttlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk grōss obscēnity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed ōnly when he has reached his gōal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backward by the suddennèss of his stoppage.

4. Gifford's[1] words are mŏss-troopers, that waylay innocent travelers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Ar'ab swiftnèss in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's[2] camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray.

5. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unĕrring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's[3] words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham[4] and Mirabeau[5] throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's[6] forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Doriăn flute; those of Keats'[7] keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus;[8] and the hard, harsh-

[1] **William Gifford**, a celebrated English writer, was born in 1756, and died in 1826.

[2] **John Wilson**, a well-known and very eminent Scottish writer, was born in 1785, and died in 1854.

[3] **Ebenezer Elliot**, a genuine poet, the celebrated "Corn Law Rhymer," was born in 1781, and died in 1849.

[4] **Chatham**, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, one of the most celebrated of British statesmen and orators, born November 15th, 1708, and died May 11th, 1778.

[5] **Mirabeau**, (mē'rȧ bō'), one of the greatest orators and writers of France, and a leader of the revolution, was born in 1749, and died in 1791.

[6] **Thomas Noon Talfourd**, an able English poet and prose writer, an advocate, judge, and member of Parliament, beloved for his social virtues, was born in 1795, and died in 1854.

[7] **John Keats**, a true poet, born in London, in 1796, and died at Rome, in 1820.

[8] **Phœbus**, the Bright or Pure, an epithet of Apollo, used to signify the brightness and purity of youth, also applied to him as the Sun-god.

ured battalions of Maginn,[1] are always preceded by a brass
d. Hallam's[2] word-infantry can do much execution, when
are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either
gers or rapiërs.

Willis's words are often tipsy with the champagne of the
y, but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line
race and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce
st from graver cohorts, soon reünite without wound or loss.
n Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every
g. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly
ess from being spread over too much ground. Everett's
pons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun,
they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when
strike. Webster's words are thunder-bolts, which some-
es miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave
uring marks when they strike.

Hazlitt's[3] verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, some-
es foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant; but
nk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom
ore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent
. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged
ı more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in
connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined
tia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and
ch are apt to fire into each other's faces. WHIPPLE.

P. WHIPPLE, one of the youngest and most brilliant of American writers, born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1819. When four
s of age, his family removed to Salem, where he attended various schools
he was fifteen, when he entered the Bank of General Interest in that city
clerk. In his eighteenth year, he went to Boston, where he has ever since
occupied mainly with commercial pursuits. Although, from the age of
een, Mr. Whipple has been a writer for the press, occasionally writing re-
tably well, he was only known as a writer to his few associates and confidants
1843, when he published in the Boston Miscellany a paper on Macaulay,
ing in analysis, and reflection, and richness of diction, the best productions

[1] **William Maginn**, L.L.D., an able
ish writer of prose and poetry, a
uent contributor to "Blackwood's
azine," the founder of "Frazer's
azine," was born at Cork, in
, and died at Walton-on-the
mes, in 1842.

Henry Hallam, a profound schol-
ar, one of the greatest British his-
torians, author of "View of the State
of Europe during the Middle Ages,"
born in 1777, and died Jan. 21st, 1859.

[3] **William Hazlitt**, a well-known
and very able British essayist and
critic of art and poetry, born in 1778,
and died in 1830.

of that brilliant essayist. He has since published, in the North American Review, articles on the Puritans, American Poets, Daniel Webster as an Author, Old English Dramatists, British Critics, South's Sermons, Byron, Wordsworth, Talfourd, Sydney Smith, and other subjects; in the American Review, on Beaumont and Fletcher, English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, etc.; and in other periodicals, essays and reviewals enough to form several volumes. As a critic, he writes with keen discrimination, cheerful confidence, and unhesitating freedom; illustrating truth with almost unerring precision, and producing a fair and distinct impression of an author. His style is sensuous, flowing, and idiomatic, abounding in unforced antitheses, apt illustrations, and natural grace.

V.

65. FROM THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

2. Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;

For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

3. Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men—for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

4. Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

5. But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus[1] but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten slow words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;

[1] **Par năs' sus**, a celebrated mountain in Greece, considered in mythology sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine[1] ends the sŏng,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length alŏng.

6. Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's[2] strength and Waller's[3] sweetnèss join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiëst who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Sŏft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the cool stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shōre,
The hōarse, rough verse should like the tŏrrent rōar.

7. When Ajax[4] strives some rock's vast weight to throw;
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla[5] scours the plain,
Flies ō'er the unbending corn, and skims ălŏng the main:
Hear how Timōtheüs'[6] varied lays surprise,
And bids altern'ate passions fall and rise!
While, at each chānge, the son of Libyan Jove[7]

[1] **Al ex ăn' drine**, a verse or line of twelve syllables, so called from a poem written in French, on the life of Alexander.

[2] **Sir J. Denham**, an English writer of verse, born in 1615, and died in 1668.

[3] **Edmund Waller**, one of the most famous of the early English poets, born in 1605, and died in 1687.

[4] **Ajax**, one of the Grecian princes in the Trojan war, and, next to Achilles, the bravest.

[5] **Camilla**, daughter of King Metabus, of the Volscian town of Trivernum, was one of the swift-footed servants of Diana, accustomed to the chase and to war. Virgil represents her as so swift and light of foot, that she could run over a field of corn without bending the stalks, or over the sea without wetting her feet.

[6] **Ti mō' the us**, a famous musician and poet, born at Miletus, B. C. 446, and died in 357, in the ninetieth year of his age. Also the name of a distinguished flute-player, the favorite of Alexander the Great.

[7] **Son of Libyan Jove**, a name which Alexander the Great arrogated.

Now burns with glōry, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glōw;
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flōw:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound. POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE, the poet, to whom English poetry and the English language are greatly indebted, was born May 22d, 1688, in London. He was a very sickly child; and his bodily infirmities remained through life. He never grew to be taller than about four feet; and his deformity and weakness of limbs were so great, that, for several years before his death, he could not dress or undress himself. Yet, after his twelfth year, he attended no school, but educated himself. The whole of his early life was that of a severe student. He was a poet in infancy. The "Ode to Solitude" dates from his twelfth year. At the age of sixteen he wrote his *Pastorals*, and his imitation of Chaucer. He soon became acquainted with most of the eminent persons of the day, both in politics and literature. His "Essay on Criticism," which was composed when he was only twenty-one, is regarded by many as the finest piece of argumentative poetry in the English language. His celebrity was effectually and deservedly secured in 1712, by his first edition of the "Rape of the Lock." He soon after published "The Messiah," "The Temple of Fame," "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and "Windsor Forest." His translation of the Iliad, published by subscription, from 1715 to 1720, produced to the author more than £5,000. His edition of Shakspeare, and his Odyssey, appeared in 1725. The "Essay on Man," and several other valuable poems, appeared in 1738. He died in May, 1744. For a description of Pope's fine poetic endowments, see the next exercise.

VI.

66. PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

POPE professed to have learned his poëtry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whōle life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

2. Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poëtical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and ruggèd numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself.

3. He spent no time in struggles to rouse lātent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor ōften to mend what he must have known to be faul'ty. He

wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration: when occasion or necessity called upon him, he pōured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest he had no further solicitude.

4. Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best; he did not cōurt the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with mĭnūte and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefat'igable diligence, till he had left nothing (nŭth'ing) to be forgiven.

5. For this reason he kept his pieces vĕry lŏng in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The ōnly poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might has*t*en their publication, were the two sătīres of *Thirty-eight:* of which Dodsley[1] told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice over: I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterward to me for the press, with every line written twice over a second time."

6. His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found ămĭss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Ilĭăd,* and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

7. In acquired knowledge, the superiŏrity must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger rānge, and he collects his images and illustra'tions from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in

[1] Robert Dodsley, an able miscellaneous writer and well-known London bookseller, was born at Mansfield, 1703, and died 1764.

his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

8. Poetry was not the sole praise of ēither; for bŏth excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not bŏrrōw his prose from his prĕdecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes ve'hement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and dĭver'sified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

9. Of genius,—that power which constitutes a poet—that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert —that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, —the superiŏrity must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poĕtical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

10. Dryden's performances were always hasty, ēither excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or găther in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues lŏnger on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden ŏften surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls belōw it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

11. This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inqui'ry

may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

JOHNSON.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the literary men of the eighteenth century, was born at Litchfield, England, on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child, the peculiarities which afterward distinguished the man were plainly discernible;—great muscular strength, accompanied by much awkwardness, and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity, that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and learned much, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. When the young scholar presented himself at Pembroke College, Oxford, he amazed the rulers of that society not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of his extensive and curious information. While here, he early made himself known by turning Pope's Messiah into Latin verse. He was poor, however, even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. After residing at Oxford about three years, Johnson's resources failed; and he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree, in the autumn of 1731. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance, Samuel received not more than twenty pounds. He became usher of a grammar-school in Leicestershire; he soon after married, took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away, and only three pupils came to his academy, one of whom was the celebrated David Garrick. At length, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he went to London to seek his fortune as a literary adventurer. Some time elapsed before he was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day that was passing over him. The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he fortunately obtained regular employment as a reporter, or rather writer of parliamentary speeches for the "Gentleman's Magazine." A few weeks after he had entered on these obscure labors, he published a stately and vigorous poem, entitled "London," which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. From this period till 1762 he was subjected to anxiety and drudgery; and was only able to gain a bare subsistence by the most intense daily toil. This was, however, in part owing to his having been singularly unskillful and unlucky in his literary bargains, as in the mean time he had published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," in 1749; a "Dictionary of the English Language," in 1755; and "Rasselas," in 1759. He also published a paper, entitled the "Rambler," every Tuesday and Saturday, from March, 1750, to March, 1752; and a series of weekly essays, entitled "The Idler," for two years, commencing in the spring of 1758. Able judges have pronounced these periodicals equal, if not superior to the "Spectator." In 1762, through the influence of Lord Bute, he received a pension of £300 a year; and from that period a great change in his circumstances took place. The University of Oxford honored him with a doctor's degree, and the Royal Academy with a professorship. He was now free to indulge his constitutional idleness; still, though he wrote but little, his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon the members of the celebrated club over which he predominated, and indirectly upon the

whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial powers were of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, humor, wit, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. Every sentence that fell from his lips was correct in structure. All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. Of all his numerous writings, those that are now most popular are the "Vanity of Human Wishes" and the "Lives of the Poets." In a serene frame of mind, he died on the 13th of December, 1784; and a week later was laid in Westminster Abbey.

SECTION XIII.

I.

67. CHARGE AGAINST LORD BYRON.

THE charge we bring against Lord Byron is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue, and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous; and this, not so much by direct maxims and examples of an imposing or seducing kind, as by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons who had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions; and in the lessons of that very teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the loftiest conceptions.

2. When a gay voluptuary descants, somewhat too freely, on the intoxications of love and wine, we ascribe his excesses to the effervescence of youthful spirits, and do not consider him as seriously impeaching either the value or the reality of the severer virtues; and, in the same way, when the satirist deals out his sarcasms against the sincerity of human professions, and unmasks the secret infirmities of our bosoms, we consider this as aimed at hypocrisy, and not at mankind: or, at all events, and in either case, we consider the sensualist and mis'anthrope as wandering, each in his own delusion, and are contented to pity those who have never known the charms of a tender or generous affection.

3. The true antidote to such seductive or revolting views of human nature, is to turn to the scenes of its nobleness and attraction; and to reconcile ourselves again to our kind, by listening to the accents of pure affection and incorruptible honor. But, if those accents have flowed in all their sweetness from the

vĕry lips that instantly open again to mŏck and blaspheme them, the antidote is mingled with the poison, and the draught is the mōre deadly for the mixture!

4. The reveler may pursue his orgies, and the wanton display her enchantments, with comparative safety to those around them, as lŏng as they know or believe, that there are purer and higher enjoyments, and teachers and followers of a happier way. But, if the priest pass from the altar, with persuasive exhortations to peace and purity still trembling on his tongue, to join familiarly in the grōssèst and most profane debauchery—if the mātron, who has charmed all hearts by the lovely sanctimonies of her con'jugal and maternal endearments, glides out from the circle of her children, and gives bold and shameless way to the most abandoned and degrading vices, our notions of right and wrŏng are at once confounded, our confidence in virtue shaken to the foundation, and our reliance on truth and fĭdĕlity at an end forever.

5. *This* is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say, that under some strānge misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, bōth dĭrĕctly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits and disin'terested virtues are mere deceits or illusions—hollōw and dĕs'picable mŏckeries, for the most part, and, at best, but labōrious follies. Religion, love, pātriotism, valor, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is reālly good, so far as we can gāther, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again (ā gĕn')!

6. If this doctrine stood ālōne with its examples, it would revōlt, we believe, mōre than it would seduce. But the author has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lŏfty illusions, and that with such grace and fōrce, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts ŏff the character with a jerk, and, the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the vĕry height of our conception, resumes his mŏckery at all things serious or sublime, and lets us down at once on some cōarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality,—as if on purpose to show "whoe'er was

edified, himself was not," or to demon'strate, practically as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yĕt retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reälity. JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, one of the most eloquent writers and most masterly critics in the English language, an eminent jurist and orator, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 23d of October, 1773. He passed six years at the High School of Edinburgh, studied at the University of Glasgow for two sessions of six months each, and in his eighteenth year resided for a few months at Oxford. His reading in his youth embraced classics, history, ethics, criticism, and the *belles-lettres:* he was indefatigable in practicing composition, and in early manhood wrote many verses. He was admitted to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty-one. The first number of the "Edinburgh Review," which contained five papers of Jeffrey's, appeared in October, 1802, when he was twenty-nine years old; and he became its editor after the first two or three numbers. The celebrity which the *Review* at once attained, was owing far more to him than any other of the contributors. His professional practice became very great; and from 1816 till he ceased to practice, he was the acknowledged leader of the Scottish bar. In 1820, and again in 1821, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He was appointed president of the Faculty of Advocates in 1829, when he resigned the editorship of the *Review*, a position which he had held for twenty-seven years. During that period he contributed more than two hundred articles. In 1830 he was appointed Lord Advocate, an office which, besides many other duties, involved those of Secretary of State for Scotland. He thus entered parliament in his fifty-eighth year. In 1834 he was raised to the bench, and became an eminent judge, assuming the title of Lord Jeffrey. In 1843 he published three volumes, containing selections from his "Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*." He died at Edinburgh, January 26th, 1850.

II.

68. LORD BYRON.

A MAN of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyŏnd desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life:
Yĕt, not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known, because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step.

2. Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of sŏng, the lŏfty seat
Of canonizèd bards, and thitherward,

By Nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cŏst was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And stŏry-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops, pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.

3. Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and cōurts, and princely pŏmp;
And mused ălōne on āncient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old-inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

4. He touched his harp, and nātions heard entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing sōurce,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And sōared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where āngels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Benēath their argument seemed struggling; whiles
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The lŏftiëst thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse.

5. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glōrious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hōary locks.

Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In spŏrtive twist,—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful Gŏd,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed:
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, that sung
His evening sŏng benēath his feet, conversed.

6. Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteōrs, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers,—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,—
The wild and tame—the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
He tŏssed about, as tempest-withered leaves,
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.

7. With terror now he froze the cowering blood;
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
Yĕt would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud,—gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glōry of his might,
And seemed to mŏck the ruin he had wrought.

8. As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the lŏftiĕst top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat: not soiled and wōrn,
As if he from the earth had labored up;
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay benēath.

9. The nātions gazed, and wondered much, and praised;

Critics before him fell in humble plight,—
Confounded fell,—and made debasing signs
To cătch his eye; and stretched, and swelled themselves,
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast: and many, too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant spōrt to after days.

10. Great man! The nātions gazed, and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,—
Beyōnd desire, beyond ambition, full,—
He died: he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst, because there was no mōre to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyēd,
Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died,—
Died, all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.

11. As some ill-guided bark, well-built, and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shōre,
And then, retiring, left it there to rot
And mōlder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ăshōre from plĕasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, wōrn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
Repined and grōaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land his numbers filled;
And yĕt he seemed ashamed to groan: Poor man!—
Ashamed to ask, and yĕt he needed help. POLLOK.

ROBERT POLLOK was born in 1799, in Renfrewshire, Scotland, where his father was a small farmer. After receiving the usual elementary education, he entered, at the age of nineteen, on a five years' course of study in the University of Glasgow. His ambitious and energetic poem, "Course of Time," appeared in the spring of 1827, and speedily obtained a popularity which it is not likely soon

to lose. Its deeply religious character recommended it to serious persons; and it was admired by critics for the many flashes of original genius which light up the crude and unwieldly design, and atone for the narrow range of thought and knowledge, as well as for the stiff pomposity that pervades the diction. A few of its passages are strikingly and most poetically imaginative, and some are beautifully touching. Immediately after the publication of his poem, he was admitted as a preacher in the United Secession Church. He died of consumption in September of the same year, before the age of thirty.

III.

69. MIDNIGHT—THE COLISEUM.

THE stars are fōrth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yĕt with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.

2. I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night,
I stood within the Cŏlisē'um's[1] wall,
'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
The trees which grew ălŏng the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shōne through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyŏnd the Tiber; and
More near, from out of the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's lŏng cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful sŏng
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

3. Some cypresses beyŏnd the time-wōrn breach
Appeared to skirt the horī'zon, yĕt they stood
Within a bow-shot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tunelèss birds of night, amidst

[1] Cŏl'i sē' um, the amphitheatre of Vespasian, at Rome, the largest in the world, said to have held 110,000 spectators. The ruins are still standing. It is said to have been built in one year, by the compulsory labor of twelve thousand Jews. It was called the Coliseum, from the colossal statue of Nero, which was placed in it. In this amphitheater were exhibited the contests of gladiators and wild animals, and other savage spectacles in which the Romans delighted.

A grove which springs through leveled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,[1]
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the glăd'iā̆tor's[2] bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grŏvel on earth in indistinct decay.

4. And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which sŏftened down the hōar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran ō'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns! LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, the descendant and head of an ancient and noble family, was born in London, January 22nd, 1788. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1805, with a rare reputation for general information, having read an almost incredible list of works in various departments of literature before the age of fifteen. He neglected the prescribed course of study at the university, but his genius kept him ever active. His first work, "The Hours of Idleness," appeared in 1807. It received a castigation from the "Edinburgh Review," to which we owe the first spirited outbreak of his talents, in the able and vigorous satire entitled, "English Bards and Scotish Reviewers," published in 1809. He took his seat in the House of Lords a few days before the appearance of this satire; but soon left for the Continent. He returned home in 1811, with two cantos of "Childe Harold," which he had written abroad. They were published in March, 1812, and were immediately received with such unbounded admiration, as to justify the poet's terse remark, "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." In May of the next year, appeared his "Giaour;" in November, the "Bride of Abydos," written in a week; and, about three months after, the "Corsair," written in the almost incredible space of ten days. January 2d, 1815, he was married to Miss Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke; and his daughter, Augusta Ada, was born in December of that year. The husband and wife, for an unknown cause, separated forever, on the 15th of January of the next year. He quitted England for the last time on the 25th of April, 1816, and passed through Flanders, and along the Rhine to Switzerland, where he resided until the close of the year. He here composed the third canto of "Childe Harold," the "Prisoner of Chillon," "Darkness," "The Dream," and a part of "Manfred." The next year he went to Italy, where he resided several years, and where he wrote the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," "Mazeppa," "The Lament of Tasso," "Beppo," "Don Juan," and his dramatic

[1] Hearth, (hårth). [2] Glăd'iā tor, a swordplayer; a prize-fighter.

poems. In 1823 he interested himself in the struggle of the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke and gain their independence. In December of that year, after making his arrangements with judgment and generosity, he sailed for Greece, and arrived at Missolonghi on the 5th of January, 1824, where he was received with great enthusiasm. In three months he did much to produce harmony and introduce order; but he had scarcely arranged his plans to aid the nation, when he was seized with a fever, and expired on the 19th of April, 1824, soon after having celebrated, in affecting verses, the completion of his thirty-sixth year.

IV.

70. VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.

I WENT to see the Cŏlisē'um by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins; there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the mōst impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arēna of the old glădiatōrial combats and Christian martyrdoms; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings! and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine,[1] more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

2. But to return to the Cŏlisē'um; we went up under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls and terraces, or embankments which suppōrted the rānges of seats. The seats have lŏng since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thrŏnging life was here then—what voices, what greetings, what hŭrrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! And now, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some mōldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without, but the roll of a distant carriage or the convent bell from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline.

[1] Constantine I., called the Great, was born A. D. 274, proclaimed emperor of Rome by the army in 306, and died in 337

3. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls, through a hundred lonely arches and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in pure, bright, sōft, lambent, and yĕt distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Colisē'um is a mōurnful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glōrious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side it appeared as if it were the cōronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glōrious crown upon the brow of night.

4. I feel that I do not and can not describe this mighty ruin I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for a gratuity, as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrŏng to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sŏrrōw may have spread over your mind, go and see the Colisē'um by moonlight. ORVILLE DEWEY.

V.

71. THE DYING GLADIATOR.

THE seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Namelèss, yĕt thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadōw of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but unseen.

2. And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-rōared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellōw-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' gēniăl laws,
And the impērial plĕasure. Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws

Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Bŏth are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

3. I see before me the glădiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually lōw;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slōw
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arēna swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

4. He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lŏst, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dācian[1] mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Gŏths,[2] and glut your ire!

LORD BYRON.

SECTION XIV.

I.

72. SCENE WITH A PANTHER.

AS soon as I had effected my dāngerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast,

[1] **Dacian**, (dā′ shan), from Dacia, a country of ancient Germany forming the modern countries, Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania. Many of the gladiators came from Dacia, especially after its conquest by Trajan, in the year 103, after a war of fifteen years.

[2] **Gŏths**, a celebrated nation of Germans, warriors by profession, who, in the year 410, under their king, Alaric, plundered Rome.

which, in these lōfty regions, blew with a viōlence unknown in the tracts belōw, exhibited an awful spectacle.

2. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay ăcrōss the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being tōrn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut ōff, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another, would be experienced by myself.

3. I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recrōss this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibers which were already stretched almōst to breaking. To pass alōng the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak.

4. Just as I had disposed of this encumbrance, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no mōre than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a pănther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferōcious and untamable of that detested race.

5. The in'dustry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggèdèst and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defense.

6. The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this

occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferŏcity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed.

7. My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my dānger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should crŏss it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asy'lum.

8. Should he retain his present station, my dānger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting ŏff all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibers of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenācious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to crŏss it.

9. Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lēnient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To pĕrish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplōred my rashnèss in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

10. The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had lēisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he lēaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was

this grim and terrific visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

11. From this pause of hŏrror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He lēaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyŏnd my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whŏle fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

12. My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concŭrrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlŏng. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

13. He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed, at first, as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

14. Still, there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of ve'hement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered belŏw, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom. BROWN.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, the first American who chose literature as a profession, was born in Philadelphia on the 17th of January, 1771, and died the 22d of February, 1810. He was a gentle, unobtrusive enthusiast, who, though he

resided principally in cities, passed a large portion of his life as a recluse. He lived in an ideal, and had little sympathy with the actual world. He had more genius than talent, and more imagination than fancy. His works, which were rapidly written, are incomplete, and deficient in method. Though he disregarded rules, and cared little for criticism, his style was clear and nervous, with little ornament, free of affectations, and indicated a singular sincerity and depth of feeling. "Wieland, or the Transformed," the first of a series of brilliant novels by which Brown gained his enduring reputation, was published in 1798. It is in all respects a remarkable book. Its plot, characters, and style are original and peculiar. The novel from which the above extract was taken is entitled, "Edgar Huntley, the Memoirs of a Somnambulist." The scene is located near the forks of the Delaware, in Pennsylvania. Clithero, the sleep-walker, has become insane, and has fled into one of the wild mountain fastnesses of Norwalk. Edgar Huntley, when endeavoring to discover his retreat, meets with the adventure described above. This description is written with a freedom, minuteness, and truthfulness to nature, that render it fearfully interesting and effective.

II.

73. COUNT FATHOM'S ADVENTURE.

PART FIRST.

FATHOM departed from the village that same afternoon under the au'spĭcès of his conductor, and found himself benighted in the midst of a fŏrest, far from the habitations of men. The darknèss of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared on every side stretching their extravagant arms athwart the gloom, conspired with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his lŏss to disturb his fancy, and raise strānge phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began to be invaded with an awful hŏrror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and phĭlŏsophy; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination.

2. In order to dissipate these disagreeable reveries, he had recōurse to the conversation of his guide, by whom he was entertained with the hĭstòrў of divers travelers who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians (rŭf'yănz), whose retreat was in the recesses of that vĕry wood. In the midst of this communication, which did not at all tend to the elevation of our hero's spirits, the conductor made an excuse for dropping behind, while our traveler jogged on in expectation of being joined again by him in a few minutes. He was, however, disappointed in that hope: the sound of the horse's feet by degrees grew mōre and more faint, and at last altogĕther died ăwāy.

3. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the rōad, and listened with the mōst fearful attention; but his sense of hearing was saluted with naught but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. Accordingly, the heavens contracted a mōre dreary aspect, the lightning began to gleam, the thunder to roll, and the tempest, raising its voice to a tremendous rōar, descended in a tŏrrent of rain.

4. In this emergency, the fortitude of our hero was almost quite overcome. So many concurring circumstances of dānger and distress might have appalled the mōst undaunted breast; what impression then must they have made upon the mind of Ferdinand, who was by no means a man to set fear at defiance! Indeed, he had well-nigh lōst the use of his reflection, and was actually invaded to the skin, before he could recollect himself so far as to quit the rōad, and seek for shelter among the thickets that surrounded him.

5. Having rōde some furlŏngs into the fŏrest, he took his station under a tuft of tall trees, that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council with himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveler to some gang of robbers with whom he was connected; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to those banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes of the wood.

6. Hărrōwed with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hŭrricane, as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forward through some devious opening, until he should be delivered from the fŏrest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the dĭrĕction of the high rōad which he had left, on the supposition that the robbers would pursue that tract in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway to traverse an unknown fŏrest amidst the darkness of such a boisterous night.

7. After he had continued in this prŏgress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, by which not ōnly his clothes, but also his skin suffered in a grievous manner while every nerve quivered with eagerness and dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and pursuing his cōurse, in full hope of arriving at some village where his life would be safe, he

descried a rushlight, at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune; and riding toward it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered traveler, received him with great hŏspĭtălity.

8. When he learned from his hōstèss that there was not another house within three leagues, and that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked Heaven for his good fortune in stumbling upon this humble habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand, that her husband, who was a fagot-maker, had gŏne to the next town to dispose of his merchandise, and that in all probability he would not return till the next morning, on account of the tempestuous night.

9. Ferdinand sounded the beldam with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such an appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure; and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chămber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reăl'ity exceeded his expectations; and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

III.

74. COUNT FATHOM'S ADVENTURE.

PART SECOND.

FATHOM, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellōw-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care in confining her guest to her chămber; and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bōlt on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate sur'vey of every object in the aparment, and, in the

cōurse of his inquī'ry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed benēath several bundles of straw.

2. Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable hŏrror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a mĭracle in his favor. In the first transpōrts of his dread he ran to the windōw, with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strŏng bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter: his thoughts teemed with presages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him; and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced an energy akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors; and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hŭrried into mĕasures for his own preservation.

3. What upon a less in'teresting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is ŏften the immediate production of despair.

4. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder; the door was sŏftly opened; he saw the shadōw of two men stalking toward the bed; a dark lantern being unshrouded, dĭrĕcted their aim to the supposed sleeper; and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart. The fōrce of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct: the stroke was repeated without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present, with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their lēisure.

5. Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation. The whōle surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nĕrves were relaxed with a

iversal palsy. In short, he remained in a trance, that in all bability contributed to his safety; for had he retained the use his senses, he might have been discovered by the transpŏrts his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection, s to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their reat; and he would have instantly availed himself of this their glect, by sallying out upon them at the hazard of his life, had t he been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the om below, impŏrting that the ruffians were going to set out pon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey.

6. They accordingly departed, after having laid strŏng injunons on the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their sence; and Ferdinand took his resolution without further lay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved sŏftly toward the bed, and rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well stŏred with dŭcats, of which, togĕther with a silver watch and a diămond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; and then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldam, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

7. Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hōary hag did not behold this apparation without giving signs of infinite terror and astonishment. Believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest, who had been murdered, she fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crŏssing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the reăl substance of the strānger; who, without staying to upbraid her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse; to which being conducted, he set her on the saddle without delay, and mounting behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing, in a mōst pĕr'emptory tone, that the ōnly chance for her life was in dĭrecting him to the next town; and that as soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fĭdĕlity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

8. This declaration had its effect on the withered Hĕc'ate,[1] who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other conveniences for pursuing his route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency; and they accordingly took their departure togĕther, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch in the other, and our adventurer sitting on the crŭpper superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close to her ear. In this ĕquipage[2] they traveled acrŏss part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him; and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

9. Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion.[3] The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effect of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hŏarse menaces of murder; the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poniards; and every shadŏw of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occŭrrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a reăl dagger; and at every fresh fillip of his fear, he acted as a remembrancer to his conductress in a new volley of imprecations,[4] impŏrting, that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

10. Human nature could not lŏng subsist under such complicated terror; but at last he found himself clear of the fŏrest,

[1] **Hĕc' ate**, represented in mythology as a mysterious divinity who ruled in heaven, on the earth, and in the sea, bestowing on mortals wealth, victory, wisdom; good luck to sailors and hunters, and prosperity to youth and to the flocks of cattle. She was afterward, however, regarded by the Athenians and others as a spectral being, regardless of demons and terrible phantoms from the lower world, who taught sorcery, witchcraft, and dwelt at places where two roads crossed, on tombs, and near the blood of murdered persons.

[2] **Equipage**, (ĕk' we pāj).

[3] **Excursion**, (eks kĕr' shun).

[4] **Im`pre cā' tions**, curses.

and was blessed with a distant view of an inhabited place. He yielded to the first importunity of the beldam, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes by sacrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favor she had found; then she betook herself to her habitation, with the full purpose of advising her fellow-murderers to repair with all dispatch to the village and impeach our hero; who, wisely distrusting her professions, stayed no longer in the place than to hire a guide for the next stage, which brought him to the city of Chalons-sur-Marne.[1]

SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born in the County of Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, having died early, he was educated by his grandfather, in Glasgow, for the medical profession. At nineteen, his grandfather having died without making a provision for him, the young author proceeded to London with his first work, "The Regicide," which he attempted to bring out at the theaters. Foiled in this juvenile effort, in 1741 he became a surgeon's mate in the navy, and was present in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, spent some time elsewhere in the West Indies, and returned to England in 1746. Thenceforth he resided chiefly in London, and became an author for life. His first novel, "Roderick Random," appeared in 1748. From this date to that of his last production, Smollett improved in taste and judgment, but his power of invention, his native humor, and his knowledge of life and character, are as conspicuous in this as in any of his works. He had fine poetic talents, but wrote no extended poem. His novel of "Count Fathom" appeared in 1753. The above scene, extracted from this work, is universally regarded as a masterpiece of interest; a mixture of the terrible and the probable that has never been surpassed. The writing is as fine as the conception. In 1770, Smollett was compelled to seek for health in a warm climate. He took up his residence in a cottage near Leghorn. Here, just before his death, in the autumn of 1771, he finished his "Humphrey Clinker," the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels.

IV.

75. DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth

[1] **Chalons-sur-Marne**, (shâ lông' sẽr marn), a city of France, capital of the department of Marne, on the right bank of the river Marne, ninety miles E of Paris.

Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownèd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for bēacons: cities were consumed,
And men were găthered round their blazing homes,
To look once mōre into each other's face.
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

2. A fearful hope was all the world contained:
Fŏrests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded; and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men, by their despairing light,
Wōre an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenchèd hands, and smiled;
And others hŭrried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild birds shrie
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildèst brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

3. And War, which for a moment was no mōre,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglōrious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men

Died; and their bones were tombless as their flesh
The meager by the meager were devoured.
Even dogs assailed their masters,—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead
Lured their lank jaws: himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

4. The crowd was famished by degrees. But two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage. They raked up,
And, shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mŏckery. Then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died;
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

5. The world was void:
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped
They slept on the abyss, without a surge,—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe.

LORD BYRON.

V.

76. THE RATTLESNAKE.[1]

"HE does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contem'plating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful rānge of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful were the green and garniture of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the center of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey' that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yĕt failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination.

2. Things grew indistinct benēath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yĕt bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head; and the blacksnake, with the rapidity of an ărrōw, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yĕt, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing eye of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened, as it were, to a single spot—gāthered and controled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

3. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glŏssiëst green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance, a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of

[1] From "The Yemassee." The heroine, Bess Mathews, in the woods waits the coming of her lover.

green leaves—seeming to be their vĕry eye—and sending out a lurid luster that seemed to stream acrŏss the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetèst, strāngest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to flōat away, only to return; and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze: but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful with wondrous intensity did it gleam and dĭlāte, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent fōrth!

4. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildèst fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not the power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch fōrth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her,—such a scream as the mŏck-bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbăde her effort. More than once, in her sur'vey of this strānge object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence.

5. But the star-like eye was yĕt upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick, like that of a bird, now steady in its place, and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hŭrriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own: there it grew, fixed—a vĕry principle of light; and such a light—a subtle, burning,

piercing, fascinating gleam, such as găthers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

6. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colors—bright, gay, vārious colors—floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure: her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a pōrtion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before.

7. She strove to move from before the beautiful but tĕrrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now găthered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partly in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring tree,—feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dăngerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glōrious hues had become associated.

8. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her dānger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seem-

gly in a spirit of spōrt, the insidious rĕptīle slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to găther himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, toward her, the eye still peering deeply into her own ;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving fōrth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered forever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to spōrt with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with his flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its lŏng form toward her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on ēither side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death ; while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight.

9. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity ; but the power of her limbs was gŏne ! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid ; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contem′plating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillnèss became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gŏne, with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still ; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

10. The tĕrrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the dānger. She sees that the spōrt of the terrible rĕptīle is at an end. She can not now mistake the hŏrrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed ; her lips are sealed. Once more she strives for flight, but her lĭmbs refuse their ŏffice. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last

effort, she succeeds to scream,—a single wild cry, fōrced from her by the accumulated agony: she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy,—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees his neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed, as about to strike,—the huge jaws unclosing almost dīrĕctly above her, the lŏng tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the căv'ernous mouth; and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

11. In that moment the cŏpse parted; and an ărrŏw, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bōre his head forward to the ground, alŏngside the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on the way to the Block-House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tŏssing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous rĕptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle vīolently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden. SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17th, 1806. His mother died while he was an infant, and his father, failing soon after as a merchant, emigrated to the West, leaving him to the care of an aged and penurious grandmother, who withheld the appropriations necessary for his education. His love of books, industry, and richly endowed intellect, however, triumphed over every obstacle. He wrote for the press, at an early age, on a great variety of subjects, and was admitted to the bar, in his native city, at the *age of twenty-one*. He did not long practice law, but turned his peculiar train-

ing to the uses of literature. He became editor and proprietor of the "Charleston City Gazette," which, though conducted with industry and spirit, proved a failure, owing to his opposition to the then popular doctrine of nullification. He published his first book, "Lyrical and other Poems," in 1825, when about eighteen years of age, followed the same year by "Early Lays." "Atalantis," the third work following, a successful poem with the publishers, a rarity at the time, was published in New York, in 1832. It is written in smooth blank verse, interspersed with frequent lyrics. The next year appeared in New York his first tale, "Martin Faber," written in the intense passionate style, which secured at once public attention. Since that period he has written numerous novels, histories, biographies, and poems, and has contributed largely to reviews and magazines. In 1849 he became editor of "The Southern Quarterly Review," which was revived by his able contributions and personal influence. His writings are characterized by their earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. His shorter stories are his best works. Though somewhat wanting in elegance, they have unity, completeness, and strength. Mr. Simms now resides on his plantation at Midway, a town about seventy miles southwest of Charleston.

SECTION XV.

I.

77. IRVING AND MACAULAY.

PART FIRST.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter Scott spoke to Lockhart, his son-in-law and biŏgrapher, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed ăwāy blessing them. Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works.

2. This is no review, or history, or criticism; ōnly a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the Republic; the *pater patriæ*[1] had laid his hand on the child's head. He bŏre Washington's[2] name:

[1] **Pā′ ter pat′ ri æ**, father of his country.

[2] **George Washington**, commander-in-chief of the army of independence during the American Revolution, first President of the United States.

he came among us bringing the kindèst sympathy, the m... artlèss, smiling good-will.

3. His new country (which some people here might be d... posed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as ... showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though hims... born in no vĕry high sphere, was most finished, polished, ea... witty, quiet, and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europ... ans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it n... also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not p... us with a thankful heart?

4. In Amĕrica the love and regard for Irving was a nătion... sentiment. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in t... country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All m... held their hand from that harmlèss, friendly peacemaker. I ha... the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Balti... more, and Washington, and remarked how in ĕvèry place he wa... honored and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters.

5. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in bŏth of which it was treated with a not unusual Amĕrican exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of it, while his kind old hŏst was sleeping, might have visited the house in a couple of minutes.

6. And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nāy, millions, —when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously mŏdèst and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her.

7. I can't say how much the thought of that fĭdĕlity has touched me. Does not the vĕry cheerfulness of his after life add to the pāthos of that untold stōry? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sŏrrōw, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet

styled the "Father of his Country," was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. He retired from public life in 1796, and died December 14th, 1799, leaving a reputation without a stain.

he lays the love of his heart, and buries it, and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

8. Irving had such a small house and such nărrōw rooms because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could ōnly live vĕry mŏdèstly because the wifelèss, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told,—I saw two of these ladies at his house,—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the prŏduce of his labor and genius. "*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part?

9. In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are fōrced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mer'cantīle dealings delicately honest and grateful; he was at the same time one of the mōst charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and a pure life!

II.

78. IRVING AND MACAULAY.

PART SECOND.

AS for Macaulay, whose departure many friends, some few mōst dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplōre, our Republic[1] has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this pŏst'humous[2] honor. He was not a poĕt and man of letters merely, but a citizen, a statesman, a great British worthy. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arēna

[1] Our Republic, meaning "the Republic of *letters.*"

[2] Pŏst' hu moŭs, continuing after one's death.

with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the Senate is straightway ŏffered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philŏsopher even mōre than ŏrator.

2. If a company of giants were got together, vĕry likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiŏrity of the very tallèst of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so fōrth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder; to think not ōnly of the trĕasures he had in his mĕmòry, but of the trifles he had stōred there, and could produce with equal readiness.

3. Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Muse'um Library,—the dome where our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what hăppinèss for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one can not sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table and to have thanked Heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there.

4. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnīght since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful stōre of learning was ranged!—what strānge lōre would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law or hĭstòry, a book of poĕtry familiar or forgotten (except by himself, who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand!

5. With regard to Macaulay's style, there may be faults of cōurse; but we are not talking about faults. Take at hazard any three pages of his Essays or of his History; and, glimmering belōw the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-scōre of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are not acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint

an individual, or to indicate a landscape? He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description!

6. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revŏlt and indignation against wrŏng, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it!

7. The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none; and two men mōre generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our hĭstòry. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how ad'mirably tender, and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family befōre the theater footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

8. If any young man of letters reads this little sermon,—and to him, indeed, it is addressed,—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and '*be good, my dear.*'" Here are two literary men gŏne to their account, and, *laus Deŏ*,[1] as far as we know, that account is fair, and open, and clear. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable *et cetera*.[2]

9. Here are two examples of men mōst differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as Gŏd bădе him; each hŏnèst in life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honored by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of bōth to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the baton[3]

[1] **Laus Dē′ o**, praise to God.

[2] **Et cē′ tera**, and the *rest; &c.*

[3] **Baton**, (bă tŏng′), a truncheon or staff; a marshal's staff.

or ĕpaulettes,[1] but Heaven give us strength to guard the honor of the flag! THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, an English novelist, essayist, and humorist, was born in Calcutta in 1811. His father, who descended from an old family of Yorkshire, was engaged in the civil service of the East India Company. He was sent to England in his seventh year, and placed at the Charterhouse School, London, from which he went to the university of Cambridge, but did not take his degree. He traveled and studied for several years in France, Italy, and Germany. He contributed to several leading magazines, and published works both in prose and verse, commencing before his thirtieth year; but his name was not generally known until he published "Vanity Fair," which was finished in 1848, when he was generally accounted, with Dickens and Bulwer, among the first British novelists. His "Pendennis," concluded in 1850, and "The Newcomes," in 1855, fully sustained his reputation. In the summer of 1851, he lectured in London before brilliant audiences on "The English Humorists of the 18th Century," the success of which induced him to prepare another series, "The Four Georges," which were first delivered in the principal cities of the United States in 1855–'6, and afterward in London and most of the large towns of England and Scotland. In January, 1860, appeared the first number of the "Cornhill Magazine," under his editorial charge, which soon reached a circulation of some one hundred thousand copies. He died December 24th, 1863.

III.

79. THE PURITANS.

THE Puritans[2] were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habĭtuăllỹ ascribed ĕvĕry event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing (nŭth'ing) was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too mĭnūte. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

2. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of cătching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring vail, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightnèss, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greātèst and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundlèss interval which separated the

[1] Epaulettes, (ĕp' ā lĕt').

[2] Pū' ri tans, persons, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and her immediate successors, so called in derision, because they professed to follow the *pure* word of God, and rejected the ceremonies and government of the Episcopal Church.

whŏle race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiŏrity but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

3. If they were unacquainted with the works of phĭlŏsophers and poĕts, they were deeply read in the ŏracles of Gŏd; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of mēnials, legions of ministering ăngels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diădems, crowns of glŏry which should never fade ăwāy!

4. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious trĕasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creātion, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The vĕry meanèst of them was a being to whose fate a mўstērious and terrible importance belŏnged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been dĕstĭned, before heaven and earth were creāted, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

5. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and floŭrished, and decayed; for his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly săcrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring Gŏd! MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABBINGTON MACAULAY, the most attractive, and one of the most learned and eloquent of the essayists and critics of the age, was educated at the University of Cambridge, England, where he took his degree in 1822, after having achieved the highest honors of the university. After leaving the university, he studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. He has been distinguished in politics, as an orator in parliament, and as an able officer of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, India. He returned to England in 1838, and a few years later was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He is very meritorious as a poet; but his poetical merit dwindles into insignificance *in comparison with the unrivaled* brilliancy of his prose. His "Essays

from the Edinburgh Review" have been published in three volumes. They have attained a greater popularity than any other contributions to the periodical [illegible] of the day. His last publication, the "History of England," is written in a style of great clearness, force, and eloquence, and is as popular among all classes as any history of the present century. He was raised to the peerage, as a tribute to his eminent literary merit, in 1857. He died December 28th, 1859.

IV.

80. THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

1.

I SAW in the naked fŏrest our scattered remnant cast—
A screen of shivering branches between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them, the dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them pĕrish, when lo! the vision passed.

2.

Again mine eyes were opened—the feeble had waxed strŏng;
The babes had grown to sturdy men, the remnant was a thrŏng.
By shadowed lake and winding stream, and all the shōres ălŏng
The howling dēmons quaked to hear the Christian's godly sŏng.

3.

They slept—the village fathers—by river, lake, and shōre,
When far adown the steep of Time the vision rose once mōre:
I saw along the winter snow a spectral column pōur;
And high above their broken ranks a tattered flag they bōre.

4.

Their Leader rode before them, of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling throned in his awful eye:
These were a Nation's champions Her dread appeal to try;
"*God for the right!*" I faltered, And lo! the train passed by

5.

Once mōre; the strife was ended, the solemn issue tried;
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm had helped our Israel's side:
Gray stone and grassy hillock, told where her martyrs died;
And peace was in the borders of victory's chosen bride

6.

A crash—as when some swōll*en* cloud cracks ō'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar, whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George's blood-red crŏss, thou Mistress of the Seas;
But what is she, whose streaming bars roll out before the breeze.

7.

Ah! well her iron ribs are knit, whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips that pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared, a wreath of stars rose ō'er the crimsoned swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak, the crŏss of England fell!

8.

O, trembling Faith! though dark the morn, a heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away, and paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought this Western Palestine!

9.

I see the living tide roll on, it crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador, the Spaniard's "land of flowers;"
It streams beyŏnd the splintered ridge that parts the Northern showers—
From eastern rock to sunset wave the Continent is ours!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

V.

81. THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for Thee.

2. Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
And Heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

3. The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like a star in the blue vault of heaven,
A bēacon-light hung in their mansion above.

4. In church and cathedral we kneel in *our* prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill:
But Gŏd is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock *that* we lean upon still. MORRIS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, the popular song-writer, was born at Philadelphia, in 1802. He commenced his literary career by contributions to the Journals at the early age of fifteen. In 1823, with Mr. Woodworth, he established the "New York Mirror," a weekly miscellany, which was conducted with much taste and ability for nearly nineteen years. In conjunction with Mr. Willis, he reëstablished "The Mirror" in 1843, which was soon after succeeded by "The Home Journal," which he aided in conducting until a short time before his death. In 1837, his play, in five acts, entitled "Brier Cliff, a tale of the American Revolution," was brought out by Mr. Wallack, and acted forty nights successively. So great was its popularity, that it was played at four theaters in New York on the same evening, to full houses, and yielded its author a profit of three thousand five hundred dollars. The last complete edition of his works appeared in 1860. He died in New York, July 6th, 1864.

VI.

82. ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

FROM the dark pŏrtals of the star-chămber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission, mŏre efficient than any that ever bŏre the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strānge land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in gĕtting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wĭldernĕss were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven[1] had the happiĕst influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed ŏff the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadŏw of thought and seriousness over the cause; and, if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

2. It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of Pilgrims encountered; sad to see a pŏrtion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the stŏry of the lŏng, cold, and

[1] **Dĕlft hā′ven**, a fortified town in South Holland (now Belgium), between Rotterdam and Schiedam. At this place the Pilgrims of New England took their last farewell of their European friends.

weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhŏspitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their ōnly hold upon the world of fellōw-men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplōred continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

3. But all this wrought togĕther for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician sŏftness, all hereditary claims to preĕminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers[1] would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pŏmpous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorādos[2] of ice and snow.

4. No; they could not say they had encouraged, pătronized, or helped the Pilgrims: their own cares, their own labors, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bōre all, sealed all. They could not afterward fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

5. Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower[3] of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound ăcrŏss the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shōre.

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[1] **Carr and Villiers**, the unworthy favorites of James I., the English monarch. Villiers is better known in history as the Duke of Buckingham, and Carr, as the Earl of Somerset.

[2] **El Do rā′ do**, a fabulous region in the interior of South America, supposed to be immensely rich in gold, gems, etc.

[3] **Mayflower**, the name of the vessel in which the settlers of Plymouth, in Mass., came to America, in 1620.

6. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stŏred prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tĕmpèst, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sounds of the pump is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billōw to billōw; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

7. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on bōard, drinking nothing but water on shōre,—without shelter, without means,—surrounded by hŏstīle tribes.

8. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept ŏff by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how lŏng did this shadōw of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant cōast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled prŏjects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

9. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houselèss heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyŏnd the sea;—was it some, or all of these united, that hŭrried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that nēither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gŏne fŏrth a prŏgress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reăility so important, a promise, yĕt to be fulfilled, so glōrious? EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, was born in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., April 11th, 1794. He entered Harvard College in 1807, where he graduated with the highest honors at the early age of seventeen. He studied theology; was settled as pastor over the Brattle Street Church in Boston; and in 1815, elected Greek Professor at Harvard College. He now visited Europe, where he devoted four years to study and travel, and made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Jeffrey, and other literary persons. He was subsequently a member of both houses of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Embassador to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he has had but few equals. Through his individual efforts, chiefly as lecturer, the sum of about $90,000 was realized and paid over to the Mount Vernon fund, and to many charitable associations. He died in January, 1865.

VII.

83. THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good. Here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep togĕther, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And găthers them again, as Winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
Are all their mŏnumènt, and yĕt it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids.

2. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallōwed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued—these, though mute
As feeling ever is when dēepèst—these
Are monuments mōre lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

3. Touch not the ăncient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; benēath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes

In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon,[1] at Bannockburn,[2] and here,
Where first our pātriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.

4. Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, has*t*ens there,
And there alone reposes.

5. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadŏw ō'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the ōnly fane,
Where we may găther on the hăllōwed day
That rose to them in blood, and set in glōry.
Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An ŏffering of the plenty Nature gives,
And they have rendered ours—perpetually. PERCIVAL.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, the poet, was born in Berlin, near Hartford, in Connecticut, on the 15th of September, 1795. He entered Yale College when fifteen years of age, and graduated with the highest honors in 1815. From Yale Medical School, in 1820, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He first appeared before the public, as an author, in 1821, when he published some minor poems, and the first part of his "Prometheus," which at once attracted attention, and was favorably noticed by Edward Everett, in the N. A. Review. In 1822 he published two volumes of miscellaneous poems and prose writings, entitled "Clio," and the second part of "Prometheus." An edition of his principal poetical writings soon after appeared in New York, and was republished in Lon-

[1] **Măr′ a thon**, a hamlet, a small river, and a plain of Greece, government of Attica. The plain is noted for the victory of Miltiades over the army of Xerxes, B. C. 490.

[2] **Băn′ nock burn**, a town of Scotland, famous for the great victory gained here, 24th of June, 1314, by the Scots, under Bruce, over the English, commanded by Edward II.

a. He was appointed assistant surgeon in the U. S. army in 1824, and acted Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point. The third volıe of "Clio" appeared in New York early in 1827. For two years subsequent he perintended the printing of the first quarto edition of Dr. Webster's American ctionary. In 1835 he was employed by the government of Connecticut to ake a geological survey of that State, an elaborate and very able report of which s printed in 1842. While engaged in these duties, he published poetical nslations from eleven modern languages, and wrote a portion of "The Dream Day and other Poems," which appeared in 1843. In 1854 he was appointed ate Geologist of Wisconsin. He died in 1856. Few men possessed higher etical qualities than Percival. His learning was comprehensive and thorough.) had a rich imagination, a remarkable command of language, and wrote with acility rarely equaled.

VIII.

84. THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mŏsses; here the ground
Was never touched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungăthered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A frăgrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immĕasurably old—
My thoughts go up the lŏng dim path of years,
Back to the earliĕst days of Lĭberty.

2. O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave,
When he took ŏff the gȳves. A bĕardèd man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the swŏrd; thy brow,
Glŏrious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strŏng and struggling.

3. Power at thee has launched
His bŏlts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Mercilèss Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers by a thousand fires,

Have fōrged thy chain; yĕt while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: tĕrribly thou springèst fōrth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutèst to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

4. Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yĕt our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His ōnly foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliĕst fŭrrows on the mountain side,
Sŏft with the Deluge. Tўranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hōary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is lāter born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

5. Thou shalt wax strŏnger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yĕt subtler: he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hōrdes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To cătch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.

6. Oh! not yĕt
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy swōrd, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,

These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the fŏrest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the mŏss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glōrious childhood, and rejoiced. BRYANT.

IX.

85. LIBERTY.

LIBERTY, gentlemen, is ă solemn thing—a welcome, a joyous, a glōrious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a spot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people ust be serious; for it has to do the greatèst thing that ever s done in the world—to govern itself.

2. That hour in *human life* is most serious, when it passes m parental control, into free manhood: then must the man id the righteous law upon himself, mōre strŏngly than father mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves s leading-strings of prescriptive authŏrity, and enters upon s ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hăllōwed with prayer. e tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church must be ilt there, to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred hĕritage.

3. Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this ne, has regarded it as a boon—not as a bond. And there is thing, I seriously believe, in the present crīses of human affairs there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ds so much need to be cleared up—to be advanced—to be sed to a higher standard, as this grand and tĕrrible responsiity of freedom.

4. In the universe there is no trust so awful as *mŏral freedom;* d all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But ok at it. Around ĕvĕry human, every răational being, is drawn ircle; the space within is cleared from obstruction, or, at st, from all coërcion; it is sācred to the being himself who nds there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsility. May I say it?—Gŏd himself does not penetrate there th any absolute, any coërcive power! He compels the winds d waves to obey him; he compels animal instincts to obey

him; but he does not *compel man* to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrŏng, he leaves to man himself.

5. Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative [1] is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a hĕroism greater than that which fights battles, and pōurs out its blood on its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation [2] and self-control.

6. Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poĕts and ŏrators of freedom; with Spenser [3] and Milton, with Hampden [4] and Sydney, [5] with Rienzi [6] and Dante, [7] with Hamilton [8] and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty! come

[1] **Pre rŏg′ a tive,** an exclusive or peculiar privilege or right.

[2] **Renunciation,** ('nun`shĭ ā′shun).

[3] **Edmund Spenser,** excepting Shakspeare, the greatest poet of his time, author of the "Faerie Queene," was born in London about 1553, where he died on the 16th of January, 1599.

[4] **John Hampden,** celebrated for his resistance to the imposition of taxes without authority of parliament, and to the royal prerogative of Charles I., commander of a troop in the parliamentary army, was born at London in 1594, and was mortally wounded in an affair with Prince Rupert on 18th of June, 1643.

[5] **Algernon Sydney,** second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, England, was born about the year 1621. In early youth he fought in the ranks of the parliamentary forces. A thorough republican, he was inimical to all monarchy, and opposed to the ascendancy of Cromwell. He was abroad at the Restoration, and was permitted to return to England in 1677. For his supposed connection with the Ryehouse Plot, he was beheaded December 7th, 1683. He met death with iron resolution. His very able "Discourses concerning Government" was a posthumous work.

[6] **Rienzi,** (re ĕn′zē), the orator, famous in Roman history for his assumption of dictatorship in that capital, born about 1310, was distinguished by his love of the ancient republican institutions of Rome, and by his profound knowledge of antiquity. He was massacred in 1354.

[7] **Dante,** (dän′te), the poet, author of the "Divina Commedia," was born at Florence in 1265, and died at Ravenna, in 1321.

[8] **Alexander Hamilton,** distinguished as a statesman, jurist, soldier, and financier, one of the ablest officers in the American Revolution, was born in the West Indies, in 1757. In 1782 he was a member of Congress from New York. In 1789, Washington, the first President, placed him at the head of the Treasury. On the death of Washington, in 1799, his rank made him commander-in-chief of the American army. He was challenged by Aaron Burr, and a duel was the consequence, in which he was mortally wounded, at the age of forty-seven.

tone that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall trike ŏff every chain, not only of iron, and iron-law, but of ainful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-rill; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad bedience! ORVILLE DEWEY.

SECTION XVI.

I.

86. THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds, that round my pathway rōar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no mōre?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billōws round me plāy,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far ăwāy,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrōw never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No."

3. And thou, serenèst moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—"No."

4. Tell me, my secret soul;—oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrōw, sin, and death?—
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and wearinèss a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"YES, IN HEAVEN!" CHARLES MACKAY.

II.

87. THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

A SHORT time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sŏrrōws, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glōry covered him. From that eminence he has fallen: suddenly, forever fallen. His intercōurse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifelèss, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye, whose rādiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so ōften, and so lately hung with transpōrt!

2. From the darknèss which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen, that those gaudy objects which men pursue are ōnly phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see, that all belōw the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mōurning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues (just tributes of respect, and to the living useful); but to him, mōldering in his nărrōw and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

4. Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering! Ye admirers of his greatnèss! ye emulous of his talents and his fame! approach and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movemènts; no fascinating thrŏng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing chānge! a shroud! a cŏffin! a nărrōw, subterraneous cabin!—this is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of Hamilton? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondèst hopes erect!

. My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, ch is swallŏwing up all things human. And is there, amidst s universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing nortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the o, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accus- ıed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I ? He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his mined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known ıuence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the ıb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning l avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; ose the Saviour I have chosen: live disin'terestedly; live immortality; and would you rescue any thing from final solution, lay it up in Gŏd." NOTT.

LIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D., was born in Ashford, Connecticut, in 1773, and ed his youth as a teacher, thereby acquiring the means of educating himself. eceived the degree of Master of Arts from Brown University in 1795. He ı after established himself as clergyman and principal of an academy at ry Valley, in the State of New York. From 1798 to his election as president Union College, in 1803, he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Albany, re he delivered a discourse "On the Death of Hamilton," from which the e extract is taken. In 1854, the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Nott's presidency celebrated at Union College, at the Commencement in July. Very many uates assembled, and addresses were delivered by Dr. Wayland of Brown ersity, and Judge Campbell of New York. Dr. Nott also spoke with his loquence. His "Addresses to Young Men," "Temperance Addresses," and llection of "Sermons," are his only published volumes. He died in 1866.

III.

88. PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet cŭrrent hurled,
Thou passèst on thy restlèss way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
Delāy upon thy hŭrried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy cōurse of wrath!

2. Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth, the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and woe,
Are on thy history's troubled page!

There, every day, like yĕsterday,
Writes hopes that end in mŏckery;
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

3. Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And ō'er the dreams of human pride
His misty shroud forever spreads;
Where all thine iron hand hath traced
Upon that gloomy scrōll to-dāy,
With records ages since effaced,—
Like them shall live, like them decāy.

4. Thou passest on, with thee the vain,
Who spōrt upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride, framed of dust and folly's train,
Who cōurt thy love, and run thy ways:
But thou and I,—and be it so,—
Press onward to eternity;
Yĕt not togĕther let us go
To that deep-voiced but shōrelèss sea.

5. Thou hast thy friends,—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts,—leave me my own;
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,
I bow not at thy slavish throne:
I see them pass without a sigh,—
They wake no swelling raptures now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

6. Pass on, relentless world! I grieve
No mōre for all that thou hast rivĕn;
Pass on, in Gŏd's name,—only leave
The things thou never yĕt hast given—
A heart at ease, a mind at home,
Affections fixed above thy swāy,
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little dāy. LUNT.

GEORGE LUNT, born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was graduated at Harvard in 1824; admitted to the bar in 1831; practiced for a while at his native place, and since 1848 has pursued the profession in Boston. He published his

rst volume of poems in 1839, followed in 1843 by "The Age of Gold and other oems," and in 1854 by "Lyric Poems, Sonnets, and Miscellanies." His novel f New England life, entitled "Eastford, or Household Sketches, by Westley rooke," was also published in 1854.

IV.

89. THE WORLD FOR SALE.

THE WORLD FOR SALE!—Hang out the sign;
Call every traveler here to me:
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free?—
'Tis going!—yĕs, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul ăwāy;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;—
The World at Auction here to-dāy!

2. It is a glōrious thing to see,—
Ah, it has cheated me so sōre!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no mōre.
Come, turn it ō'er and view it well;—
I would not have you purchase dear:
'Tis *going!* GOING!—I must sell!
Who bids?—Who'll buy the splendid Tear?

3. Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold;—
Who bids?—But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;—
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;—
Who'll buy himself a burial-place!

4. Here's LOVE, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis *going*,—Love and I must part!
Must part?—What can I mōre with Love!—
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,—
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain

5. And FRIENDSHIP,—rarèst gem of earth,—
(Who e'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,—
Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
'Tis *going!* GOING!—Hear the call:
Once, *twice*, and THRICE!—'tis vĕry low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,—
But now the broken staff must go!

6. FAME! hold the brilliant meteŏr high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for Fame?—How much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus,[1] far renowned,—
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses crowned!

7. Sweet star of HOPE! with rāy to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine,—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
This trĕasure should my soul sustain;
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

8. And SŎNG! For sale my tūnelèss lute;
Sweet sŏlace, mine no mōre to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute,
I can not wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in rapture high;
Yĕt now a sad farewell!—farewell!
Must on its last faint echoes die.

9. Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,—
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.

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[1] O lym′pus, a mountain range of Thessaly, on the border of Macedonia. Its summit, famed by Homer and other poets as the throne of the gods, is estimated to be 9,745 feet high.

Poor heart! distracted, ah, so lŏng,—
And still its aching throb to bear;
How broken, that was once so strŏng!
How heavy, once so free from care!

10. No more for me life's fitful dream;—
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By Death, stern shĕriff! all bereft,
I weep, yĕt humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left,—
My Faith, my Bible, and my Gŏd. HOYT.

Rev. Ralph Hoyt is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He is a native of the city. After passing several years as a teacher, and a writer for the gazettes, he studied theology, and took orders in the church in 1842. He may have written much, but he has acknowledged little. "The Chant of Life and other Poems," appeared in 1844, and the second portion of the same, in 1845. These works are principally occupied with passages of personal sentiment and reflection. His pieces, entitled "Snow," "The World for Sale," "New," and "Old," have attracted considerable attention, and become popular. A simple, natural current of feeling runs through them: the versification grows out of the subject, and the whole clings to us as something written from the heart of the author. A new edition of his "Sketches of Life and Landscape" was published in 1858.

V.

90. GLORY.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgĕous mausole'um,[1] the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles[2] lie at the foot of the Acrop'olis[3] in indiscriminate ruin. The plow-

[1] **Mau`so lē' um**, a magnificent tomb or monument.

[2] **Per' i cles**, the greatest of Athenian statesmen, was born about 495 B. C. During his administration architecture and sculpture attained a degree of perfection that has not since been equaled, and poetry reached the highest excellence. He died B. C. 429.

[3] **A crŏp' o lis**, the citadel of Athens, built on a rock, and accessible only on one side.

share turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias[1] had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva.[2]

2. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

3. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's,[3] or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey,[4] the sentiment, which is breathed from every object around him, is, the utter emptiness of sublunary[5] glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot.

4. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapel, utters, with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by.

5. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and

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[1] **Phĭd′i as**, a Greek sculptor, and the most celebrated of antiquity, was born at Athens about 490 B. C., and died 432 B. C.

[2] **Mĭ ner′ va**, called Athena by the Greeks, was usually regarded, in heathen mythology, as the goddess of wisdom, knowledge, and art.

[3] **St. Paul's**, a celebrated church in London, of very great size. It was *begun about* 1675, and finished by Christopher Wren in 1718.

[4] **Westminster Abbey**, a church in Westminster, built by Edward the Confessor, in 1050. Henry III. made additions and rebuilt a part between 1220 and 1269. Many of the most distinguished statesmen, warriors, scholars, and artists of England lie buried here.

[5] **Sŭb′ lu na ry**, being under the moon; terrestrial; earthly.

not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard[1] and Wilberforce.[2]

DR. WAYLAND.

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND was born in the city of New York, March 11th, 1796, and in the seventeenth year of his age he was graduated at Union College, in Schenectady. After studying medicine for three years, and his admission to practice, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, which he left at the end of a year, to become a tutor in Union College. In 1821 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, where he continued five years. He was elected to the presidency of Brown University, Providence, in 1826. His first publication was a sermon on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise, delivered in Boston, in 1823, which had an extraordinary success, passing through many editions, in England and this country. Very many of his discourses, since that period, have been equally popular. He has also written numerous articles in the journals and quarterly reviews. His works on *Moral Science*, *Political Economy*, and *Intellectual Philosophy*, have deservedly met with great success. His very interesting "Life of the Missionary, Dr. Judson," appeared in 1853. This able thinker is equally popular as an orator and a writer. Clear, exact, and searching in his analysis, he penetrates to the very heart of his subject, and enunciates its ultimate principles in a style of transparent clearness, and classical purity and elegance, and not unfrequently rises to strains of impassioned eloquence. He died September 30th, 1865.

VI.

91. PASSING AWAY.

WAS it the chime of a tĭny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he wīnds on the beach so mellōw and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie togĕther asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,

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[1] **John Howard**, the celebrated Christian philanthropist, was born at Hackney, London, in 1726. With a view to the amelioration of prisoners, in 1777 he visited all the prisons in the United Kingdom; and in 1778, and the four following years, he inspected the principal *public* prisons of Europe. On a second tour of inquiry, he was seized with a malignant fever, of which he died, at Kherson, Russia, Jan. 20th, 1790.

[2] **William Wilberforce**, a distinguished British statesman, author, and Christian philanthropist, was born in 1759, and died July 28th, 1833.

She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his ōar,
To cătch the music that comes from the shōre?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that plāy,
Are set to words: as they flōat, they sāy,
"Passing[1] ăwāy! passing away!"

2 But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellōw and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream: yĕt was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,[2]
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

3. Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slōw!
And the hands, as they swept ō'er the diăl of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl belōw.
And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fullnèss of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yĕt then, when expecting her happiĕst day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

4. While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole sŏftly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

[1] **Passing**, (pås'ing), Note 8, p. 23. [2] **Bouquet**, (bō kā').

The rose yĕt lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lŏst of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so călmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face :—yĕt one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

5. While yĕt I looked, what a chānge there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on :
The garland benēath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothlèss crone,
(Let me never forgĕt, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay)—
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!" PIERPONT.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, author of the "Airs of Palestine," was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6th, 1785. He entered Yale College when fifteen years old, graduated in 1804, and passed the four subsequent years as a private tutor in the family of Col. Wm. Allston, of South Carolina. He then returned home, studied law in the celebrated school of his native town, and was admitted to practice in 1812. About the same period he delivered his poem entitled "The Portrait," before the Washington Benevolent Society, of Newburyport, to which place he had removed. Impaired health, and the unsettled state of affairs produced by the war, induced him soon after to relinquish his profession. He became a merchant, first in Boston, and afterward in Baltimore. The "Airs of Palestine," which he published in Baltimore, in 1816, was well received, and twice reprinted in the course of the following year. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston. He passed a portion of the years 1835-6 in Europe, and in 1840 published a choice edition of his poems. At different periods, he also published several very able discourses. In 1851 he delivered a poem of considerable length at the centennial celebration in Litchfield. He has written in almost every meter, and many of his poems are remarkably elevated, spirited, and melodious. He died suddenly at Medford, Mass., August 26th, 1866.

SECTION XVII.

I.

92. THE STOLEN RIFLE.

MACKENZIE ŏffered to crŏss the river and demand the rifle, if any one would accompany him. It was a hair-brained prŏject, for these villages were noted for the rŭf*f*'ian character of their inhabitants; yĕt two volunteers prŏmptly stepped forward, Alfred Seton, the clerk, and Joe de la Pierre, the cook. The trī'ō soon reached the opposite side of the river. On landing, they freshly primed their rifles and pistols. A path winding for about a hundred yards among rocks and crags, led to the village.

2. No notice seemed to be taken of their approach. Not a solitary being—man, woman, or child—greeted them. The vĕry dŏgs, those noisy pests of an Indian town, kept silence. On entering the village a boy made his appearance, and pointed to a house of larger dĭmĕnsions than the rest. They had to stoop to enter it: as soon as they had passed the thrĕshōld, the nărrōw passage behind them was filled by a sudden rush of Indians, who had before kept out of sight.

3. Mackenzie and his companions found themselves in a rude chămber of about twenty-five feet lŏng, and twenty wide. A bright fire was blazing at one end, near which sat the chief, about sixty years old. A large number of Indians, wrapped in buffalo robes, were squatted in rows, three deep, forming a semicircle round three sides of the room. A single glance sufficed to show them the grim and dăngerous assembly into which they had intruded, and that all retreat was cut ŏff by the mass which blocked up the entrance.

4. The chief pointed to the vacant side of the room opposite to the door, and motioned for them to take their seats. They complied. A dead pause ensued. The grim warriors around sat like statues; each muffled in his robe, with his fierce eyes bent on the intruders. The latter felt they were in a pĕrilous predicament.

5. "Keep your eyes on the chief while I am addressing him," said Mackenzie to his companions. "Should he give any sign to his band, shoot him, and make for the door." Mackenzie

advanced, and ŏffered the pipe of peace to the chief, but it was refused. He then made a regular speech, explaining the object of their visit, and proposing to give, in exchange for the rifle, two blankets, an ax, some beads, and tobacco.

6. When he had done, the chief rose, began to address him in a low voice, but soon became loud and vĭŏlent, and ended by working himself up into a furious passion. He upbraided the white men for their sordid conduct, in passing and repassing through their neighborhood without giving them a blanket or any other article of goods, merely because they had no furs to barter in exchange; and he alluded, with menaces of vengeance, to the death of the Indians, killed by the whites at the skirmish at the Falls.

7. Matters were verging to a crīsis. It was evident the surrounding savages were ōnly waiting a signal from the chief to spring upon their prey. Mackenzie and his companions had gradually risen on their feet during the speech, and had brought their rifles to a horizontal position, the barrels resting in their left hands: the muzzle of Mackenzie's piece was within three feet of the speaker's heart.

8. They cocked their rifles; the click of the locks for a moment suffused the dark cheek of the savage, and there was a pause. They coolly, but prŏmptly advanced to the door; the Indians fell back in awe, and suffered them to pass. The sun was just setting as they emerged from this dāngerous den. They took the precaution to keep ălŏng the tops of the rocks as much as possible, on their way back to the canoe, and reached their camp in safety, congratulating themselves on their escape, and feeling no desire to make a second visit to the grim warriors of the Wish-ram."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

II.

93. THE TOMAHAWK SUBMISSIVE TO ELOQUENCE.

TWENTY tomahawks were raised; twenty ărrōws drawn to their head. Yĕt stood Harold stern and collected, at bay —parleying ōnly with his *swōrd*. He waved his arm. Smitten with a sense of their cow'ardīce, perhaps, or by his great dignity, mōre awful for his vĕry youth, their wĕapons dropped, and their countenances were uplifted upon him, less in hatred than in *wonder*.

2. The old men gāthered about him: he leaned upon his saber. Their eyes shōne with admiration: such heroic depōrtment, in one so young—a boy! so intrĕpid! so prŏmpt! so graceful! so eloquent, too!—for, knowing the effect of eloquence, and feeling the lōftinèss of his own nature, the innocence of his own heart, the character of the Indians for hŏspităl'ity, and their veneration for his blood, Harold dealt out the thunder of his strength to these rude barbarians of the wilderness, till they, young and old, gathering nearer and nearer in their devotion, threw down their wĕapons at his feet, and formed a rampart of locked arms and hearts about him, through which his eloquence thrilled and lightened like electricity. The old greeted him with a lofty step, as the pātriarch welcomes his boy from the triumph of far-ŏff battle; and the young clave to him and clung to him, and shouted in their self-abandonment, like brothers round a conquering brother.

3. "Warriors!" he said, "Brethren!"—(their tomahawks were brandished sīmultā'neously, at the sound of his terrible voice, as if preparing for the onset). His tones grew deeper, and less threatening. "Brothers! let us talk togĕther of Logan![1] Ye who have known him, ye agèd men! bear ye testimony to the deeds of his strength. Who was like him? Who could resist him? Who may ăbīde the hŭrricane in its volley? Who may withstand the winds that uproot the great trees of the mountain? Let him be the foe of Logan. Thrice in one day hath he given battle. Thrice in one day hath he come back victorious. Who may bear up against the strong man—the man of war? Let them that are young, hear me. Let them follōw the cōurse of Logan. He goes in clouds and whirlwind—in the fire and in the smoke. Let them follow him. Warriors! Logan was the father of Harold!" They fell back in astonishment, but they believed him; for Harold's word was unquestioned, undoubted evidence, to them that knew him. NEAL.

JOHN NEAL was born in Portland, Maine, about 1794. He was brought up as a shop-boy, and in 1815 became a wholesale dry-goods dealer in Baltimore, with John Pierpont, the poet. The concern failed, and Neal commenced the study of law, and with it the profession of literature, by writing a series of critical essays on the works of Byron for "The Portico," a monthly magazine. In 1818 he published "Keep Cool," a novel, and in the following year "The Battle of

[1] Logan, an Indian chief of the Cayugas, murdered in 1781. He was remarkable for his attachment to the whites until cruelly treated by them, when he took an Indian's revenge. A speech of his, addressed to Lord Dunmore, is an eloquent rebuke of the conduct of the whites.

Niagara, Goldau the Maniac Harper, and other Poems," and "Otho," a tragedy. He wrote a large portion of Allen's "History of the American Revolution," which appeared in 1821. Four novels, "Logan," "Randolph," "Errata," and "Seventy-six," some of which were republished in London, followed in quick succession. Meanwhile the author had studied law; been admitted, and was practicing as energetically as he was writing. Near the close of 1823 he went abroad; and, soon after his arrival in London, became a contributor to several periodicals, making his first appearance in "Blackwood's Magazine," in "Sketch of the Five American Presidents and the Five Candidates for the Presidency," a paper which was widely republished. After passing four years in Great Britain and on the Continent, in which time appeared his "Brother Jonathan," a novel, he came back to his native city of Portland, where he now resides. He has since published "Rachel Duer," "Authorship," "The Down Easters," "Ruth Elder," "One Word More," 1854, and "True Womanhood, a Tale," 1859; and contributed largely to periodicals. His novels are original, and written from the impulses of his heart, containing numerous passages marked by dramatic power, and brilliancy of sentiment and expression; but most of them having been produced rapidly, and without unity, aim, or continuous interest, are now undergoing revision. Mr. Neal's poems have the unquestionable stamp of genius. His imagination is marked by a degree of sensibility and energy rarely surpassed.

III.

94. THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

1.

O'ER a lōw couch the setting sun had thrown its lātèst rāy,
Where, in his last strŏng agony, a dying warrior lāy,—
The stern old Băron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

2.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are ō'er,—
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no mōre;
They come, and, to my bēard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—must die.

3.

And what is death? I've dared him ŏft, before the Păinim[1] spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot;—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power!—defy, and fear him not!

4.

"Ho! sound the tocsin[2] from my tower, and fire the cul'verin,[3]
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in.

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[1] **Pāi'nim**, pagan; infidel.
[2] **Tŏc'sin**, a bell for giving alarm.
[3] **Cŭl'verin**, a long, slender cannon, to carry a ball a great distance.

Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet-bōard prepare,—
Throw wide the pōrtal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

5.

A hundred hands were busy then: the banquet fōrth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, ălŏng the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harnèss, plume, and spear, ō'er the proud old Gŏthic hall.

6.

Fast hŭrrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers pōured,
On through the pōrtal's frowning arch, and thrŏnged around the bōard;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie,[1] stern Rudiger, with girded falchion[2] sate.

7.

"Fill every bēaker up, my men!—pour fōrth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearlèss ones, each goblet to the brim!

8.

"Ye're there, but yĕt I see you not!—draw fōrth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my bōard!
I hear it faintly: Louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, 'DEFIANCE UNTO DEATH!'"

9.

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a dĕafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here ălōne?

10.

"But I defy him!—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

GREENE.

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[1] Căp`a piē', from head to foot; all over.

[2] Falchion, (fâl' chŭn), a broad sword, with a slightly curved point, shorter than the ordinary military sword, and less heavy, much used from the eighth to the fifteenth century.

MR. ALBERT G. GREENE was born at Providence, Rhode Island, February 10th, 1802. He was a graduate at Brown University in 1820, practiced law in his native city until 1834, since which time he has held office under the city government. One of his earliest metrical compositions was the popular ballad of "Old Grimes." His poems, which were principally written for periodicals, have never been published in a collected form. One of his longest serious ballads, entitled "Canonchet," is published in Updike's "History of the Narraghansett Church."

IV.

95. BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.[1]

1.

THE warrior bowed his crĕstèd head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father's chain!"

2.

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

3.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in vĕry truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so lŏng to see."

4.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went:
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

[1] **Bernardo del Carpio**, a celebrated Spanish champion, after many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, Count Saldana, whom King Alphonso, of Asturias, had long retained in prison, at last took up arms in despair. He maintained so destructive a war that the king's subjects united in demanding Saldana's release. Alphonso therefore offered Bernardo the person of his father in exchange for the castle of Carpio. Bernardo immediately gave up his stronghold with all his captives; and rode forth with the king to meet his father, who he was assured was on his way from prison. The remainder of the story is related in the ballad.

5.

That hand was cold, a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved ō'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white:
He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

6.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their vĕry hearts, that saw its hŏrror and ămāze:—
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

7.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glōrious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

8.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mōurnful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the swōrd for, now;
My king is false—my hope betrayed! My father—Oh! the worth,
The glōry, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

9.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yĕt!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then;—for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

10.

Then, starting from the ground once mōre, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, ō'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead:

11.

"Came I not fōrth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is this?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where
are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this
cold clay!

12.

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep down thine ire!—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was
shed!—
Thou canst not? and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

13.

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
He cast one lŏng, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad
place:
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain:—
His banner led the spears no mōre, amidst the hills of Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS (Felicia Dorothea Browne), the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, was born in that town on the 25th of September, 1793. Her father, soon after, experiencing some reverses, removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. She wrote verses from her childhood, and published a poetical volume in her fourteenth year. Her second volume, "The Domestic Affections," which appeared in 1812, established her poetical reputation. In the same year she married Captain Hemans, who, after some years, went to reside on the Continent, his wife remaining at home with her five sons. She became more and more devoted to study and composition. In 1819 she won a prize of £50, offered by some patriotic Scots for the best poem on Sir William Wallace, and in June, 1821, she obtained the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. She succeeded well in narrative and dramatic poetry, though the character of her genius was decidedly lyrical and reflective. Her numerous poems are admirable for purity of sentiment and gentle pathos; and her personal character was amiable, modest, and exemplary. After several changes of residence, she died in Dublin, on the 16th of May, 1835.

V.

96. MARIUS IN PRISON.

THE peculiar sublimity of the Roman mind does not express itself, nor is it at all to be sought, in their poĕtry. Poetry, according to the Roman ideāl of it, was not an adequate organ for the grander movements of the nătional mind. Roman sublimity must be looked for in Roman acts, and in Roman sayings. Where, again, will you find a more adequate expression of the

Roman majesty, than in the saying of Trajan[1]—*Imperatorem oportere stantem mori*—that Cæsar[2] ought to die standing?—a speech of imperatoriăl[3] grandeur. Implying that he, who was "the foremōst man of all this world," and, in regard to all other nations, the representative of his own, should express its characteristic virtue in his farewell act—should die *in procinctu*,[4] and should meet the last enemy as the first, with a Roman countenance and in a soldier's attitude. If this had an imperatorial, what follōws had a consular majesty, and is almost the grandèst stōry upon record.

2. Mārĭŭs,[5] the man who rose to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon, and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons—the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were, by the caprice of fortune, monstrously inverted: the consul was in chains; the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reĭnstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a hōst of shadowy lictors?

3. By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing "like Teneriffe," he smote him with his eye, and said, "*Tunc, homo, audes occidere C. Marium?*"—Dost thou, fellow,

[1] **Trā′jan**, one of the most illustrious emperors of Rome, was born near Seville, in Spain, in the year 53. By his great victories over the Dacians, Germans, and Parthians, he fixed securely the boundaries of the Roman empire on the banks of the Rhine and the Tigris. His internal administration was equally glorious, his reign being celebrated for its great clemency, and rigid discipline of justice, and for its humanity to Christians. He died at Selinus, a town in Cilicia, August, 117.

[2] **Caius Julius Cæsar**, Dictator of Rome, was born July 12th, B. C. 100, and died by the hands of assassins, in the Senate House, in the 15th of March, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As a warrior, a statesman, and a man of letters, he was one of the most remarkable men of any age.

[3] **Im per` a tō′ ri al**, of, or relating to the office of Imperator, or Commander-in-chief, a title of honor conferred on Roman generals for great military exploits; commanding.

[4] **In procinctu**, about to join battle; ready for action.

[5] **Mā′ ri us**, one of the greatest generals and dictators of the Roman republic, born about 157, died B. C. 86.

sume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat, the rĕp'tĭle, quaking ler the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank ıtly to the ground, turned round upon his hands and feet, l, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius nding in solitude as steadfast and immovable as the capitol.

DE QUINCEY.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

97. THE ANNOYER.

LOVE knowèth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like sŏng, in the time of birds.

2. He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the sĕrried[1] spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he'll flōat to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

3. He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen[2] of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your vĕry eye.

[1] Sĕr'ried, close; crowded; compact. [2] Shēen, brightness.

4. The fisher hangs over the leaning bōat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he:
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple lōw,
Till the bait is gōne from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare belōw.

5. He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkèst night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh. WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, one of the most voluminous and successful of American writers, was born in Portland, Maine, January 20th, 1807. His father, a distinguished journalist, removed to Boston when he was six years of age. He was prepared for college at the Latin School of Boston and at the Phillips Academy at Andover. He graduated with high honors at Yale in 1827. While in college, he distinguished himself by a series of sacred poems, and gained the prize of fifty dollars for the best poem, offered by Lockwood, the publisher of "The Album." After his graduation he edited "The Legendary," a series of volumes of tales, and then established the "American Monthly Magazine," which, after two years and a half, was merged in the "New York Mirror," and the literary fraternity of N. P. Willis and George P. Morris began. Immediately after the partnership was formed, he set sail for a tour in Europe, palatable and piquant reports of which appeared in the "Mirror," entitled "Pencilings by the Way." This first and extended residence abroad led our traveler through all the capitals of Europe, and even to "the poetic altars of the Orient." In 1835, after residing two years in London, and contributing to the "New Monthly Magazine" tales and sketches, republished under the title of "Inklings of Adventure," he married Mary Leighton Stacy, the daughter of a distinguished officer who had won high honors at Waterloo, and was then Commissary-general in command of the arsenal, Woolwich. In 1837, he returned to his native land, and established himself at "Glenmary," in Central New York, near the village of Owego. The portrait of this happy home and the landscape around, is drawn in "Letters from under a Bridge." In 1839, he became one of the editors of "The Corsair," a literary gazette, and made a short trip to England. On his return home, "The Corsair" having been discontinued, he revived, with his former partner, Gen. Morris, the "Mirror." Upon the death of his wife, in 1844, he again visited Europe for the improvement of his health. Soon after, the "Mirror" having passed into other hands, the partners established "The Home Journal." In October, 1846, he married Cornelia, only daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of Massachusetts, since which time he has resided at "Idlewild," a romantic place, which he has cultivated and embellished, near Newburg.

ıe Hudson. His poems have recently been published in an elegant octavo ne, richly illustrated, and a uniform collection of his prose writings, in ɾe volumes, of some five hundred pages each, has also come from the press. Willis is equally happy as a writer of prose and verse. With a felicitous , a warm and exuberant fancy, and a ready and sparkling wit, he wins the ration of readers of the most refined sentiment and the daintiest fancy, and e same time commands the full sympathy of the masses.

II.

98. THE PALM AND THE PINE.

WHEN Peter led the First Crusade,
A Norseman wooed an Ar'ab maid.
He loved her lĭthe and palmy grace,
And the dark beauty of her face:
She loved his cheeks, so ruddy fair,
His sunny eyes and yĕllŏw hair.

2. He called: she left her father's tent;
She followed wheresoeer he went.
She left the palms of Palestine
To sit benēath the Norland pine.
She sang the musky Orient strains
Where Winter swept the snowy plains.

3. Their natures met like Night and Morn
What time the morning-star is born.
The child that from their meeting grew
Hung, like that star, between the two.
The glŏssy night his mother shed
From her lŏng hair was on his head:
But in its shade they saw arise
The morning of his father's eyes.

4. Benēath the Orient's tawny stain
Wandered the Norseman's crimson vein:
Beneath the Northern fŏrce was seen
The Ar'ab sense, alert and keen.
His were the Vīking's[1] sinewy hands,
The arching foot of Eastern lands.

5. And in his soul conflicting strove
Northern indifference, Southern love:

[1] **Vīking**, one of the pirate chiefs from among the Northmen, who plun the coasts of Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries.

The chastity of temperate blood,
Impetuous passion's fiery flood;
The settled faith that nothing shakes,
The jealousy a breath awakes;
The planning Reason's sober gaze,
And fancy's meteŏric blaze.

6. And strŏnger, as he grew to man,
The contradicting natures ran,—
As mingled streams from Etna flow,
One born of fire, and one of snow.
And one impelled, and one withheld,
And one obeyed, and one rebelled.
One gave him fōrce, the other fire;
This self-control, and that desire.
One filled his heart with fierce unrest;
With peace serene the other blessed.

7. He knew the depth and knew the height,
The bounds of darkness and of light;
And who these far extremes has seen
Must needs know all that lies between.

8. So, with untaught, instinctive art,
He read the mўriăd-natured heart.
He met the men of many a land;
They gave their souls into his hand;
And none of them was long unknown:
The hardèst lesson was his own.

9. But how he lived, and where, and when,
It matters not to other men;
For, as a fountain disappears,
To gush again in later years,
So hidden blood may find the day,
When centuries have rolled away;
And fresher lives betray at last
The lĭneăge of a far-off Past.

10. That nature, mixed of sun and snōw,
Repeats its ăncient ebb and flōw:
The children of the Palm and Pine
Renew their blended lives—in mine. TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the noted American traveler and poet, was born in the village of Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. At

the age of seventeen he became an apprentice in a printing-office in Westchester; and about the same period wrote verses, which appeared in the "New York Mirror" and "Graham's Magazine." He collected and published a small volume of his poems in 1844, and visited Europe the same year. Having passed two years in Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and France, he returned home; published an account of his travels under the title of "Views a-Foot;" settled in New York; and in 1848, soon after publishing "Rhymes of Travel," secured a place as a permanent writer for "The Tribune." He visited California in 1849, returned by the way of Mexico in 1850, and soon after published his "Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire." His "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," which appeared in 1851, greatly increased his reputation as a poet. The same year he set out on a protracted tour in the East, upon which he was absent two years and four months, traveling more than fifty thousand miles. His spirited, graphic, and entertaining history of this journey is given in three works, entitled "A Journey to Central Africa, "The Land of the Saracen," and "India, Loo Choo, and Japan." "Poems of the Orient" appeared in 1854, embracing only such pieces as were written while he was on his passage round the world. They contain passages "rich, sensuous, and impetuous, as the Arab sings in dreams," with others gentle, tender, and exquisitely modulated. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1864; and his latest novel, "Kennett," in 1866.

III.

99. FAIR INES.

1.

O SAW ye not fair Ines? she's gŏne into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down, and rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her, the smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek, and pearls upon her breast.

2.

O turn again, fair Ines, before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine ălōne, and stars unrivaled bright;
And blessèd will the lover be that walks benēath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek I dare not even write!

3.

Would I had been, fair Ines, that gallant cavalier
Who rōde so gayly by thy side, and whispered thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home, or no true lovers here,
That he should crŏss the seas to win the dearèst of the dear?

4.

I saw thee, lovely Ines, descend ălŏng the shōre,
With bands of noble gentlemen, and banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay, and snowy plumes they wōre;—
It would have been a beauteous dream—if it had been no mōre!

5.

Alas! alas! fair Ines! she went ăwāy with sŏng,
With music waiting on her steps, and shoutings of the thrŏng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth, but ōnly Music's wrŏng,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell to her you've loved so lŏng.

6.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines! that vessel never bōre
So fair a lady on its deck, nor danced so light befōre—
Alas for plĕasure on the sea, and sŏrrōw on the shōre!
The smile that blest one lover's heart has broken many mōre!

THOMAS HOOD.

IV.

100. LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

2. Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live ō'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mound I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

3. The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

4. She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and lis*tened* to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

5. Few sŏrrōws hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The sŏngs that make her grieve.

6. I played a sŏft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving stōry—
An old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hōary.

7. She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modèst grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

8. I told her of the knight that wōre
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

9. I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the lōw, the pleading tōne
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my ōwn.

10. She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

11. But when I told the cruèl scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crŏssed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

12. That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

13. There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

14. And that, unknowing what he did,
He lēaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death,
The Lady of the Land.

15. And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

16. And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madnèss went away,

When on the yĕllŏw fŏrest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

17. His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderèst strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

18. All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

19. And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

20. She wept with pity and delight—
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

21. Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside—
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

22. She half inclosed me with her arms:
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

23. 'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

24. I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride. COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, one of the most imaginative and original of poets, the youngest son of the vicar of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire, England, was born at that place in October, 1772. Left an orphan in his ninth year, he was educated for seven years at Christ's Hospital; and in 1791 he became student of Jesus College, Cambridge. His reading embraced almost numberless books,

especially on theology, metaphysics, and poetry. In 1794 was published the drama called "The Fall of Robespierre," of which the first act was Coleridge's, and the other two were Southey's. In 1795 he married Miss Fricker, whose sister soon afterward became Mrs. Southey; and in the same year he became acquainted with Wordsworth. About the same period he went to reside in a cottage at Stowey, Somersetshire, about two miles from the residence of the latter; and the poets bound themselves in the closest friendship. He here wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his "Ode on the Departing Year," "Tears in Solitude," "France, an Ode," "Frost at Midnight," the first part of "Christabel," "The Ancient Mariner," and his tragedy of "Remorse." In 1798 he went to Germany to complete his education, and resided for fourteen months at Ratzburg and Gottingen. On his return to England he resided in the lake district near Southey and Wordsworth, and contributed political articles and poems for the "Morning Post" newspaper, which was followed, some years later, by similar employment in the "Courier." For fifteen months, in 1804 and 1805, he was secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor of Malta. In 1816 he found a quiet and friendly home in the house of Mr. Gillman, surgeon of Highgate, where, after a residence of eighteen years, he died in July, 1834. There both mind and body were restored from the excitement and ill health caused by the use of opium, first taken in illness, and afterward used habitually. His numerous productions in prose and verse, as well as his unsurpassed Table-Talk, have since been published, proving a perpetual delight; and, like Nature, furnishing subjects of admiration and imitation for the refined and observing.

V.

101. LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And the clouds are highèst up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

2. I trŏw they did not part in scorn:
Lovers lŏng-betrŏthed were they:
They two shall wed the mŏrrŏw morn;
Gŏd's blessing on the day!

3. "He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

4. In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-mŏrrŏw he weds with me."

5. "O Gŏd be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

6. "Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As Gŏd's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

7. "The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

8. "Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

9. "Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

10. "If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull ŏff, pull off the brōoch of gold,
And fling the dīāmond necklace by."

11. "Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

12. "Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

13. "Yĕt give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strānge it seems to me.

14. "Yĕt here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

15. She clad herself in a russet gown—
She was no lŏnger Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

16. The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Lēapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

17. Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of all the earth?"

18. "If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

19. "Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

20. Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

21. He—laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next of blood—

22. "If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-mŏrrōw morn,
And you shall still be—LADY CLARE." TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, poet laureate of England, the son of a clergyman, was born in Lincolnshire, in 1810. He received his university education at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems was published in 1830; his second, three years afterward. Some of his early minor pieces, as well as selections from "The Princess," are simple, true to nature, and exquisitely beautiful. "In Memoriam," one of his most characteristic poems, is the most important contribution which has yet been given to what may strictly be entitled Elegiac Poetry. It first appeared in 1850, nearly twenty years after the death of young Hallam, the son of the celebrated historian, to whom he was bound by many

endearing ties, and to whose memory the work is a tribute. Careful study, and reflection on the reader's own inmost being, are required to fully reveal the imaginative power, the wisdom, and the spiritual beauty of this work. The poet's early fame is fully sustained by his later writings. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is one of the most spirited and effective poems ever written. "Idyls of the King," for vigor, exquisite utterance, and varied interest, is probably inferior to no corresponding poem in any language. "Lady Clare," the selection here introduced, while well adapted to public reading and poetic recitation, is especially valuable as an exercise in Personation—see p. 69.

VI.

102. MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's dāy,
Raked the mĕadōw sweet with hāy.
Benēath her tōrn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her mĕrry glee
The mŏck-bird echoed from his tree.

2. But when she glanced to the far-ŏff town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet sŏng died, and a vague unrest
And a namelèss lŏnging filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

3. The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadōw, acrŏss the rōad.

4. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin-cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

5. He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing-birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-tŏrn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her lŏng-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delāy
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode awāy.

6. Maud Mŭller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and tōast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth cōat,
My brother should sail a paintèd bōat.
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our dōor."

7. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Mŭller standing still:
"A form mōre fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modèst answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hāy:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrŏngs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But lōw of cattle and sŏng of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

8. But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field ălone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in cōurt an old love-tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

9. He wedded a wife of richèst dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yĕt ŏft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,

He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

10. Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He lŏnged for the wayside well instĕad;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadōws and clover blooms;
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,—
"Ah, that I were free again!
Free as when I rōde that dāy
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hāy."

11. She wedded a man unlearnèd and poor,
And many children played round her dōor.
But care and sŏrrōw, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And ŏft, when the summer's sun shōne hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

12. Sometimes her nărrōw kitchen walls
Stretched ăwāy into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinet[1] turned,
The tallow candle an astral[2] burned;
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling ō'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

13. Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
Gŏd pity them bōth! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

[1] **Spinet**, a musical instrument resembling a harpsichord, but smaller.

[2] **Astral**, (ăs'tral-lămp), an argand lamp having the oil in a ring surmounted by a her of ground glass.

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddèst are these: "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, ăngels may
Roll the stone from its grave ăwāy. WHITTIER.

IN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of the truest and most worthy of American , was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. Of a Quaker family, outh was passed at home, assisting his father on the farm, and attending istrict school and Haverhill Academy. In 1828 he went to Boston, and be- editor of a newspaper entitled the "American Manufacturer," and in 1830 cceeded George D. Prentice as editor of the "New England Weekly Re- " at Hartford, and remained connected with it for two years. For several he was corresponding editor of the Washington "National Era." He has a prolific and popular writer both in prose and verse. A complete edition s poems, in two volumes, appeared in 1863; and "Snow-Bound, a Winter " in 1866. In 1840 Mr. Whittier removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, e all his later publications have been written, and where he still resides.

VII.

103. THE DREAM.

PART FIRST.

OUR life is twofold: sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reälity;
And dreams in their devĕlopmènt have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from ŏff our waking toils;
They do dĭvīde our being; they become
A pōrtion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like hĕralds of Eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sībyls[1] of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of plĕasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will:

Ib'yl, a woman supposed to be wed with a spirit of prophecy: e, a female fortune-teller, or . The number of the *sibyls* is variously stated; but among the ancients, they were believed to be *ten*. They resided in various parts of Persia, Greece, and Italy.

2. They shake us with the vision that's gŏne by,
The dread of vanished shădōws—are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creătions of the mind?—the mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision, which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.—

3. I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity; the last,
As 't were the cape, of a lōng ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a mōst living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the ăbōdes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diădem
Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,
Not by the spōrt of Nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was benēath;
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And bōth were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young—yĕt not alike in youth.

4. As the sweet moon on the horī'zon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood:
The boy had fewer summers; but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one belovèd face on earth,
And that was shining on him: he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass ăwāy;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,

Which colored all his objects ;—he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all ; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.

5. But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no mōre ; 't was much ;
For brotherlèss she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him—
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yĕt pleased him not—and why ?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another. Even now she loved another ;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yĕt her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.—

6. A chānge came ō'er the spirit of my dream :
There was an ancient mansion ; and befōre
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake—he was ălōne,
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon
He săte him down, and seized a pen and traced
Words which I could not guess of ; then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook, as 't were
With a convulsion—then ărōse again ;
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written ; but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet.

7. As he paused
The lady of his love reëntered there ;
She was serene and smiling then ; and yĕt
She knew she was by him beloved ; she knew—
How quickly comes such knowledge ! that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw

That he was wretched ; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand ; a moment ō'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced ; and then it faded as it came.
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired ; but not as bidding her ădieū,
For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed
From out the massy gate of that old Hall ;
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way ;
And ne'er repassed that hōary thresh'ōld mōre.

VIII.

104. THE DREAM.

PART SECOND.

A CHANGE came ō'er the spirit of my dream:
The Boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shōre he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay,
Reposing from the noontide sultrinèss,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around ;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudlèss, clear, and purely beautiful,
That Gŏd alone was to be seen in Heaven.—

2 A change came ō'er the spirit of my dream :
The Lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,

A thousand leagues from his,—her native home—
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty. But behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.—

3. A change came ō'er the spirit of my dream:
The Wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair; but was not that which made
The starlight of his Boyhood. As he stood,
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique ŏratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words;
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade-
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny—came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?—

4. A change came ō'er the spirit of my dream:
The Lady of his love—Oh! she was changed,

As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling; and her eyes,
They had not their own luster, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable, and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!—

5. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Wanderer was alone, as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation—compassed round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him; until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons; and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment.

6. He lived
Through that which had been death to many men;
And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,
And the quick spirit of the Universe,
He held his dialogues! and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

7. My dream was past: it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery. LORD BYRON.

IX.

105. SCENE FROM THE LADY OF LYONS.[1]

MELNOTTE'S *cottage*—WIDOW *bustling about. A table spread for supper.*

WIDOW. So—I think that looks vĕry neat. He sent me a line, so blotted that I can scarcely read it, to say he would be here almost immediately. She must have loved him well indeed, to have forgotten his birth; for though he was introduced to her in disguise, he is too honorable not to have revealed to her the artifice which her love ōnly could forgive. Well, I do not wonder at it; for though my son is not a prince, he ought to be one, and that's almost as good. [*Knock at the door.*] Ah! here they are. [*Enter* MELNOTTE *and* PAULINE.[2]]

Widow. Oh, my boy—the pride of my heart!—welcome, welcome! I beg pardon, Ma'am, but I do love him so!

Pauline. Good woman, I rēälly—Why, Prince, what is this?—does the old woman know you? Oh, I guess you have done her some service. Another proof of your kind heart, is it not?

Melnotte. Of my kind heart, ay!

Pauline. So, you know the prince?

Widow. Know him, Madame?—Ah, I begin to fear it is you who know him not!

Pauline. Do you think she is mad? Can we stay here, my lord? I think there's something vĕry wild about her.

Melnotte. Madame, I—No, I can not tell her! My knees knock together: what a coward is a man who has lōst his honor! Speak to her—speak to her—[*to his mother*]—tell her that—O Heaven, that I were dead!

Pauline. How confused he looks!—this strānge place—this woman—what can it mean? I half suspect—Who are you, Madame?—who are you? Can't you speak? are you struck dumb?

Widow. Claude, you have not deceived her?—Ah, shame upon

[1] **Claude Melnotte,** who had received many indignities to his slighted love, from Pauline, married her under the false appearance of an Italian prince. He afterward repents his bitter revenge; makes immediate amends; and, impelled by affection, virtue, and a laudable ambition, finally conquers a position, and becomes, in fact, her husband.

[2] **Pauline,** (pâ lèn').

you! I thought that, before you went to the altar, she was have known all?

Pauline. All! what? My blood freezes in my veins!

Widow. Poor lady!—dare I tell her, Claude? [MELNOTTE *makes a sign of assent.*] Know you not then, Madame, that th young man is of poor though hŏnèst parents? Know you n that you are wedded to my son, Claude Melnotte?

Pauline. Your son! hold! hold! do not speak to me—[*a proaches* MELNOTTE *and lays her hand on his arm.*] Is this a jes Is it? I know it is. ōnly speak—one word—one look—o smile. I can not believe—I, who loved thee so—I can not b lieve that thou art such a—No, I will not wrŏng thee by a har word.—Speak!

Melnotte. Leave us—have pity on her, on me: leave us.

Widow. O Claude! that I should live to see thee bowed b shame! thee, of whom I was so proud! [*Exit* WIDO

Pauline. Her son! her son!

Melnotte. Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline. Hear thee

Ay, speak. Her son! have fiends a parent? Speak,
That thou mayst silence curses—Speak!

Melnotte. No, curse me:
Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgivenèss.

Pauline. [*laughing wildly.*] "This is thy palace, where th
perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lămps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of ŏrange-groves, and music from the sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush fŏrth
I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?
THIS is my bridal home, and THOU my bridegroom!
O fool!—O dupe!—O wretch!—I see it all—
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons! Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it càn not,
It can not be! this is some hŏrrid dream:
I shall wake soon. [*Touching him.*] Art flesh? art man? or bu
The shadōws seen in sleep?—It is too reäl.
What have I done to thee—how sinned against thee,

That thou shouldst crush me thus?
Melnotte. Pauline! by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—
That sole alloy of thy mōst lovely mōld—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years, my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee, midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wōre thy shape!
I saw thee! and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine ădōrer! Well! this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope:
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from kings,
Have stooped from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home
In the sŏft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the explōring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glōry,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters man! For thee I grew
A midnight student ō'er the dreams of sages:
For thee I sought to bŏrrōw from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideăl charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poësy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadōw

Of the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some mad: I heeded not,
But still toiled on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel mŏre worthy thee!

Pauline. Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

Melnotte. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pōur
The thoughts that burst their channels into sŏng,
And sent them to thee,—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the mēanèst.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That lōnged to show its idol what bright things
It had creāted—yeā, the enthusiast's name
Thăt should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour,—when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred mōst—when thy disdain
Made my whōle soul a chaos,—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned and stung thee!

Pauline. Love, Sir, hath no sting,
What was the slight of a poor powerless girl,
To the deep wrŏng of this most vile revenge?
Oh, how I loved this man!—a serf!—a slave!

Melnotte. Hold, lady!—No, not slave! Despair is free.
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
The anguish—the remorse. No—let it pass!
And let me come to such mōst poor atonement
Yĕt in my power. Pauline!— [*Approaching her with g*
emotion, and about to take her h

Pauline. No, touch me not!
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;
And I—O Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work,
Toil, drudge; do what thou wilt; but touch me not:
Let my wrŏngs make me sacred!

Melnotte. Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, Madame: at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty ōath expired!
Hencefŏrth, no image of some marble saint,
Niched in cathedral's aisles, is hăllōwed mōre
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrŏng.

:hy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder ;—
at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
riage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
d of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
void and null. To-night, then, sleep—in peace.
rrōw, pure and virgin as this morn
thee, bathed in blushes, from the altar,
ther's arms shall take thee to thy home.
w shall do thee justice, and restōre
ght to bless another with thy love,
hen thou art happy, and hast half forgot
ho so loved—so wrŏnged thee, think at least
n left some remnant of the āngel still
t poor peasant's nature!—Ho! my mother!

Enter WIDOW.

ct this lady (she is not my wife—
our guest, our honored guest, my mother!)
poor chāmber where the sleep of virtue
benēath my father's hŏnèst roof
illains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,
k thou wilt believe me.—Go, my mother!
ow. She is not thy wife!
otte. Hush! hush! for mercy sake :
not, but go. [WIDOW *ascends the stairs ;* PAULINE *follows weeping—turns to look back.*
otte [*sinking down.*] All angels bless and guard her!

LYTTON.

WARD BULWER LYTTON, youngest son of the late Gen. Bulwer, of Hey-l, Norwalk, England, who has assumed the surname of his mother's was born in 1805. He exhibited proofs of superior talents at a very early having written verses when only five or six years old. His preliminary were conducted under the eye of his mother, a woman of cultivated taste accomplishments. He graduated with honor at Trinity College, Ox-ring won the chancellor's medal for the best English poem. In 1826 he d "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a small volume of poems; and the fol-ear his first novel, "Falkland," appeared. Since that time he has been ly before the public as an author, both in prose and verse. Of his early erhaps, "Rienzi" is the most complete, high-toned, and energetic: of his ent ones his "Caxtons," and "My Novel, or Varieties in English Life," rded as the best. About 1832, he became editor of the "New Monthly e; and to that journal he contributed essays and criticisms, subse-published under the title of "The Student." Of his dramas, "The Lady s," "Richelieu," and "Money," are, perhaps, three of the most popular w upon the stage. The first of these, from which the preceding extract

is taken, seldom fails of drawing tears when well represented. Few auth... have displayed more versatility. His language and imagery are often exqui... and his power of delineating certain classes of character and manners supe... to that of any of his contemporaries. He commenced his political life in ... when he entered parliament, where he became conspicuous for his advocacy ... the rights of dramatic authors, and for his liberal opinions on other questi... His speeches in parliament, and his addresses, have served to raise his reputa... His inaugural address as rector of the University of Glasgow, in particular, ... been greatly admired.

SECTION XIX.

I.

106. A GREAT MAN DEPARTED.

THERE was a festive hall with mirth resounding;
Beauty and wit, and friendliness surrounding;
With minstrelsy above, and dancing feet rebounding.

2. And at the height came news, that held suspended
The sparkling glass!—till slow the hand descended—
And ruddy cheeks grew pale—and all the mirth was ended

3. Benēath a sunny sky, 'twas heard with wonder,—
A flash had cleft a lŏfty tree asunder,
Without a previous cloud, and with no rolling thunder.

4. Strŏng was the stem—its boughs above all 'thralling—
And in its roots and sap no cankers galling—
Prosperity was perfect, while Death's hand was falling.

5. Man's body is less safe than any tree;
We build our ship in strŏng security—
A Finger, from the dark, points to the trembling sea.

6. Man, like his knowledge, and his soul's endeavor,
Is framed for no fixed altitude; but ever
Moves onward; the first pause, returns all to the Giver.

7. Riches and health, fine taste, all means of plĕasure;
Success in highèst efforts—fame's best treasure—
All these were thine—o'ertopped and overweighed
mĕasure,

8. But in recording thus life's night-shade warning,
We hold the memory of thy kind heart's morning:—
Man's intellect is not man's sole nor best adorning.

II.

107. DANIEL WEBSTER.[1]

PART FIRST.

BORN upon the verge of cĭvilĭzātion,—his father's house the furthèst by four miles on the Indian trail to Canada,—Mr. Webster retained to the last his love for that pure fresh nature in which he was cradled. The dashing streams, which conduct the waters of the queen of New Hampshire's lakes[2] to the noble Merrimac; the superb group of mountains[3] (the Switzerland of the United States), among which those waters have their sōurces; the primeval fŏrest, whose date runs back to the twelfth verse of the first chapter of Genesis,[4] and never since creātion yielded to the settler's ax; the gray buttresses of granite which prop the eternal hills; the sacred alternation of the seasons, with its magic play on field and fŏrest and flood; the gleaming surface of lake and stream in summer; the icy pavement with which they are floored in winter; the verdure of spring, the prismatic tints of the autumnal woods, the leafless branches of December, glittering like arches and cŏr'ridōrs of silver and crystal in the enchanted palaces of fairy-land—sparkling in the morning sun with winter's jewelry, diāmond and amethyst, and ruby and sapphire; the cathedral aīsles of pathless woods,—the mōurnful hemlock, the "cloud-seeking" pine,—hung with drooping creepers, like funeral banners pendant from the roof of chancel or transept over the graves of the old lords of the soil;—these all retained for him to the close of his life an undying charm.

2. But though he ever clung with fondnèss to the wild mountain scenery amidst which he was born and passed his youth, he loved nature in all her other aspects. The simple beauty to which he had brought his farm at Marshfield,[5] its approaches, its grassy lawns, its well-disposed plantations on the hill-sides,

[1] **Extract** from a speech at the Revere House, Boston, Jan. 18th, 1856, in commemoration of the 74th anniversary of Mr. Webster's birth-day.

[2] **Win.**, (wĭn'ne pis sŏk'kĭ).

[3] **Mountains**, the White Mountains, of which Mount Washington is the principal summit.

[4] **Genesis, chap. i., v. 12**, And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind.

[5] **Mărsh' field**, a village on Massachusetts Bay, 28 miles S. E. by S. of Boston.

unpretending but tasteful, and forming a pleasing interchange with his large corn-fields and turnip-patches, showed his sensibility to the milder beauties of civilized culture.

3. He understood, no one better, the secret sympathy of nature and art, and *often* conversed on the principles which govern their relations with each other. He appreciated the infinite bounty with which nature furnishes materials to the artistic powers of man, at once her servant and master; and he knew not less that the highest exercise of art is but to imitate, interpret, select, and combine the properties, affinities, and proportions of nature; that in reality they are parts of one great system; for nature is the Divine Creator's art, and art is rational man's creation.

4. But not less than mountain and plain he loved the sea. He loved to walk and ride and drive upon that magnificent beach which stretches from Green Harbor[1] all round to the Gurnet. He loved to pass hours, I may say days, in his little boat. He loved to breathe the healthful air of the salt-water. He loved the music of the ocean, through all the mighty octaves deep and high of its far-resounding register; from the lazy plash of a midsummer's ripple upon the margin of some oozy creek to the sharp howl of the tempest, which wrenches a light-house from its clamps and bolts, fathoms deep, in the living rock, as easily as a gardener pulls a weed from his flower-border.

5. There was, in fact, a manifest sympathy between his great mind and this world-surrounding, deep-heaving, measureless, everlasting, infinite deep. His thoughts and conversation often turned upon it, and its great organic relations with other parts of nature and with man. I have heard him allude to the mysterious analogy between the circulation carried on by veins and arteries, heart and lungs, and that wonderful interchange of venous and arterial blood,—that miraculous complication which lies at the basis of animal life,—and that equally complicated and more stupendous circulation of river, ocean, vapor, and rain, which from the fresh currents of the rivers fills the depths of the salt sea; then by vaporous distillation carries the waters

[1] Green Harbor is the name of a small creek on the sea-shore of Marshfield, and the Gurnet is a projection or point on which the Plymouth light-houses are erected. The distance between Green Harbor and the Gurnet is between four and five miles.

which are under the firmament up to the cloudy cisterns of the waters above the firmament; wafts them on the dripping wings of the wind against the mountain sides, precipitates them to the earth in the form of rain, and leads them again through a thousand channels, open and secret, to the beds of the rivers, and so back to the sea.

III.

108. DANIEL WEBSTER.

PART SECOND.

WERE I to fix upon any one trait as the prominent trait of Mr. Webster's personal character it would be his social disposition, his loving heart. If there ever was a person who felt all the meaning of the dĭvīne utterance, "it is not good that man should be ălōne," it was he. Notwithstanding the vast resōurces of his own mind, and the materials for self-communion laid up in the stōrehouse of such an intellect, few men whom I have known have been so little addicted to solitary and meditative introspection;[1] to few have social intercourse, sympathy, and communion with kindred or friendly spirits been so grateful and even necessary.

2. He loved to live with his friends, with "good, pleasant men who loved him." This was his delight, alike when oppressed with his multiplied cares of ŏffice at Washington, and when enjoying the repose and quiet of Marshfield. He loved to meet his friends at the social bōard, because it is there that men mōst cast ŏff the burden of business and thought; there, as Cicero says, that conversation is sweetèst; there that the kindly affections have the fullest play.

3. By the social sympathies thus cultivated, the geniăl consciousness of individual existence becomes mōre intense. And who that ever enjoyed it can forgĕt the charm of his hŏspitălity, so liberal, so choice, so thoughtful? In the vĕry last days of his life, and when confined to the couch from which he never rose, he continued to give mĭnūte dĭrections for the hospitable entertainment of the anxious and sŏrrōwful friends who came to Marshfield.

4. If he enjoyed society himself, how much he contributed to

[1] In`tro spĕc′tion, a view of the interior or inside.

its enjoyment in others! His colloquial powers were, I think, quite equal to his parliamentary and forensic talent. He had something instructive or ingĕnious to say on the most familiar occasion. In his playful mood he was not afraid to trifle; but he never prosed, never indulged in common-place, never dogmatized, was never affected. His rānge of information was so vast, his observation so ăcūte and accurate, his tact in separating the important from the unessential so nice, his memory so retentive, his command of language so great, that his common table-talk, if taken down from his lips, would have stood the test of publication.

5. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and repeated or listened to a humorous anecdote with infinite glee. He narrated with unsurpassed clearness, brevity, and grace,—no tedious, unnecessary details to spin out the stōry, the fault of most professed *raconteurs*,[1]—but its main points set each in its place, so as ŏften to make a little dinner-table epic, but all naturally and without effort. He delighted in anecdotes of eminent men, especially of eminent Amĕricans, and his memory was stōred with them. He would sometimes briefly discuss a question in natural history, relative, for instance, to climate, or the races and habits and breeds of the different domestic animals, or the vārious kinds of our native game, for he knew the secrets of the fōrest.

6. He delighted to treat a topic drawn from life, manner, and the great industrial pursuits of the community; and he did it with such spirit and originality as to throw a charm around subjects which, in common hands, are triviăl and uninviting. Nor were the stōres of our sterling literature less at his command. He had such an acquaintance with the great writers of our language, especially the historians and poets, as enabled him to enrich his conversation with the most apposite allusions and illustrations. When the occasion and character of the company invited it, his conversation turned on higher themes, and sometimes rose to the mŏral sublime.

7. He was not fond of the technical language of metaphysics, but he had grappled, like the giant he was, with its mōst formidable problems. Dr. Johnson was wont (wŭnt) to say of Burke, that a strānger who should chance to meet him under a shed in a shower of rain, would say, "This was an extraordinary man." A stranger who did not know Mr. Webster, might have passed

[1] Raconteur, (rȧ kŏn′ tŏr), a relater or teller of stories.

a day with him, in his seasons of relaxation, without detecting the jurist or the statesman; but he could not pass a half hour with him without coming to the conclusion that he was one of the best informed of men.

8. His personal appearance contributed to the attraction of his social intercourse. His countenance, frame, expression, and presence, arrested and fixed attention. You could not pass him unnoticed in a crowd; nor fail to observe in him a man of high mark and character. No one could see him and not wish to see more of him, and this alike in public and private.

EDWARD EVERETT.

IV.

109. FROM A HISTORICAL ADDRESS.[1]

UNBORN ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul, the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God; but, under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and of our posterity. If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant[2] of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herod'otus,[3] another Thucydides,[4] and another Livy![5]

[1] **Delivered** before the N. Y. Historical Society, February 23, 1852.

[2] **Con com' i tant**, an attendant; that which accompanies.

[3] **He rod' o tus**, called the "Father of History," a native of Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, was born B. C. 484. His history consists of nine books, which bear the name of the nine Muses. In the complexity of its plan, as compared with the simplicity of its execution—in the multiplicity and heterogeneous nature of its material, and the harmony of their combinations—in the grandeur of its historical masses, and the minuteness of its illustrative details—it is without rival or parallel. It may be regarded as the perfection of epic prose.

[4] **Thu cyd' i des**, the historian, an Athenian citizen, was born about B. C. 471. His immortal history of the Peloponnesian war is divided into eight books. He is regarded as first in the first rank of philosophical historians. His style is concise, vigorous, and energetic; his moral reflections are searching and profound; his speeches abound in political wisdom; and the simple minuteness of his pictures is often striking and tragic.

[5] **Livy**, an illustrious Roman historian, was born in Italy, B. C. 59, and died, A. D. 18. He has erected to himself an enduring monument in his History of Rome. This great work contained the history of the Roman State from the earliest period till the death of Drusus, B. C. 9, and

2. And let me say, gentlemen, that if we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion,—if we and they shall live always in the fear of Gŏd, and shall respect his commandments,—if we and they shall maintain just, mŏral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall cŏntrōl the heart and life,—we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing—that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper.

3. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authŏrity, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us togĕther, no man can tell how sudden a catăs'trophè may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glŏry in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history! Let the hŏrrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like that of the lŏst books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read; or the missing Pleiad,[1] of which no man can ever know mōre, than that it is lŏst, and lost forever!

4. But, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, nor permit us to forsake ourselves. We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other; and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully, and united, whatever of difficulty or of dānger, whatever of effort or of săcrifice, the providence of Gŏd may call upon us to meet.

5. Are we of this generation so dĕrelict,[2] have we so little of the blood of our revolutionary fathers cōursing through our

originally consisted of 142 books, of which only 35 have descended to us. His style may be pronounced almost faultless.

[1] **Pleiad** (plē' yad). The Pleiades, in heathen mythology, were the *seven* daughters of Atlas, who were translated to the heavens, and formed the *seven* stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus. There are, however, but *six* visible to the naked eye, Alcyon being the brightest, and hence the expression the *lost Pleiad*.

[2] **Dĕr' e lĭct**, given up or forsaken by the natural owner or guardian; unfaithful.

pains, that we can not preserve what they achieved? The world will cry out "SHAME" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men, who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity, by the Constitution of the United States.

6. Gentlemen, inspiring auspices, this day, surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lŏst our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladnèss. The whōle atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and fŏrests, rocks and rivers, echo and reĕcho his praises. All the good, whether learnèd or unlearnèd, high or low, rich or poor, feel, this day, that there is one trĕasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be mōre and more guided by them in the future.

7. To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from fŏreign shōres to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

8. Gentlemen, on Washington's principles, and under the guidance of his example, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we also conquer. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil repōrt and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darknèss, ay, in the thickèst darkness, with all the storms which it may bring with it, till "Danger's troubled night is ō'er, and the star of Peace return." WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782. At the age of fifteen he entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated in due course, exhibiting remarkable faculties of mind. When in his nineteenth year, he delivered a Fourth of July oration, at the request of the citizens of Hanover, which, energetic, and well stored with historical matter,

proved him, at that early age, something more than a sounder of empty words. Upon graduating, in 1801, he assumed the charge of an academy for a year; then commenced the study of law in his native village, which he completed in Boston, in 1805. He first practiced his profession near his early home; but, not long after, feeling the necessity of a wider sphere of action, he removed to Portsmouth, where he soon gained a prominent position. In 1812 he was elected to a seat in the National Congress, where he displayed remarkable powers both as a debater and an orator. In 1817 he removed to Boston, and resumed the practice of his profession with the highest distinction. In 1822 he was elected to a seat in Congress from the city of Boston; and in 1827 was chosen senator of the United States, from Massachusetts. From that period he was seldom out of public life, having been twice Secretary of State, in which office he died. In 1839 he visited England and France, and was received with the greatest distinction in both countries. His works, arranged by his friend, Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, at Boston, in 1851. They bear the impress of a comprehensive intellect and exalted patriotism. He died at Marshfield, surrounded by his friends, October 24th, 1852. The last words he uttered were, "I still live." Funeral honors were paid to his memory, in the chief cities of the Union, by processions and orations. A marble block, placed in front of his tomb, bears the inscription: "LORD, I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF."

V.

110. PUBLIC VIRTUE.

I HOPE, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life,—whatever may be attempted to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by mĕnace, —a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey′, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame,—I may, without disparagement, compare with other men.

2. But there is a sort of coŭrage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess,—a bōldnèss to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I can not, I have not the courage to do. I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrăn′dizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glōry. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

3. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body ăcrŏss the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of coŭrage widely different from that which a man may display in his private con-

duct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prŏmpts the pātriot to ŏffer himself a voluntary săcrifice to his country's good.

4. Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest coŭrage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, ēgotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyŏnd the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal ĭnterèsts. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

5. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a pātriotism, which, sōaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transpŏrting thought of the good and the glōry of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism, which, cătching its inspirations from the immortal Gŏd, and leaving at an imměasurable distance below all lesser, grŏveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prŏmpts to deeds of self-săcrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblèst, the sublimest, of all public virtues. H. CLAY.

HENRY CLAY, a distinguished statesman of the United States, was born at the *Slashes*, Hanover County, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777. His father, a clergyman, died in 1781, and Henry acquired the rudiments of an education at a log school-house. At an early age he became clerk of the Court of Chancery in Richmond. He commenced the study of law at the age of nineteen, was admitted to the bar at the close of one year, and removed to Lexington, Ky., where he practiced his profession with great success. In 1803 he was elected to the legislature of his State, and in 1806 and 1809, was appointed to fill vacancies in the national senate. In 1811 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives, and was at once elected speaker, which office he retained until his appointment, in January, 1814, as one of the commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. On his return he was reëlected to Congress; and, in 1823, was again elected speaker of the House. During the presidency of John Quincy Adams he was secretary of state. In 1831 he was elected United States senator from Kentucky, and was soon after nominated a candidate for the presidency, but was defeated. In 1836 he was reëlected to the United States Senate, and served until 1842. In 1844 he was again nominated to the presidency, and again defeated. He was returned to the U. S. Senate in 1849, and died on the 29th of June, 1852. He was ever an advocate of "protection to American industry" by a sufficient tariff, and of "internal improvements." He was in favor of the war of 1812, of the recognition of the South American republics, and of the independence

of Greece. Some of his noblest oratorical efforts were delivered in support of these measures. His speeches are sincere, impassioned, and distinguished for their eminent practicalness. Full, flowing, sensuous, his style of oratory was modulated by a voice of sustained sweetness and power, and a heart of chivalrous courtesy. His Life and Speeches, complied and edited by Mallory, in two volumes, 8vo., appeared in 1843; and his "Life and Times," and entire works, by Calvin Colton, have since been published in New York.

VI.

111. WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.[1]

THE swŏrd of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, Sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the phĭlosŏpher of the thŭnderbōlt, the printing-press, and the plowshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belŏng to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after-time?

2. Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amidst its hŏrrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tĕnderèst sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferōcious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that vĕry swŏrd, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ăncient times, to the lyre of Orpheŭs.[2]

3. Franklĭn! The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the light-

[1] From an address in the U. S. H. R., on the reception of these memorials by Congress.

[2] Or′phe ŭs, a mythical personage, was regarded by the Greeks as the most celebrated of the early poets who lived before the time of Homer. Presented with the lyre of Apollo, and instructed by the Muses in its use, he enchanted with its music not only the wild beasts, but the trees and rocks upon Olympus, so that they moved from their places to follow the sound of his golden harp.

ning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still mōre afflictive scepter of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-creäted Nation to the mightiëst monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inex'orable cruelty and merciless rapăcity of war.

4. And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscōre winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to Gŏd, to that Constitution under the authŏrity of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North Amĕrican People, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic—these sacred symbols of our golden age.

5. May they be deposited among the archīves[1] of our govern-mènt! And may ĕvèry Amĕrican, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vĭcĭssitūdes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our belovèd country, from age to age, till time shall be no mōre!

ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, a distinguished American statesman and scholar, son of John Adams, the second president of the United States, was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, on the 11th of July, 1767. He was cradled in the Revolution, and when but nine years old heard the first reading of the Declaration of Independence from the old State House in Boston. His early education devolved principally on his noble and accomplished mother. In 1778, in his eleventh year, he accompanied his father on his mission to France; and during that and the following year he was at school in Paris. In 1780 he entered the public school of Amsterdam, and subsequently the University of Leyden. In 1781 he was made private secretary to the Hon. Francis Dana, Minister to Russia. He

[1] **Archives**, (ār' kīvz), public records and papers which are preserved as evidence of facts.

joined his father in Holland in 1783, and returned home in 1785. He entered an advanced class at Harvard, and took his degree in 1787, the year after his admission. In 1790 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law at Boston, which he continued, varying his occupation by communications for the "Centinel," signed Publicola and Marcellus, until his appointment as Minister to the Hague, in 1794, by Washington. He was elected to the State Senate in 1801, and in 1803 a member of the Senate of the United States, and sat until 1808. He had previously, in 1806, been appointed professor of rhetoric in Harvard, and continued the discharge of his duties until his resignation, in 1809, to accept the mission to Russia, offered him by Madison. He published his college lectures, in two octavo volumes, in 1810. He was called from his brilliant Russian diplomatic career in 1815, to aid in negotiating the treaty of peace with England at Ghent, and was appointed minister to that country in the same year. In 1817 he returned home, was appointed secretary of state by Monroe, and remained in that office eight years, when he was himself chosen to the presidency. He remained in office one term, and was immediately after elected a member of the House of Representatives from his native State, a position which he retained till his death. In the sixty-fifth year of active public service, he died in the capitol at Washington—in the scene of his chief triumphs—suddenly, on the 23d of February, 1848. His last words were, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH—I AM CONTENT." Through his long and active political career, Mr. Adams retained a fondness for literature. He was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men of this century. His various and voluminous works exhibit a marked nationality, and a wisdom which astonishes by its universality and profoundness.

SECTION XX.

I.

112. PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal prec'edent[1] will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

2. Of man's mĭrăculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "that all men are about to live,"
Forever on the brink of being born;

[1] Prĕc' e dent, something done or said that may serve as an example to authorize an after act of the like kind; authoritative example.

All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion [1] takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;[2]
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't[3] but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

3. All promise is poor dilatory[4] man,
And that through every stage. When young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

4. And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death;
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave. YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG, author of the "Night Thoughts," was born at his father's parsonage, in Hampshire, England, in 1681. He was educated at Winchester school, and at All Souls College, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced public life as courtier and poet, and continued both characters till he was past eighty.

[1] **Re ver' sion**, a right to future possession or enjoyment; benefit to be received from some future event.
[2] **Vāils**, avails; unexpected gains.
[3] **Can't**, (kānt).
[4] **Dil' a to ry**, inclined to defer or put off what ought to be done at once; delaying.

From 1708 he held a fellowship at Oxford. In 1730 his college presented him to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, valued at £300 a year. In 1731 he married a widow, the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, which proved a happy union. Lady Elizabeth Young died in 1741; and her husband is supposed to have begun soon afterward the composition of the "Night Thoughts." Of his numerous works published previous to this period, the best are his satires, which were collected in 1728, under the title of "The Love of Fame the Universal Passion," and "The Revenge," a tragedy, which appeared in 1721. Sixty years of labor and industry had strengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented the brilliancy of his fancy, preparatory to writing "Night Thoughts." The publication of this poem, taking place in sections, was completed in 1744. It is written in a highly artificial style, and has more of epigrammatic point than any other work in the language. Though often brilliant at the expense of higher and more important qualities, the poet introduces many noble and sublime passages, and enforces the truths of religion with a commanding energy and persuasion. The fertility of his fancy, the pregnancy of his wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are truly remarkable. Young died in April, 1765, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

II.

113. PAUL FLEMMING RESOLVES.

AND now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription: "LOOK NOT MOURNFULLY INTO THE PAST: IT COMES NOT BACK AGAIN. WISELY IMPROVE THE PRESENT: IT IS THINE. GO FŌRTH TO MEET THE SHADOWY FUTURE, WITHOUT FEAR, AND WITH A MANLY HEART."

2. It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yĕt spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no lŏnger there, but an ān̆gel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said, "I WILL BE STRONG!"

3. Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful lŏngings to behold once mōre the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wōre on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall togĕther, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the past, with painful lŏngings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stāy, but crumbled ăwāy and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him as the dĭvīne poet did the gate of paradise, when the ăngel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

4. In the life of ĕvèry man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost mĭrăculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden chănges may have been lŏng at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming, and from that hour fōrth he resolved that he would no lŏnger veer with every shifting wĭnd of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed: no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilmènt of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the present wisely, ălīke forgĕtful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm, and strong; he was reconciled with himself!

5. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyŏnd the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him. "Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he; "and be a man among men, and no lŏnger a dreamer among shadōws. Hencefōrth be mine a life of action and reăility! I will work in my own sphere nor wish it other than it is. This ălōne is health and happinèss. This alone is life—

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!'

6. "Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring ōnly from the lŏng and intricate prŏcess of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckl`ess hand, has tŏrn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a stōry of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's stōry, with which the book began. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in the city of Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, and graduated in due course. He soon after commenced the study of law, in the office of his father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, but being appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, in 1826, he sailed for Europe to prepare himself for the duties of his office, where he passed three years and a half. On his return, he entered upon the labors of instruction. Mr. Longfellow being elected professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, in 1835, resigned his place in Brunswick, and went a second time to Europe, to make himself better acquainted with the subjects of his studies in Denmark, Sweden, and Germany. On his return home, in 1836, he immediately entered upon his labors at Cambridge, where he has since resided. In 1854 he resigned his professorship at Harvard. His earliest poems were written for "The United States Gazette," printed in Boston, while he was an under-graduate, from which period he has been recognized as among the first writers of prose and verse of the nineteenth century. During his subsequent residence at Brunswick, he wrote several elegant and very able papers for the "North American Review," translated "Coplas de Manrique," and published "Outre Mer," a collection of agreeable tales and sketches, chiefly written during his first residence abroad. "Hyperion," a romance, appeared in 1839, and "Kavanagh," another prose work, in 1848. The first collection of his poems was published in 1839, entitled "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems" followed in 1841; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a Tale of Arcadie," in 1847; "The Sea and Fireside," in 1849; "The Golden Legend," in 1851; "Hiawatha," in 1855; and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in 1863. In 1845; he published "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," the most complete and satisfactory work of the kind that has ever appeared in any language. "The Skeleton in Armor" is one of the longest and most unique of his original poems. "Hiawatha," his longest poem, which is purely original and American, has been republished in England, and has met with a popularity, both in Europe and America, not surpassed by any poem of the present century. The high finish, gracefulness, and vivid beauty of his style, and the moral purity and earnest humanity portrayed in his verse, excite the sympathy and reach the heart of the public.

III.

114. ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentlèss power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy ădamăntĭne chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly grōan
With pangs unfelt befōre, unpitied and ălōne.

2. When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bădе to form her infant mind.
Stern, ruggèd nurse! thy rigid lōre
With patience many a year she bōre:
What sŏrrōw was, thou băd'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

3. Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtlèss Joy,
And leave us lēisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe:
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

4. Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Měl'ancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping sŏft the sadly-pleasing tear.

5. Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chās*te*ning hand!

Not in thy Gorgon[1] terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the im'pious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Hŏrror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

6. Thy form benign,[2] O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy phĭlosŏphic train be there
To sŏften, not to wound,[3] my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact, my own defects to scan;
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton Cambridge. When his college education was completed, Horace Walpole duced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy; but a mi derstanding taking place, Gray returned to England in 1741. His father b dead, he went to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, though he was sessed of sufficient means to enable him to dispense with the labor of his fession. He settled himself at Cambridge for the remainder of his days, leaving home when he made tours to Wales, Scotland, and the lakes of W moreland, and when he passed three years in London for access to the lit of the British Museum. His life thenceforth was that of a scholar. His " to Eton College," published in 1747, attracted little notice; but the "Elegy Country Church-yard," which appeared in 1749, became at once, as it will al continue to be, one of the most popular of all poems. Most of his odes written in the course of three years following 1753; and the publication o collection in 1757 fully established his reputation. His poems, flowing from s tense, though not fertile imagination, inspired by the most delicate poetic fee and elaborated into exquisite terseness of diction, are among the most sple ornaments of English literature. His "Letters," published after his death admirable specimens of English style, full of quiet humor, astute, thoug tidious criticism, and containing some of the most picturesque pieces o scriptive composition in the language. He became professor of modern his at Cambridge, in 1768. He died by a severe attack of the gout in 1771.

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[1] **Gorgon**, the Gorgons, in heathen mythology, were frightful beings, that had hissing serpents instead of hair upon their heads; and they had wings, brazen claws, and enormous teeth. Their names were Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa. The hea the latter was so frightful that e one who looked at it was chan into stone.

[2] **Be nign'**, gracious; kind.

[3] **Wound**, (wond).

IV.

115. LIFE.

"AN," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glōrious in the grave; solemnizing nativities unerals with equal luster, and not forgĕtting ceremonies of ry in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spake one who ed while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered igh scŏffings of phĭlŏsophy with the profound compassion ligion. As the sun's proudèst moment is his latest, and as ōrest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man sumostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride ves when power has departed; and what, we may ask, does instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, ɔt the utter vanity of the glōries of the living?—for mean ɔd must be the reăl state of man, and false the vast assumpof his life, when the poorest păgeantry of a decent burial es upon the heart as a mŏckery of hĕlplèssnèss.

Certain it is that pŏmp chiefly waits upon the beginning he end of life: what lies between, may ēither raise a sigh ake a laugh, for it mōstly partakes of the littleness of one he sadness of the other. The monuments of man's blessedand of man's wretchedness lie side by side: we can not for the one without discovering the other. The echo of the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in ing. To make a monarch, there must be slaves; and that nay triumph, many must be weak.

To one limiting his belief within the bounds of his observaand "reasoning" but from what he "knows," the condition an presents mysteries which thought can not explain. The ity and the destiny of man seem utterly at vāriance. He from contem'plating a monument of genius to inquire for enius which produced it, and finds that while the work has ved, the workman has perished for ages. The meanest of man outlives the noblest work of Gŏd. The sculptures idias endure, where the dust of the artist has vanished from arth. Man can immortalize all things but himself.

But, for my own part, I can not help thinking that our estimation of ourselves is the grand error in our account. ly, it is argued, a creature so ingeniously (ĭn jēn′ yŭs lĭ) fash-

ioned and so bountifully furnished, has not been creăted but for lŏfty ends. But cast your eye on the humblest rose of the garden, and it may teach a wiser lesson. There you behold contrivance and ornament—in every leaf the finest veins, the most delicate odor, and a per'fume ex'quisite beyŏnd imitation; yet all this is but a toy—a plaything of nature; and surely she whose resŏurces are so boundless that upon the gaud of a summer day she can throw away such lavish wealth, steps not beyŏnd her commonest toil when she forms of the dust a living man. When will man learn the lesson of his own insignificance?

5. Immortal man! thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standèst a Napoleon; thou reclinest a Shakspeare!—it quickens its movement, and thou liëst a parched and fretful thing, with thy mind furied by the phantoms of fever!—it retards its action but a little, and thou crawlest a crouching, soullèss mass, the bright world a blank, dead vision to thine eye. Verily, O man, thou art a glŏrious and gŏdlike being!

6. Tell life's proudèst tale: what is it? A few attempts successlèss; a few crushed or mŏldered hopes; much paltry fretting; a little sleep, and the stŏry is concluded; the curtain falls—the farce is over. The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chāmbers; a lāzar and a charnel—room ōnly for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth on which man can plant his foot and affirm with confidence, "No mortal sleeps benēath!"

7. Seeing then that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay-hearted Grecian, "Drink to-day, for tomŏrrŏw we are not?" Shall we calmly float down the cŭrrent, smiling if we can, silent when we must, lulling cares to sleep by the music of gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams? No! dream-like as is our life, there is in it one reăality—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm, but can not disturb us—may destroy, but can not hurt us: the bitternèss of earthly things and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils, and begin to be blessings.

WALLACE.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE was born in Philadelphia on the 26th of February, 1817. He passed the first two years of his collegiate course at the University of Pennsylvania, and the residue at Princeton College, where he was graduated in 1835. He studied law with great thoroughness, and at the age of twenty-seven, prepared notes, that have been commended by the highest legal authorities, for "Smith's Selections of Leading Cases in various Branches of the Law," and

"White and Tudor's Selection of Leading Cases in Equity." He also devoted much time to scientific study; produced "Stanley," a novel; and published a number of articles anonymously in various periodicals. He sailed for Europe in April, 1849, and passed a year in England, Germany, France, and Italy. On his return he resumed with increased energy, his literary pursuits. His eye-sight became impaired in the spring of 1852, owing to the incipient stages of congestion of the brain, caused by undue mental exertion. By the advice of physicians, he embarked for England in November. Finding no improvement in his condition, on his arrival, he went to Paris for medical advice, where his cerebral disease increased, and led to his death suddenly, on the 16th of December following. In 1855 appeared in Philadelphia a volume of his writings, entitled "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe." These essays on the principles of art, descriptions of cathedrals, traveling sketches, and papers on distinguished artists, though not designed for publication, and mostly in an unfinished state, display great depth of thought, command of language, knowledge of the history and æsthetic principles of art, and a finely cultivated taste. A second volume of his writings, "Literary Criticisms and other Papers," appeared in 1856. These two works form but a small part of Mr. Wallace's literary productions.

SECTION XXI.

I.

116. BLENNERHASSETT'S TEMPTATION.

A PLAIN man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations[1] which the wit of man can work, would be vĕry apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain[2] Aaron Burr[3] had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an ac'cessory, and turn up poor Blennerhasset as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has bŏrne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active ĕx'ecūter. Bold, ardent, restlèss, and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

[1] **Trăns`mu tā'tion**, a change into another substance or form.

[2] **Lĕg`er demāin'**, sleight of hand; an artful trick.

[3] **Aaron Burr** was born in Newark, N. J., February 5, 1756. His military talents secured for him the high position of lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Revolution; after which he acquired a prominent position as a great lawyer in New York, where he was made attorney-general in 1789. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1791 to 1797, and the leader of the republican party. He was made vice-president in 1800; killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel in 1804; was tried on a charge of treasonable designs against Mexico, at Richmond, Va., in 1807, of which he was finally acquitted; and died on Staten Island, Sept. 14, 1836.

2. Who is Blennerhasset? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in Amĕrica, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western fŏrests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled!" Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone[1] might have envied, blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calÿpso[2] and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its trĕasures before him. A philosŏphical apparātus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyŏnd her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children.

3. The *evidence* would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the reăl life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity,—this feast of the mind, this pure banquet (băngk'wet) of the heart,—the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yĕt the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A strānger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

4. The conquest (kŏngk'wĕst) was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Evĕry door and pōrtal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when

[1] William Shenstone, a pleasing writer both of prose and verse, noted for his taste in landscape-gardening, was born in Shropshire, England, in 1714, and died in 1763.

[2] Ca lÿp' so, a fabled nymph, who inhabited the island of Ogygia, on which Ulysses was shipwrecked.

the serpent entered its bowers! The prisoner, in a mōre engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, found but little difficulty in chānging the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own coŭrage; —a daring and desperate thirst for glōry; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hŭrricane of life.

5. In a short time, the whōle man is chānged and every object of his former delight relinquished. No mōre he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown ăsīde. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its frāgrance upon the air in vain —he likes it not. His ear no lŏnger drinks the rich melody of music: it lŏngs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's rōar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the ăngel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstacy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul.

6. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diădems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restlèss emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell,[1] and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is dĕstĭned soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds" of summer "to visit too roughly,"—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the tŏrrents that froze as they fell.

7. Yĕt this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drāma of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere ac'cessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it

[1] Oliver Cromwell, a great warrior and statesman, Lord Protector of England, born April, 1599, and died September, 1659.

humanity? Sir, nēither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revōlting to reason! WIRT.

WILLIAM WIRT, an able American lawyer and miscellaneous writer, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8th, 1772. He was a private tutor at fifteen; studied law; was admitted to the bar, in his twentieth year; removed to Richmond, Virginia, where he met with eminent success in his profession, and became chancellor and district-attorney. In 1817, in the presidency of Monroe, he became attorney-general of the United States, an office which he held for twelve years. His defense of Blennerhasset, in the famous trial of Aaron Burr for treason, in 1807, from which the above extract is taken, won for him a great reputation for fervid eloquence. On his retirement from office, in 1859, he took up his permanent residence at Baltimore, where he became actively engaged in the practice of the law. He was the author of the "Old Bachelor," "The British Spy," "Life of Patrick Henry," etc. He died February 18, 1834.

II.

117. ROGER ASCHAM[1] AND LADY JANE GREY.[2]

ASCHAM. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. Gŏd hath willed it: submit in thankfulnèss. Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plentitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Jane. What ailèth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

As. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago: it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollĕctèst thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?—

"Invisibly bright water! so like air,
On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear

[1] **Roger Ascham,** (ăs′ kăm), a man of great learning, the instructor of queen Elizabeth, was born in 1515, and died in 1568.

[2] **Lady Jane Grey,** daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, descended from the royal family of England by both parents, was born in 1537. The Duke of Northumberland having prevailed on Edward VI. to name her his successor, married his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, to her; and, the nation having declared in favor of Mary, they were both executed, after a phantom royalty of nine days, on the 12th of February, 1554. Lady Jane was only in her seventeenth year, and was remarkable for her skill in the classical, Oriental, and modern languages, and for the sweetness of her disposition.

My little bark, of all light barks most light;
And looked again, and drew me from the sight,
And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast."

Jane. I was vĕry childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any mōre about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

As. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent mōre unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature and vĕry timorous, unless where a strŏng sense of duty holdèth and supporteth me. There Gŏd acteth, and not his creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be ăfrāid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overbōard. Yĕt I never will go again upon the water.

As. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body much and vāriously, but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for Gŏd is there, too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames (tĕmz), O lady! such as Ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be engulfed in the cŭrrent under their garden walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yĕs, indeed, I have read evil things of cōurts; but I think nobody can go out bad who enterèth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

As. I see pĕrils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties: oh, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus,[1] and Plutarch,[2] and Polybius?[3] The others I do resign; they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk; yĕt leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillōw, truth, eloquence, coŭrage, constancy.

As. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spŏtlèss, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men; these are to fashion the bright and blessèd creatures whom Gŏd one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom.[4] Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth (yooth) who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondèst, the mōst solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodnèss and happiness, and do forgĕt at times—unworthy supplicant!—the prayers I should have ŏffered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

As. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

As. Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every morning; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I

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[1] **Ep`ic te'tus**, a stoic philosopher, the moralist of Rome, lived about 90 years after Christ. His moral writings are justly very celebrated.

[2] **Plutarch**, (plū' tårk), an eminent ancient philosopher and writer, author of "Parallel Lives," which contains the biography of forty-six distinguished Greeks and Romans, was born in Chæronea, a city of Bœotia, about 50 years after Christ. His writings, comprehended under the title of "Moralia" or "Ethical Works," amount to upward of sixty. They are pervaded by a kind, humane disposition, and a love of every thing that is ennobling and excellent.

[3] **Po lyb' i us**, a celebrated Greek historian and statesman, was born in Arcadia, B. C. 203. He wrote a "Universal History" in forty books, of which we have only five complete, and an abridgment of twelve others.

[4] **Bosom**, (bŭz' um).

will conduct him to trĕasures—oh what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

As. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him—be his faery, his page, his ĕvèry thing that love and poëtry have invented,—but watch him well; spōrt with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if ever he meditate on power, go tŏss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discōurse. Teach him to live unto Gŏd and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their sŏftnèss and tenderness from the shade. LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born in Warwick, England, on the 30th of January, 1775, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He first resided at Swansea, in Wales, dependent on his father for a small income, where he commenced his "Imaginary Conversations," a work which alone establishes his fame. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated 1793. On succeeding to the family estate he became entirely independent, and was enabled to indulge to the fullest his propensity to literature. He left England in 1806, married in 1814, and went to Italy the following year, where he has since chiefly resided. His collected works, of prose and verse, were published in 1846, in two large volumes. Mr. Landon is a poet of great originality and power. But he is most favorably known now, as he will be by posterity, for hisprose productions, which, written in pure nervous English, are full of thoughts that fasten themselves on the mind, and are "a joy forever." His "Imaginary Conversations," from which the preceding dialogue was selected, is a very valuable work. It is rich in scholarship; full of imagination, wit, and humor; correct, concise, and pure in style; various in interest, and universal in sympathy. He died at Florence, Sept. 17, 1864.

III.

118. PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and măjĕs'tical old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almōst night,
And the last seller from his place had gōne,
And not a sound was heard but of a dŏg
Crunching benēath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.

2. He had stood there since morning, and had bōrne
From every eye in Ath'ens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,

And touched his unhealed wounds, and with a sneer
Passed on; and when, with wearinèss ō'erspent,
He bowed his head in a forgĕtful sleep,
The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summoned back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

3 Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Ath'ens, and a yĕllōw atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had bōrne up
With a stout heart that lōng and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrōngs;
But now he was ălōne, and from his nerves
The needlèss strength departed, and he leaned
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Thrōng on him as they would.

4. Unmarked of him,
Parrhasius[1] at the nearèst pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek
Flushed as he mĕasured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
Stained with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swōllen to purple fullnèss; the gray hair,
Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodlèss face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

5. The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures rādiantly fōrth,
And in the sōft and dewy atmosphere

[1] **Parrhasius,** (păr rā′ zĭ ŭs), a distinguished painter of antiquity, born about the year 430 B. C., was a native of Ephesus, though others say he was an Athenian, and the rival of Zeuxis. The latter painted grapes so naturally that birds came to pick them. Parrhasius having exhibited a piece, Zeuxis said, "Remove your *curtain* that we may see your painting." The curtain was the painting. Zeuxis acknowledged his defeat, saying, "Zeuxis has deceived birds, but Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis."

Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about
In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
Of Cythēris,[1] and Diān,[2] and stern Jove,[3]
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotĕsque lŏng shadōws, full and true,
And, like a vail of filmy mĕllōwnĕss,
The lint-specks flōated in the twilight air.

6. Parrhasius stood, gazing forgĕtfully
Upon his canvas. There Promē'theūs[4] lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lĕm'niān[5] festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shădōws fōrth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nŏstril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

7. "Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadōws lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bōw
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such dĭvĭnity to-day.

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[1] **Cy thē' ris**, a celebrated courtezan, the mistress of Antony, and subsequently of the poet Gallus, who celebrations her in his poems under the name of Lycoris.

[2] **Diana**, (dī ă' na), an ancient Italian divinity, whom the Romans identified with the Greek Artemis. According to the most ancient accounts, she was the daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and the twin sister of Apollo.

[3] **Jove**, Jupiter, the supreme deity of the Romans, called Zeus by the Greeks.

[4] **Pro mē' theūs**, in heathen mythology, was son of the Titan Sapetus and Clymene. His name signifies *forethought*. For offenses against Jupiter, he was chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where an eagle consumed in the daytime his liver, which was restored in each succeeding night.

[5] **Lem' ni an**, from Lemnos, now Stalimni, an island of the Greek Archipelago, where the lame Hephæstus, or Vulcan, the god of fire, is said to have fallen, when Jupiter hurled him down from heaven. Hence the workshop of the god is sometimes placed in this island.

8. "Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Promē'theūs in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

9. "So—let him writhe! How lŏng
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strŏng!
How fearfully he stifles that short mōan!
Gŏds! if I could but paint a dying grōan!

10. "'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine.

11. "'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-mŏrrōw with that stōry—
And I may take some sŏfter path to glōry.

12. "No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is ō'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee mōre.

13. "Yĕt there's a dĕathlèss *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

14. "Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—

Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my thrōat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

15. "All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
O heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

16. "Vain—vain—give ō'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gŏds! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

17. "Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead."

18. How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined *ambition!* Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The vĕry pŏmp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forgĕt
The thirst of which we perish! Yĕt hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well; and love-touched dreams for some;
And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
For gold and plēasure—yet will ōnly this
Balk not the soul—AMBITION only, gives,
Even of bitterness, a bēaker *full!*

19. Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,

Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken—
Gain is a grŏveling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
And from Love's vĕry bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose—
From all but keen AMBITION—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgĕtfulness
To wander like a restless child away.

20. Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyŏnd a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its cŏffers—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no mŏre—
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If truth, and fervor, and devotednèss,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fullness—if beyŏnd
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—WHAT THRICE-MŎCKED FOOLS ARE WE!

N. P. WILLIS.

SECTION XXII.

I.

119. CHARACTER OF SCOTT.

TAKE it for all and all, it is not too much to say that the character of Sir Walter Scott is probably the mŏst remarkable on record. There is no man of hĭstŏrical celebrity that we now recall, who combined, in so eminent a degree, the highèst qualities of the mŏral, the intellectual, and the phŷsical. He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible.

2. Though a poĕt, and living in an ideăl world, he was an exact, methŏdical man of business; though achieving with the

mōst wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious; a mousing antiquarian, yĕt with the most active interest in the present and whatever was going on around him; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yĕt chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse; a man with a heart as capācious as his head; a Tōry, brimful of Jăc'obitism,[1] yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the hŭmblèst; a successful author, without pedantry and without conceit; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

3. The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in ĕvèry sort of athletic exercise—clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fōrds, and performing feats of pedestrianism that make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same fōrce of purpose turned to higher objects.

4. We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to gĕt the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labor, not a page of Ivanhoe would have been written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and had ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable."

5. Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water

6. Rarely indeed is this precious quality found united with the mōst exalted intellect. Whether it be that nature, chary of her gifts, does not care to shower too many of them on one head; or that the public admiration has led the man of intellect to set too high a value on himself, or at least his own pursuits, to take

[1] Jăc' o bit ĭsm, the principles of the adherents of James the Second, of England.

an interèst in the inferior concerns of others; or that the fear of compromising his dignity puts him "on points" with those who approach him; or whether, in truth, the very magnitude of his own reputation throws a freezing shadow over us little people in his neighborhood—whatever be the cause, it is too true that the highest powers of the mind are very often deficient in the only one which can make the rest of much worth in society—the power of pleasing.

7. Scott was not one of these little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness or cordial greeting for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire.

8. He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugher," said Scott himself on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford.

9. His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humor with himself, in the same manner as a cunning pōrtrait-painter ămūses his sitters with such stōre of fun and anecdote as may throw them ŏff their guard, and call out the happiĕst expressions of their countenances.

10. The place where his benevolent impulses found their proper theater for expansion was his own home; surrounded by a happy family, and dispensing all the hŏspitălities of a great feūdal proprietor. "There are many good things in life," he says, in one of his letters, "whatever sătirists[1] and mis'anthropes[2] may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a

[1] Săt' ir ist, one who writes compositions, generally poetical, that hold up vice or folly to severe disapproval; one who makes a keen or severe exposure of what in public or private morals deserves rebuke.

[2] Mis' an thrōpe, a hater of mankind.

conscience void of offence, (without which, by-the-by, they can hardly exist,) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happinèss to them who are dēarèst to us."

11. Evèry page of the work, almōst, shows us how intimately he blended himself with the plĕasures and the pursuits of his own family, watched over the education of his children, shared in their rides, their rambles, and spōrts, losing no opportunity of kindling in their young minds a love of virtue, and honorable principles of action.

12. But Scott's sympathies were not confined to his species, and if he treated them like blood relations, he treated his brute followers like personal friends. Every one remembers old Maida and faithful Camp, the "dear old friend," whose lŏss cŏst him a dinner. Mr. Gillies tells us that he went into his study on one occasion, when he was winding off his "Vision of Don Roderick." "'Look here,' said the poet, 'I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day and applauded so much. Return to supper if you can; only dōn't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet.'

13. "At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he dirĕctly seized, looking vĕry wise, and holding it firmly and contentedly in his mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. 'Very well,' said he; '*now* we shall get on.' And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my 'absence would be the best company.'" W. H. Prescott.

II.

120. SCENE FROM IVANHOE.[1]

FOLLOWING with wonderful prŏmptitude the dirĕctions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ăncient shield, which she placed against the lower part of

[1] This scene is laid in England, in the twelfth century. Wounded and a captive in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, a Norman knight, Ivanhoe, carries on this conversation with Rebecca, the young Jewess, while the castle is undergoing an assault from a party of outlawed forest rangers, led on by Richard, king of England, the unknown knight.

the windōw, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witnèss part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

2. "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow." "Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe. "Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?" "A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he ălōne is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

3. "What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe. "Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield." "A fetterlock and shackle-bolt ăzure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the mŏttō?" "Scarce the device itself, at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

4. "Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer. "None (nŭn) of mark and distinction that I can behōld from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtlèss, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance." Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a floŭrish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements.

5. "And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden,—but beware that you are not marked by the archers benēath,—look out once mōre, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."—With patient coŭrage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again (ă gĕn′) took pōst at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

6. "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight. "Nothing (nŭth′ing) but the cloud of ărrōws

flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them." "That can not endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for, as the leader is, so will his followers be." "I see him not," said Rebecca.

7. "Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?" "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbacan.[1] They pull down the piles and palisades;[2] they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf[3] heads the defenders;—I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans, moved by ad'verse winds!"

8. She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible. "Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger." Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed:—"Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed, and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed:—"He is down!—he is down!" "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe. "For our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

9. "The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness,—"But no—but no!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty

[1] Bar' ba can, an advanced work defending the entrance to a castle or city, as at a draw-bridge or gate.

[2] Pal'i sade', a strong sharp stake, one end of which is set firmly in the ground; a fence formed of palisades, used as a means of defense.

[3] Front-de-Bœuf, (frong-dŭ-bŭf.)

men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

10. "Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

11. "The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the beseiged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded men to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

12. "Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?" "The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering. "The soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better!"

13. "Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen[1] give way?" "No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern[2] with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

14. "By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch; "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"—"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the

[1] **Yeō′man**, a man free born; a freeholder.

[2] **Pŏs′tern**, an under-ground passage between the parade and the main ditch, or between the ditches of the interior of the outworks of a fort.

mōat! Oh, men,—if ye be indeed men,—spare them that can resist no longer!"

15. "The bridge,—the bridge which communicates with the castle,—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crŏssed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!"

16. "What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yĕt again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed." "It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garison only bestŏw a few bŏlts on it, from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a Scottish poet and novelist, one of the most remarkable and laborious writers of any age, was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. Being a delicate child, he was sent at three years of age to reside on his paternal grandfather's farm, in Roxburghshire, a region abounding in traditions of the border wars, to which even in infancy he was an eager listener. He returned to Edinburgh in 1779, greatly improved in health, excepting a lameness from which he never recovered. He soon became a pupil in the high school of Edinburgh, whence, in 1783, he was transferred to the university. His career at school or college was not brilliant; but he was an indefatigable reader of romances, old plays, poetry, and miscellaneous literature, and a keen observer of natural scenery. After six years devoted to professional study in his father's office, to miscellaneous reading, and composition, he was called to the Scottish bar, in 1792. He married Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a young lady of great beauty, in 1797. His first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," on its publication in 1805, was received with universal admiration, and placed the author among the foremost poets of the age. His appointment, in 1806, to one of the chief clerkships in the Scottish Court of Sessions, with a salary soon increased to £1300, enabled him to devote himself exclusively to literature. In 1808 "Marmion" appeared; in 1810, the "Lady of the Lake;" which were followed by the "Vision of Don Roderic," "Rokeby," and in 1815, "The Lord of the Isles." In the summer of 1814, he commenced his more splendid career, as a novelist, by publishing "Waverley." In that year a portion of his literary gains were devoted to the purchase of a small farm on the river Tweed, not far from Melrose, to which he gave the name of Abbotsford, now one of the most famous literary shrines of Scotland. To "Waverley" rapidly succeeded, for nearly fifteen years, his series of novels that appeared anonymously. In 1826, two firms, his publishers and his printers, failed, leaving Scott's liabilities little less than £150,000. Unappalled by the magnitude of his misfortunes, having secured an extension of time, at the age of fifty-five, he heroically set to work to reimburse his creditors by his literary labors. At the time of his death, at Abbotsford, September

21st, 1832, he had paid upward of £100,000 of his debts; and soon after by the sale of his copyright interest in the Waverley novels, the claims of all his creditors were fully satisfied—a result perhaps never achieved before or since within so brief a space of time by the literary efforts of a single person. His character is most happily sketched by Prescott, p. 370.

III.

121. SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE is, above all writers,—at least above all modern writers,—the poĕt of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpracticed by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whŏle system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too ŏften an individual: in those of Shāks'peare it is commonly a species.

2. It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides,[1] that ĕvèry verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yĕt his reāl power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the prŏgress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue: and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hiĕr'ocles,[2] who, when he ŏffered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

[1] **Eu rĭp' i dēs**, one of the three great Greek tragedians, was born in Salamis, whither his parents retired during the occupation of Attica by Xerxes, on the day of the glorious victory near that island, B. C. 480. He was highly learned and accomplished, and on terms of intimacy with Socrates. According to some authorities, Euripides wrote ninety-two tragedies, according to others, seventy-five. Of these nineteen are extant. He died B. C 406.

[2] **Hi ĕr' o cles**, a Platonic philosopher of Alexandria, who wrote many facetious stories.

3. It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare ex-
ls in accommodating his sentiments to reäl life, but by com-
aring him with other authors. It was observed of the ăncient
hools of declamation, that the mōre diligently they were fre-
uented, the more was the student disqualified for the world,
ecause he found nothing there which he should ever meet in
ny other place. The same remark may be applied to every
age but that of Shakspeare. The theater, when it is under
ny other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never
een, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon
pics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind.
ut the dialogue of this author is ŏften so evidently determined
y the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much
ase and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of
ction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of
ommon conversation and common occŭrrences.

4. Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by
hose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action
uickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival
nto the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations,
erplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with
iōlence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them
neet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with
ȳperbŏlical[1] joy and outrageous sŏrrōw; to distress them as
othing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing
uman ever was delivered; is the business of a modern drăm-
ist. For this, probability is vīōlated, life is misrepresented,
nd language is depraved.

5. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no
reat influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in
ne drāmas of a poet, who caught his ideăs from the living
orld, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew
nat any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a
ause of happiness or calamity. This, therefore, is the praise
f Shakspeare, that his drāma is the mirror of life; that he who
as mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which
ther writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his
elirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human lan-
uage, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the trans-

[1] Hȳ` per bŏl' ic al, exaggerating or diminishing greatly.

actions of the world, and a confessor predict the prŏgress of the passions.

6. Shakspeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the reăl state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sŏrrōw, mingled with endless variety of propōrtion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the cōurse of the world, in which the lŏss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mōurner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

7. Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sŏrrōw not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are dĭvĭded between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter. That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is alway an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poĕtry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drāma may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes bōth in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than ēither to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations[1] and slender designs may promote or obvĭāte one another, and the high and the low coōperate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.[2]

8. The fōrce of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the chānges made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from gĕnūĭne passion, vĕry little modified by particular forms, their plĕasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable.[3] The adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yĕt soon fading to a dim

[1] **Machination**, (măk`i nā´shun), the act of planning or contriving a scheme for executing some purpose, *usually* an evil one.

[2] **Con căt`e nā´tion**, connection by links; a series of links united, or of things depending on each other.

[3] **Dū´ra ble**, lasting.

tinct,[1] without any remains of former luster; but the discriminations of true passion are the colors of nature; they pervade the whōle mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities nēither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another; but the rock alway continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dis'soluble fabrics of the poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare. DR. JOHNSON.

IV.

122. SCENE FROM KING RICHARD III.

BRAKENBURY. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clarence. Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christain faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to crŏss to Bur'gundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lanc'aster,
That had befallen us. As we passed ălŏng
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that sought to stay him, o'verbōard,
Into the tumbling billŏws of the main.
O heaven! Methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

[1] Tinct, (*tingt*), stain; color; tinge.

A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls: and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mŏcked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such lēisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and ŏften did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it fōrth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sōre agony?

Clar. No, no! my dream was lengthened after life;
Oh, then began the tĕmpèst to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman[1] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my strānger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick,[2]
Who cried aloud—"*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadōw like an ānge1, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud—
"CLARENCE *is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—*
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury!
SEIZE *on him, furies! take him to your torments!*"
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends

[1] Charon, (kā′ron), who, according to ancient mythology, conveyed in his boat the shades of the dead across the rivers of the lower world. For this service he was paid with an obolus, a small silver coin of about three cents in value, which placed in the mouth of every co previous to its burial. He is r sented as an aged man, with a beard and a mean dress.

[2] Warwick, (wŏr′rik).

Environed me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see how he requites me!
O Gŏd! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yĕt execute thy wrath on me ălōne:
Oh, spare my guiltlèss wife, and my poor children!—
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; Gŏd give your grace good rest!—

[CLARENCE *reposing himself on a chair.*

Sŏrrōw breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glōries,
An outward honor for an inward toil:
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They ŏften feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame. SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, one of the greatest of all poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick-County, England, in April, 1564. His father, John Shakspeare, a woolcomber or glover, rose to be high bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford. William is supposed to have received his early education at the grammar-school in his native town. We have no trace how he was employed between his school-days and manhood. Some hold that he was an attorney's clerk. Doubtless he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular student. He married Anne Hathaway in 1582, and soon after became connected with the Blackfriar's Theater, in London, to which city he removed in 1586 or 1587. Two years subsequent he was a joint proprietor of that theater, with four others below him in the list. Though we know nothing of the date of his first play, he had most probably begun to write long before he left Stratford. Of his thirty-seven plays, the existence of thirty-one is defined by contemporary records. He became rich in the theaters, with which he ceased to be connected about 1609. He had previously purchased the principal house in his native town, where he passed the residue of his life, and died in April, 1616. We can only refer students that wish to know more of this great poet, to his writings, an extended description of which is rendered unnecessary by the selection immediately preceding the above.

V.

123. NORVAL.

Enter first GLENALVON ; *and soon after,* NORVAL. *The latter seems looking off at some distant object.*

GLENALVON. His pōrt I love ; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it rōared. [*Aside.*
[*Aloud.*] Has Norval seen the troops?
Norval. The setting sun
With yĕllōw rādiance lightened all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of mōre than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well ; no leader of our host
In sounds more lōfty talks of glōrious war.
Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prŏmpts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrŏng yourself, brave sir ; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honor : seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth ;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who bŏrrōw friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yĕt in such language I am little skilled ;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
› gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper;
our pride's excessive. Yĕt, for Randolph's sake,
will not leave you to its rash dĭrĕction.
thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
/ill high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn! [*Crosses left.*
Glen. [*Right.*] Why yes, if you presume
o bend on soldiers those disdainful eyes
s if you took the mĕasure of their minds,
nd said in secret, You're no match for me,
/hat will become of you?
Nerv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Iad not been questioned thus; but such as thou—
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am;
Ind who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no mōre, even if he speaks the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and basely false
Is the vain-glōrious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
'erhaps I should revile; but, as I am,
have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
s of a race who strive not but with deeds. [*Crosses R.*
'id I not fear to freeze thy shallōw valor,
nd make thee sink too soon benēath my swōrd,
d tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.
Glen. [*L.*] Dost thou not know Glenalvon born to command
'en thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no mōre!
›raw, and defend thy life. I did design
'o have defied thee in another cause;

But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrŏngs!
[*Both draw their swords.*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, *R.*

Lord Randolph. Hold! I command you bōth! the man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scŏff in safety. [*Both sheathe their swords.*

Lord R. [*R.*] Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfōld to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nāy, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak; and will not, can not speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have bōrne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject!
Within my bosom reigns another lord—
Honor! sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
Hence as he came; ălōne—but not dishonored!

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ăncient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner ō'er her frighted fields;
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I. [LORD R. *retires.*

Glen. Norval,
Let not our vāriance mar the social hour,
Nor wrŏng the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yĕt wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment:
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt* GLEN., NORV.

HOME.

JOHN HOME, author of "Douglas" and various other tragedies, was born at Leith, Scotland, in 1722. He entered the Church, and succeeded Blair, author of "The Grave," as minister of Athelstaneford. After writing "Douglas," so violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that he was obliged to resign his living. Lord Bute rewarded him with the sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, and on the accession of George III., in 1760, he secured a pension for the poet of £300 per annum. With an income of some £600, and the friendship of David Hume, Blair, Robertson, and other distinguished men, Home's life was passed in happy tranquillity. He died in 1808, aged eighty-six.

VI.

124. SCENE FROM CATILINE.

[*In the Senate.*]

CICERO. Our lŏng dispute must close. Take one proof mōre
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline[1]
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes!—
Is he condemned to exile?

[CATILINE *comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench; all the senators go over to the other side.*

Cicero. [*turning to* CATILINE]. Here I repeat the charge, to gŏds and men,
Of treasons manifold;—that, but this dāy,
He has received dispatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nāy, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard:—that but now

[1] **Lucius Sergius Catiline**, the descendant of an ancient and patrician family in Rome, whose youth and manhood were stained by every vice and crime. He was prætor in B. C. 68, was governor of Africa during the following year, and returned to Rome in 66, to sue for the consulship. Disqualified for a candidate, by an impeachment for oppression in his province, and frustrated in a conspiracy to kill the new consuls, he organized the extensive conspiracy in which the scene here given occurs. The history of this conspiracy, which ended by the death of Catiline, in a decisive battle fought early in 62, has been written by Sallust. He was a man of great mental and physical powers, without moral qualities.

A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline. [*rising calmly*]. Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebē'ian[1] talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your masters; judges, Romans—*slaves!*
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

Cic. [*interrupting him*]. Deeds shall convince you! Has t
traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrōng:
Who brands me on the fōrehēad, breaks my swōrd,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrōngs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? [*Looking rou*
To fling your ŏffices to every slave;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their lōathsome track to the top
Of this huge mōldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man belōw.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring mōre proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight swōrd.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

[*A cry is heard without—"More prisoners!" An officer en*
with letters for CICERO; *who, after glancing at them, s*
them round the Senate. CATILINE *is strongly perturbed.*

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!

[1] **Plebeian**, (ple bē'yan), one of the common people or lower rank men;—usually applied to the common people of ancient Rome.

Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!
The heavens ălōne can tell how near our graves
We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
Is fōremōst in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor! go from Rome!

Cat. [*haughtily rising*]. Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones: [*To the Senate.*
Fling down your scepters:—take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. [*interrupting him*]. Give up the record of his banishment.
[*To an officer.*

[*The officer gives it to the* CONSUL.]

Cat. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I lōathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But now my swōrd's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strŏng provocations, bitter, burning wrŏngs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scŏff you: here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
He dāres not touch a hair of Catiline.

[*The Consul reads*]:—"Lucius Sergius Catiline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. [*furious*]. "Traitor!" I go—but I return. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrŏngs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strŏng as steel.
This day's the birth of sŏrrōws!—this hour's work

Will breed proscriptions :—look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus![1]—all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

[*The Senators rise in tumult and cry out,*

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!

[*They surround him.*

Cat. [*struggling through them*]. I go, but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go—but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! [*To the lictors.*]—I will return! [*He rushes out.*] CROLY.

GEORGE CROLY, LL.D., for many years rector of St. Stephens, Walbrook, London, was born in Ireland, toward the close of the last century, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Talented, and astonishingly industrious, he wrote much both in prose and verse. Among his productions are his tragedy of "Catiline;" his comedy of "Pride shall have a Fall;". "Salathiel," a romance; "Political Life of Burke;" "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," and "Marston." He was a correct and elegant poet. His prose style is clear, rich, idiomatic, and at times remarkably eloquent. He died in 1860.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

125. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I. PATRIOTISM.—SCOTT.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own—my native land!"

[1] Tär′ ta rus, in Homer's Iliad, a place beneath the earth, as far below Hades as heaven is above the earth, and closed by iron gates. Later poets

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a fŏreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundlèss his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

II. AMBITION.—Byron.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The lŏftiëst peaks mŏst wrapt in clouds and snow:
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must lŏbk down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glōry glōw,
And far benēath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blōw
Contending tempests on his naked head;
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

III. INDEPENDENCE.—Thomson.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You can not rob me of free Nature's grace;
You can not shut the windōws of the sky,
Through which Aurora[1] shows her brightening face;
You can not bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

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scribe this as the place of punishent in the lower world; also as ades, or the lower world in general.

[1] **Aurora**, (â rō′ râ), the goddess of e morning red. It is said, in myology, at the close of every night ıe rose from the couch of her spouse, Tithonus, and, on a chariot drawn by the swift horses Lampus and Phaethon, ascended up to heaven from the river Oceanus, to announce the coming light of the sun to gods as well as to mortals: hence, the dawning light; the morning.

IV. THE CAPTIVE'S DREAMS.—Mrs. Hemans.

I DREAM of all things free! of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea like an ărrōw to its mark;
Of a stag that ō'er the hills goes bounding in its glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills,—of all things glad and free.
I dream of some proud bird, a bright-eyed mountain king:
In my visions I have heard the rushing of his wing.
I follōw some wild river, on whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver,—I dream of all things free:
Of a happy fōrest child, with the fawns and flowers at play,
Of an Indian midst the wild, with the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading; of an archer's greenwood tree:
My heart in chains is bleeding, and I dream of all things free!

V. WILLIAM TELL.—Bryant.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
TELL, of the iron heart! they could not tame!
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snōw,
Thundered by tōrrents which no power can hold,
Save that of Gŏd, when he sends fŏrth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heaven blōw:
Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around,
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

VI. TELL ON SWITZERLAND.—Knowles.[1]

ONCE Switzerland was free! With what a pride
I used to walk these hills,—look up to Heaven,
And bless Gŏd that it was so! It was free

[1] **James Sheridan Knowles**, an English poet, one of the most successful of modern actors and tragic dramatists, was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1784. His second play; "Virginius," appeared in 1820, and had an extraordinary run of success. All his plays have been collected and republished, of which, perhaps, none is more deservedly popular than "William Tell," from which the above was extracted. A few years since, he became a zealous and eloquent preacher of the Baptist denomination. He died at Forquay, England, November 30th, 1862.

From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
Free as our tŏrrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snōw
In vĕry presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its vĕry storms. Ay, ŏften have I sat
In my bōat at night, when midway ō'er the lake
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came rōaring,—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings ō'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.—
You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat ălōng
And while gust follōwed gust mōre furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the hŏrrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there;—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
BLOW ON! THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

VII.—HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.—COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cōld,
Returns to deck their hallōwed mōld,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

VIII.—THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ.—BYRON.

THEY fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glory's still and theirs.
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread.
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

II.

126. GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—

Yĕs, but for these, and these ălōne,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so sŏftly sealed,
The first—last look by death revealed!

2. Such is the aspect of this shōre;
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no mōre!
So coldly sweet, so deady fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the lovelinèss in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding rāy,
A gilded halo hovering round decāy,
The farewell beam of feeling past ăwāy!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no mōre its cherished earth.

3. Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glōry's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?[1]
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile ŏffspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shōre is this.
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis![2]
These scenes, their stōry not unknown,

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[1] Ther mŏp′ ў læ, a famous pass of Greece, about five miles long, and ginally from 50 to 60 yards in ith. It is hemmed in on one side precipitous rocks of from 400 to) feet in height, and on the other e by the sea and an impassable rass. Here Leonidas and his ee hundred Spartans died in de- ding Greece against the invasion of Xerxes, B. C. 489.

[2] Săl′ a mis, an island of Greece, in the Gulf of Ægina, ten miles W. of Athens. Its shape is very irreg ular; the surface is mountainous and wooded in some parts. In the channel between it and the main land, the Greeks, under Themistocles, gained a memorable naval victory over the Persians, B. C. 480.

Arise, and make again your own:
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

4. Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it, many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse, to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that can not die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace:
Enough, no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell.
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway. BYRON.

III.

127. SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians![1]
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,

[1] **Achaians**, (a kā′ anz), the people of Achaia, a department of the kingdom of Greece.

And we march that the footprints of Mā'homet's[1] slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering ō'er us,
And the swōrd shall to glōry restōre us.

2. Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer mōre proudly ălōne;
For we've swōrn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred pātriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we *will* be victōrious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glōrious.

3. A breath of submission we breathe not:
The swōrd that we've drawn we will sheathe not:
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be ō'er our ashes and graves:—
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are befōre us;—
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is ō'er us.

4. This day—shall ye blush for its stōry;
Or brighten your lives with its glōry?—
Our women—oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the god-like of earth.
Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

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[1] **Mā'homĕt**, a false prophet of Arabia, who, by the mere force of his genius and his convictions, subdued many nations to his religion, his laws and his scepter; and whose authority at the present time is acknowledged by nearly two hundred millions of souls. He was born in 570, and died on the 8th of July, 632.

5. Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hăllōw their Helicon's[1] spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladnèss,
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,—
When the blood of yŏn Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the bēaks of our ravens!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IV.

128. MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and cōurt, he bōre
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his sŏng of triumph heard;
Then wōre his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the fŏrest shades,
Bozzaris[2] ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood

[1] **Hĕl'i con**, a famous mountain in Bœotia, in Greece, from which flows a fountain, and where resided the Muses.

[2] **Marco Bozzaris**, (bŏt' sär'is), a Suliote of Arnaout and Greek descent, was born in 1789. He was early involved in revolutionary movements. *His most* brilliant exploit is the one here described, in which, with a handful of five hundred Suliotes, at midnight, August 20th, 1823, he surprised a Turkish army of twenty thousand men, fought his way to the very tent of the commander-in-chief, and was killed by a random shot, while making the pasha prisoner. The victory, however, was complete.

On old Platæa's[1] day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

3. An hour passed on—the Turk ăwōke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms!—they *come!* the Greek! the *Greek!*
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and grōan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"*Strike*—till the last armed foe *expires*;
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
GOD—and your native land!

4. They fought—like brave men, lōng and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving cŏmrādes saw
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chāmber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;

Platæa, (plă tē′ ă), a ruined city of Greece. Near it, B. C. 479, the Greeks, under Pausanias, totally defeated and nearly annihilated the grand Persian army, under Mardonius, who was killed in the action.

Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-sŏng, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible!—The tear,
The grōan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

6. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hŏllōw tones are heard
The thanks of millions yĕt to be.
Bozzaris! with the stōried brave
Greece nurtured in her glōry's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die! HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was born at Guilford, in Connecticut, August, 1795, and at the age of eighteen entered the banking-house of Jacob Barker, in New York, with which he was associated several years, susequently performing the duties of a book-keeper in the private office of John Jacob Astor. Soon after the decease of that noted millionaire, in 1848, he retired to his birth-place, where he has since resided. He evinced a taste for poetry and wrote verses at a very early period. "Twilight," his first offering to the "Evening Post," appeared in October, 1818. The year following he gained his first celebrity in literature as a town wit, by producing, with his friend Drake, several witty and satirical pieces, which appeared in the columns of the "Evening Post" with the signature of *Croaker & Co.*; and his fame was fully established by the publication of a volume of his poems in 1827. His poetry is characterized by its music and perfection of versification, and its vigor and healthy sentiment.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

129. THE CLOSING YEAR.

'TIS midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, ō'er
The still and pulselèss world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell

Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yĕt, on the stream and wood,
With mĕl'ancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mōurner's sigh; and on yŏn cloud,
That flōats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his agèd locks,—and breathe,
In mōurnful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge ō'er the dead year,
Gŏne from the earth forever.

2. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chāmbers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cōld
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed ăwāy,
And left no shadōw of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The cŏffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mōurnfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

3. The year
Has gŏne, and with it, many a glōrious thrŏng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadōw in each heart. In its swift cōurse,
It waved its scepter ō'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strŏng man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thrŏnged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the sŏng
And reckless shout resounded.

4. It passed ō'er
The battle-plain, where swōrd, and spear, and shield,

Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mŏldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist ăt eve;
Yĕt, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

5. Remorselèss Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stāy him in his silènt cōurse, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can sōar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hŭrricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or wearinèss,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

6. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions ō'er the breast
Of dreaming sŏrrōw; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Găthering the strength of hōary centuries,
And rush down like the Al'pĭne avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the vĕry stars,
Yŏn bright and burning blazonry of Gŏd,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliëst of their train,
Shoot from their glōrious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void: yĕt Time—
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitilèss, and pauses not

Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerōrs,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought. PRENTICE.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE was born at Preston, in Connecticut, December 18th, 180-, and was educated at Brown University, in Providence, where he graduated in 1823. In 1828 he commenced "The New England Weekly Review," at Hartford, which he edited for two years, when, resigning its management to Mr. Whittier, he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he has since conducted the "Journal," of that city, one of the most popular gazettes ever published in this country. His numerous poetical writings have never been published collectively.

II.

180. OUR HONORED DEAD.

HOW bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and pātriŏt'ic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from dĭvĭsion and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are găthered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there.

2. There is to be, ere lŏng, in ĕvèry village and in every neighborhood, a glōwing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements decay them. And the năt̆ional festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the ōrator's lips. Children shall grow up under mōre sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bōre it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to ove and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

3. Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous hōst, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnèsses above this nation. Are they dead that yĕt speak louder than we can speak, and a mōre universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic pātriŏtĭsm?

4. Ye that mōurn, let gladnèss mingle with your tears. He *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your

household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to ĕvèry generous youth in the land. Before he was nărrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the fămily, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by-and-by be confessed, as of an ăncient hēr̤ō, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whōle life.

5. Nēither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither ĕp'aulĕtte nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strănge is the transforming power of pātriŏtic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feeblenèss and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor them whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality.

6. O mother of lōst children! set not in darknèss nor sorrow whom a nation honors. O mōurners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when a few mōre days shall have cleared the pĕrils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her fōre*hĕad*, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital cŭrrents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

7. Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are wōrn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

H. W. Beecher.

III.

131. THE HOLY DEAD.

THEY dread no storm that lowers,
No pĕrished joys bewail;
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail:
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
No chānge upon their brow;
Their plăcid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

2. Who are so greatly blest?
From whom hath sŏrrōw fled?
Who share such deep, unbroken rest,
Where all things toil? *The dead!*
The holy dead. Why weep ye so
Above yŏn sable bier?
Thrice blessèd! they have done with woe,
The living claim the tear.

3. Go to their sleeping bowers,
Deck their low couch of clay
With earliĕst spring's sŏft breathing flowers;
And when they fade away,
Think of the amăranth'ine wreath,
The garlands never dim,
And tell me why thou flȳ'st from death,
Or hīd'st thy friends from him.

4. We dream, but they ăwāke;
Dread visions mar our rest;
Through thorns and snares our way we take,
And yĕt we mōurn the blest!
For spirits round the Eternal Throne
How vain the tears we shed!
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call *the dead.* MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY was born at Norwich, Connecticut, 1791. Her maiden ame was Lydia Huntley. She was married to Charles Sigourney in 1819. She s one of the most voluminous of American female writers, and equally happy in rose and verse. Her rare and highly cultivated intellect, her fine sensibilities, nd her noble heart, have enabled her, in all her works, to plead successfully he cause of humanity and religion. She died at Hartford, Ct., June 10th, 1865.

IV.

132. DEATH OF THE OLD TRAPPER.

PART FIRST.

THE trapper was placed on a rude seat, which had been made with studied care, to support his frame in an upright and easy attitude. The first glance of the eye told his former friends that the old man was at length called upon to pay the last tribute of nature. His eye was glazed, and apparently as devoid of sight as of expression. His features were a little more sunken and strongly marked than formerly; but there, all change, so far as exterior was concerned, might be said to have ceased.

2. His approaching end was not to be ascribed to any positive disease, but had been a gradual and mild decay of the physical powers. Life, it is true, still lingered in his system; but it was as if at times entirely ready to depart, and then it would appear to reanimate the sinking form, reluctant to give up the possession of a tenement that had never been corrupted by vice or undermined by disease. It would have been no violent fancy to have imagined that the spirit fluttered about the placid lips of the old woodsman, reluctant to depart from a shell that had so long given it an honest and honorable shelter.

3. His body was placed so as to let the light of the setting sun fall full upon the solemn features. His head was bare, the long, thin locks of gray fluttering lightly in the evening breeze. His rifle lay upon his knee, and the other accouterments of the chase were placed at his side, within reach of his hand. Between his feet lay the figure of a hound, with its head crouching to the earth, as if it slumbered; and so perfectly easy and natural was its position, that a second glance was necessary to tell Middleton he saw only the skin of Hector, stuffed, by Indian tenderness and ingenuity, in a manner to represent the living animal.

4. The old man was reaping the rewards of a life remarkable for temperance and activity, in a tranquil and placid death. His vigor, in a manner, endured to the very last. Decay, when it did occur, was rapid, but free from pain. He had hunted *with* the tribe in the spring, and even throughout most of the

summer; when his limbs suddenly refused to perform their customary ŏffices. A sympathizing weakness took possession of all his faculties; and the Pawnees believed they were going to lose, in this unexpected manner, a sage and counsellor whom they had begun bŏth to love and respect.

5. But, as we have already said, the immortal occupant seemed unwilling to desert its tenement. The lamp of life flickered, without becoming extinguished. On the morning of the day on which Middleton arrived, there was a general reviving of the powers of the whōle man. His tongue was again heard in whōlesome maxims, and his eye from time to time recognized the persons of his friends. It merely proved to be a brief and final ĭntercōurse with the world, on the part of one who had already been considered, as to mental communion, to have taken its leave of it forever.

5. When he had placed his guests in front of the dying man, Hard-Heart, after a pause, that proceeded as much from sŏrrōw as decorum, leaned a little forward, and demanded—"Does my father hear the words of his son?" "Speak," returned the trapper, in tones that issued from his chest, but which were rendered awfully distinct by the stillness that reigned in the place. "I am about to depart from the village of the Loups, and shortly shall be beyŏnd the reach of your voice."

7. "Let the wise chief have no cares for his journey," continued Hard-Heart, with an earnèst solicitude that led him to forgĕt, for the moment, that others were waiting to address his adopted parent; "a hundred Loups shall clear his path from briers." "Pawnee, I die, as I have lived, a Christian man!" resumed the trapper, with a fōrce of voice that had the same startling effect on his hearers as is produced by the trumpet, when its blast rises suddenly and freely on the air, after its obstructed sounds have been heard struggling in the distance: "as I came unto life so will I leave it. Horses and arms are not needed to stand in the presence of the Great Spirit of my people. He knows my color, and according to my gifts will he judge my deeds."

8. "My father will tell my young men how many Mingoes he has struck, and what acts of valor and justice he has done, that they may know how to imitate him." "A bōastful tongue is not heard in the heaven of a white man!" solemnly returned

the old man. "What I have done He has seen. His eyes are alway open. That which has been well done will He remember; wherein I have been wrŏng will He not forget to chastise, though He will do the same in mercy. No, my son, a pale-face may not sing his own praises, and hope to have them acceptable before his Gŏd!"

9. A little disappointed, the young partisan stepped modĕstly back, making way for the recent comers to approach. Middleton took one of the meager hands of the trapper, and struggling to command his voice, he succeeded in announcing his presence. The old man listened like one whose thoughts were dwelling on a vĕry different subject; but when the other had succeeded in making him understand that he was present, an expression of joyful recognition passed over his faded features. "I hope you have not so soon forgotten those whom you so materially served!" Middleton concluded. "It would pain me to think my hold on your memory was so light."

10. "Little that I have ever seen is forgotten," returned the trapper: "I am at the close of many weary days, but there is not one among them all that I could wish to overlook. I remember you, with the whŏle of your company; ay, and your gran'ther, that went before you. I am glad that you have come back upon these plains; for I had need of one who speaks the English, since little faith can be put in the traders of these regions. Will you do a favor to an old and dying man?" "Name it," said Middleton; "it shall be done." "It is a far journey to send such trifles," resumed the old man, who spoke at short intervals, as strength and breath permitted; "a far and weary journey is the same; but kindnèsses and friendships are things not to be forgotten. There is a settlement among the Otsego hills—"

11. "I know the place," interrupted Middleton, observing that he spoke with increasing difficulty; "proceed to tell me what you would have done." "Take this rifle, and pouch, and horn, and send them to the person whose name is graven on the plates of the stock,—a trader cut the letters with his knife,—for it is lŏng that I have intended to send him such a token of my love!" "It shall be so. Is there mōre that you could wish?" "Little else have I to bestōw. My traps I give to my Indian son; for honestly and kindly has he kept his faith. Let him

stand before me." Middleton explained to the chief what the trapper had said, and relinquished his own place to the other.

12. "Pawnee," continued the old man, alway changing his language to suit the person he addressed, and not unfrequently according to the ideăs he expressed, "it is a custom of my people for the father to leave his blessing with the son before he shuts his eyes forever. This blessing I give to you: take it; for the prayers of a Christian man will never make the path of a just warrior to the blessèd prăiries ēither lŏnger or more tangled. May the Gŏd of a white man look on your deeds with friendly eyes, and may you never commit an act that shall cause him to darken his face. I know not whether we shall ever meet again.

13. "There are many traditions concerning the place of Good Spirits. It is not for one like me, old and inexperienced though I am, to set up my opinions against a nation's. You believe in the blessèd prairies, and I have faith in the sayings of my fathers. If bŏth are true, our parting will be final; but if it should prove that the same meaning is hid under different words, we shall yĕt stand togĕther, Pawnee, before the face of your Wahcondah, who will then be no other than my Gŏd.

14. "There is much to be said in favor of bŏth religions, for each seems suited to its own people, and no doubt it was so intended. I fear I have not altogĕther followed the gifts of my color, inasmuch as I find it a little painful to give up forever the use of the rifle, and the comforts of the chase. But then the fault has been my own, seeing that it could not have been His. Ay, Hector," he continued, leaning forward a little, and feeling for the ears of the hound, "our parting has come at last, dŏg, and it will be a lŏng hunt. You have been an honèst, and a bold, and a faithful hound. Pawnee, you can not slay the pup on my grave, for where a Christian dog falls there he lies forever; but you can be kind to him after I am gŏne, for the love you bear his master."

15. "The words of my father are in my ears," returned the young partisan, making a grave and respectful gesture of assent. "Do you hear what the chief has promised, dŏg?" demanded the trapper, making an effort to attract the notice of the insensible effigy of his hound. Receiving no answering look, nor hearing any friendly whine, the old man felt for the mouth, and endeavored to fŏrce his hand between the cold lips. The truth

then flashed upon him, although he was far from perceiving the whōle extent of the deception. Falling back in his seat, he hung his head, like one who felt a severe and unexpected shock. Profiting by this momentary forgĕtfulness, two young Indians removed the skin with the same delicacy of feeling that had induced them to attempt the pious fraud.

V.

138. DEATH OF THE OLD TRAPPER.

PART SECOND.

"THE dŏg is dead," muttered the trapper, after a pause of many minutes; "a hound has his time as well as a man; and well has he filled his days! Captain," he added, making an effort to wave his hand for Middleton, "I am glad you have come; for though kind, and well meaning according to the gifts of their color, these Indians are not the men to lay the head of a white man in his grave. I have been thinking, too, of this dog at my feet: it will not do to set fŏrth the opinion that a Christian can expect to meet his hound again; still there can be little harm in placing what is left of so faithful a servant nigh the bones of his master." "It shall be as you desire." "I'm glad you think with me in this matter. In order, then, to save labor, lay the pup at my feet; or, for that matter, put him side by side. A hunter need never be ashamed to be found in company with his dog!" "I charge myself with your wish."

2. The old man made a lŏng, and apparently a musing pause. At times he raised his eyes wistfully, as if he would again address Middleton, but some innate feeling appeared alway to suppress his words. The other, who observed his hesitation, inquired in a way mŏst likely to encŏurage him to proceed, whether there was aught else that he could wish to have done. "I am without kith or kin in the wide world!" the trapper answered: "when I am gŏne there will be an end of my race. We have never been chiefs; but honest, and useful in our way, I hope it can not be denied we have alway proved ourselves. My father lies buried near the sea, and the bones of his son will whiten on the prāiries." "Name the spot, and your remains shall be placed by the side of your father," interrupted Middleton.

3. "Not so, not so, Captain. Let me sleep where I have lived

—beyond the din of the settlements! Still I see no need why the grave of an honest man should be hid, like a red-skin in his ambushment. I paid a man in the settlements to make and put a graven stone at the head of my father's resting-place. It was of the value of twelve beaver-skins, and cunningly and curiously was it carved! Then it told to all comers that the body of such a Christian lay benēath; and it spoke of his manner of life, of his years, and of his honesty. When we had done with the Frenchers, in the old war, I made a journey to the spot, in order to see that all was rightly performed, and glad I am to say, the workman had not forgotten his faith."

4. "And such a stone you would have at your grave?" "I! no, no, I have no son but Hard-Heart, and it is little that an Indian knows of white fashions and usages. Besides, I am his debtor already, seeing it is so little I have done since I have lived in his tribe. The rifle might bring the value of such a thing—but then I know it will give the boy plĕasure to hang the piece in his hall, for many is the deer and the bird that he has seen it destroy. No, no, the gun must be sent to him whose name is graven on the stock!"

5. "But there is one who would gladly prove his affection in the way you wish; he who owes you not ōnly his own deliverance from so many dāngers, but who inherits a heavy debt of gratitude from his ancestors. The stone shall be put at the head of your grave." The old man extended his emaciated hand, and gave the other a squeeze of thanks. "I thought you might be willing to do it, but I was backward in asking the favor," he said, "seeing that you are not of my kin. Put no bōastful words on the same, but just the name, the age, and the time of the death, with something from the holy book; no more, no more. My name will then not be altogether lōst on 'arth; I need no more."

6. Middleton intimated his assent, and then followed a pause that was ōnly interrupted by distant and broken sentences from the dying man. He appeared now to have closed his accounts with the world, and to await merely for the final summons to quit it. Middleton and Hard-Heart placed themselves on the opposite sides of his seat, and watched with melancholy solicitude the variations of his countenance.

7. For two hours there was no vĕry sensible alteration. The

expression of his faded and time-wōrn features was that of a calm and dignified repose. From time to time he spoke, uttering some brief sentence in the way of advice, or asking some simple questions concerning those in whose fortunes he still took a friendly interest. During the whōle of that solemn and anxious period, each individual of the tribe kept his place, in the most self-restrained patience. When the old man spoke, all bent their heads to listen ; and when his words were uttered, they seemed to ponder on their wisdom and usefulness.

8. As the flame drew nigher to the socket, his voice was hushed ; and there were moments when his attendants doubted whether he still belŏnged to the living. Middleton, who watched each wavering expression of his weather-beaten visage with the interest of a keen observer of human nature, sŏftened by the tenderness of personal regard, fancied he could read the workings of the old man's soul in the strŏng lineăments of his countenance. Perhaps what the enlightened soldier took for the delusion of mistaken opinion did actually occur—for who has returned from that unknown world to explain by what forms, and in what manner, he was introduced into its awful precincts? Without pretending to explain what must ever be a mystery to the quick, we shall simply relate facts as they occurred.

9. The trapper had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone had occasionally opened and shut. When opened, his gaze seemed fastened on the clouds which hung around the western horī'zon, reflecting the bright colors, and giving form and loveliness to the glōrious tints of an American sunset. The hour—the calm beauty of the season—the occasion—all conspired to fill the spectators with solemn awe. Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand, which he held, grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on ēither side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked about him, as if to invite all in his presence to listen (the lingering remnant of human frailty), and then, with a fine military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word—"HERE!"

10. A movement so entirely unexpected, and the air of grandeur and humility which were so remarkably united in the mien of the trapper, togĕther with the clear and uncommon fŏrce of

his utterance, produced a short period of confusion in the faculties of all present. When Middleton and Hard-Heart, each of whom had involuntarily extended a hand to support the form of the old man, turned to him again, they found that the subject of their interest was removed forever beyŏnd the necessity of their care. They mŏurnfully placed the body in its seat, and the voice of the old Indian, who arose to announce the termination of the scene to the tribe, seemed a sort of echo from that invisible world to which the meek spirit of the trapper had just departed. "A valiant, a just, and a wise warrior has gŏne on the path which will lead him to the blessèd grounds of his people!" he said. "When the voice of the Wahcondah called him, he was ready to answer. Go, my children; remember the just chief of the pale-faces, and clear your own tracks from briers!"

11. The grave was made benèath the shade of some noble oaks. It has been carefully watched to the present hour by the Pawnees of the Loup, and is ŏften shown to the traveler and the trader as a spot where a just white man sleeps. In due time the stone was placed at its head, with the simple inscription which the trapper had himself requested. The only liberty taken by Middleton was to add—"MAY NO WANTON HAND EVER DISTURB HIS REMAINS." JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. His father, Judge William Cooper, born in Pennsylvania, became possessed, in 1785, of a large tract of land near Otsego Lake, in the State of New York, where, in the spring of 1786, he erected the first house in Cooperstown. In 1795 and 1799 he was elected to represent that district in Congress. Here the novelist chiefly passed his boyhood to his thirteenth year, and became perfectly conversant with frontier life. At that early age he entered Yale College, where he remained three years, when he obtained a midshipman's commission and entered the navy. He passed the six following years in that service, and thus became master of the second great field of his future literary career. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married Miss Delancey, a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America, and settled down to a home life in Westchester, near New York, where he resided for a short time before removing to Cooperstown. Here he wrote his first book, "Precaution." This was followed, in 1821, by "The Spy," one of the best of all historical romances. It was almost immediately republished in all parts of Europe. It was followed, two years later, by "The Pioneers." "The Pilot," the first of his sea novels, next appeared. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause. In 1826 he visited Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age has produced. He passed several years abroad, and was warmly welcomed in every country he visited. His literary activity was not impaired by his change of scene, as sev-

eral of his best works were written while traveling. He returned home in 1833. "The Prairie," from which the above touching and effective scene was taken, the first of his works written in Europe, published in 1827, was one of the most successful of the novelist's productions. His writings throughout are distinguished by purity and brilliancy of no common merit. He was alike remarkable for his fine commanding person, his manly, resolute, independent nature, and his noble, generous heart. He died at Cooperstown, September 14, 1851.

VI.

134. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tŏlls the knell of parting day,
The lōwing herd winds slowly ō'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darknèss and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3. Save that from yŏnder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ăncient solitary reign.

4. Benēath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mŏldering heap,
Each in his narrōw cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvèst to their sickle yield,
Their fŭrrōw ŏft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jŏcund did they drive their team ăfiēld!
How bowed the woods benēath their sturdy stroke

8. Let not Ambition mŏck their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The bōast of hĕraldry, the pŏmp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glōry lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory ō'er their tomb no trōphies raise,
Where through the lōng-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can stōrièd urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cōld ear of death?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the gĕniăl cŭrrent of the soul.

14. Full many a gem, of pūrèst ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetnèss on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute, inglōrious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16. Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty ō'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbăde: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Alŏng the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yĕt e'en these bōnes from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implōres the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic mŏralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgĕtfulnèss a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one lŏnging, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted (wŭnt'ed) fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

25. Haply some hōary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There, at the foot of yŏnder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pōre upon the brook that babbles by.

7. "Hard by yŏn wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crŏssed in hopelèss love.

8. "One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Alŏng the heath, and near his fāvorĭte tree:
Another came,—nor yĕt beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

9. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him bōrne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stōne benēath yŏn agèd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH,
A YOUTH TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN:
FAIR SCIENCE FROWNED NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARKED HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE,
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENSE AS LARGELY SEND:
HE GAVE TO MISERY—ALL HE HAD—A TEAR,
HE GAINED FROM HEAVEN ('TWAS ALL HE WISHED) A FRIEND.

NO FURTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE,
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,)
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD. GRAY.

SECTION XXV.

I.

135. THE PHANTOM SHIP.

1.

THE breeze had sunk to rest, the noondāy sun was high,
And ocean's breast lay motionlèss benēath a cloudless sky,
re was silence in the air, there was silence in the deep;
it seemed as though that burning calm were nature's final sleep.

2.

The mid-day watch was set, benēath the blaze of light,
When there came a cry from the tall mast-head, "*A sail! a sail, in sight!*"
And ō'er the far horī'zon a snowy speck appeared,
And every eye was strained to watch the vessel as she neared.

3.

There was no breath of air, yĕt she bounded on her way,
And the dancing waves around her prow were flashing into spray.
She answered not their hail, alōngside as she passed:
There were none who trod her spacious deck; not a seaman on the mast;

4.

No hand to guide her helm: yĕt on she held her cōurse;
She swept ălōng that waveless sea, as with a tempest's fōrce:
A silence, as of death, was ō'er that vessel spread
She seemed a thing of another world, the world where dwell the dead.

5.

She passed away from sight, the deadly calm was ō'er,
And the spell-bound ship pursued her cōurse befōre the breeze once mōre;
And clouds acrōss the sky obscured the noonday sun,
And the winds arose at the tempest's call, before the day was done.

6.

Midnight—and still the storm raged wrathfully and loud,
And deep in the trough of the heaving sea labored that vessel proud:
There was darkness all around, save where lightning flashes keen
Played on the crests of the broken waves, and lit the depths between.

7.

Around her and belōw, the waste of waters rōared,
And answered the crash of the falling masts as they cast them overboard.
At every billōw's shock her quivering timbers strain;
And as she rose on a crested wave, that strānge ship passed again.

8.

And ō'er that stormy sea she flew before the gale,
Yĕt she had not struck her lightèst spar, nor furled her lŏftiëst sail.
Another blinding flash, and nearer yet she seemed,
And a pale blue light alŏng her sails and o'er her rigging gleamed.

9.

But it showed no seaman's form, no hand her cōurse to guide;
And to their signals of distress the winds alone replied.
The Phantom Ship passed on, driven ō'er her pathless way,
But helplessly the sinking wreck amid the breakers lay.

10.

The angry tĕmpèst ceased, the winds were hushed to sleep,
And calm and bright the sun again shōne out upon the deep.
But that gallant ship no mōre shall roam the ocean free;
She has reached her final haven, benēath the dark blue sea.

11.

And many a hardy seaman, who fears nor storm nor fight,
Yĕt trembles when the Phantom Ship drives past his watch at night;
For it augurs death and dānger: it bodes a watery grave,
With sea-weeds for his pillōw—for his shroud, the wandering wave.

II.

136. THE DROWNED MARINER.

A MARINER sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it towered then fell in sprāy,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight rāy.

2. The mărinер swāyed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched, as they hŭrried past,
Or lightly rose and fell.—

For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed, as they passed, the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

3. Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed ălŏng;
A sheet of flame is the sprāy she throws,
As her gallant prow the water plows;
But the ship is fleet and strŏng;
The topsails are reefed, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps ō'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the măriner's blood.

4. Wildly she rocks, but he swingèth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud;
And, as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the măriner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rōllèth the ship the way whence it came.

5. The măriner looked, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its lŏng hair out on the waves was spread—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed—
And the mariner groaned, as well he need—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

6. Bethink thee, măriner, well of the past:
A voice calls loud for thee;
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
The plunging ship on her beam is cast—
Oh, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken;
Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken;

Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art ălōne on the raging sea.

7. Alone in the dark, alone on the wave
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save!
Gŏd shield thee, helplèss one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment mōre,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is ō'er.

8. Down, down, where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell its music keep;
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strŏng man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

9. A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hōary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair:
As the water movèth they slightly sway,
And the tranquil light on their features play:
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

MRS. SMITH.

LIZABETH OAKES SMITH, the accomplished writer, whose maiden name was ıce, was born near Portland, Maine. She early showed remarkable skill in ıposition. When sixteen years of age she was married to Mr. Seba Smith, ıor, who in 1839 removed to New York, where they still reside. Her first lished book was entitled "Riches without Wings." In 1844 appeared "The ess Child, and other Poems," and since, a number of other works, some of ch have passed through many editions.

III.

137. THE DIVER.

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis[1] belōw?—
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And ō'er it already the dark waters flōw:
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon[2] that gift of his king."

2. He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That ruggèd and hōary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and mĕasureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the māelstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

3. And the knights and the squīres that găthered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

4. And all as befōre heard in silence the king—
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and dŏffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

5. As he strōde to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that mercilèss main;
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts rōaringly up the charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly fōrth from the heart of the gloom.

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[1] Cha rȳb′ dis, one of the two rocks, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, described by Homer as lying near together, between Italy and Sicily; both formidable to ships which had to pass between them. One contained an immense fig-tree, under which dwelt *Charybdis*, who thrice every day swallowed down the waters of the sea, and thrice threw them up again.

[2] Guerdon, (gĕr′don), recompense; reward.

8. And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and rōars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-sōars,
And flood upon flood hŭrries on, never ending.
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sēa.

9. And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven.

10. The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang ălŏft from the shōre,
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And ō'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

11. O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from belōw murmured hŏllōw and fell;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud—
"Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!"
And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

12. If thou should'st in those waters thy diādem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it, and wear;"
Gŏd's wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yŏnder in terror conceal.

13. Oh many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together, the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tŏssed ălŏft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

12. And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and rōars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-sōars,
And flood upon flood hŭrries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes rōaringly fōrth from the heart of the gloom.

13. And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
What gleams on the darknèss so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behōld,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

14. And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd lŏng,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they thrŏng—
"He lives—lo the ocean has rendered its prey!
And out of the grave where the Hell began,
His valor has rescued the living man!"

15. And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter,
And he bădе her the wine to his cup-bearer bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Lŏng life to the king!

16. "Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the hŏrror below never mōre find a voice—
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more—never more may he lift from the mirror,
The Veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

17. "Quick-brightening like lightning—it tōre me ălŏng,
Down, down, till the gush of a tŏrrent at plāy,
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strŏng
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me ăwāy.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

18. "And I called on my Gŏd, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—

And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the cŏral the goblet of gold.

9. "Belōw, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A Silence of Hŏrror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast rĕptĭles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

0. "Dark-crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Like masses unshapen, made life hideously—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the Hammer-fish darkened the dark of the sea—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

1. "There I hung, and the awe gathered icily ō'er me,
So far from the earth where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

2. "Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O Gŏd! from the far-flaming bough
Of the cŏral, I swept on the hŏrrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its rōar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is ō'er!"

3. On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled—quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shōne up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main!"

4. Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what mōre can there rest?
Enough of this spōrt with the pitilèss ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.

If nothing can slāke thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

25. The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the rōar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side,
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadèth for thee."

26. In his heart, as he listened, there lēapt the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon dīvine, there the danger benēath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

27. They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yĕt are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brought the lost youth to the shore.

SCHILLER.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, a German poet, dramatist, and historian, was born in Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10th, 1759, and died in Weimar, May 9th, 1805. His best prose production, "History of the Thirty Years' War," published in 1791, is probably the best historical performance of which Germany can boast. His greatest performance, the drama of "Wallenstein," appeared in 1799. "William Tell," his most popular drama, was published in 1804. He is probably best known by his ballads and lyric poems.

IV.

138. MORTE D'ARTHUR.

SO all dāy lŏng the noise of battle rōlled
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's[1] table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonness about their Lord,

[1] **King Arthur.** The life and death of this ancient British hero, if indeed there ever was such a person, are involved in fiction. Modred, his *nephew*, revolted from him, which *brought* on the fatal battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, in 542. Modred was slain and Arthur mortally wounded. The British Celts long believed that he would some day come back and vindicate for them the undivided sovereignty of Britannia.

King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bōre him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken crōss,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

2. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliëst fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never mōre, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Though Merlin[1] sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I can not last till mōrn.

3. Thou, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white sāmīte,[2] mȳstic, wonderful,
Holding the swōrd—and how I rowed ăcrōss
And took it, and have wōrn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told,
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle meer:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

4. To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, ălōne, and smitten through the helm.

[1] **Merlin**, two British seers and sorcerers, of the 5th and 6th centuries.

[2] **Sā′ mīte**, a kind of silk stuff, or taffeta, often adorned with gold.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yĕt I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

5. There drew he fōrth the brand Excalibur,
And ō'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran fōrth
And sparkled keen with frŏst against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diämond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlèst jewelry. He gazed so long
That bōth his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
This way and that dĭvīding the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

6. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale,
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy feälty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had followed, ēither hand
Or voice, or else a motion of the meer.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yĕt now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bădе thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Acrŏss the ridge, and paced beside the meer,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?

8. "The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stŏred in some trĕasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's swŏrd, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

9. So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

0. To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!

Authŏrity forgĕts a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art;
For thou, the lătèst left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the ŏffices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy plĕasure of the eyes.
Yĕt, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

11. Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the swōrd,
And strŏngly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white sāmīte, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the meer.
And lightly went the other to the King.

12. Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath,
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a mĭracle as yŏnder hilt.
Then with bōth hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white sāmīte, mystic, wonderful,

That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the meer."

3. And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard.
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gŏne.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin: yĕt I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wild blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er bōth his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bōre him through the place of tombs.

4. But as he walked, King Arthur panted hard
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harnèss in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the lŏng glōries of the winter moon.

5. Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Benēath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hoodèd, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lămentā'tion, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put fŏrth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

16. But she that rose the tallèst of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his grēaves[1] and cuisses[2] dashed with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his fŏre*hĕad* like a rising sun
High from the dāïs-throne—were parched with dust;
Or, clotted into points, and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

17. Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,—
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my fŏre*hĕad* and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whōle Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world;

[1] **Grēaves**, armor for the legs; a *sort of boots.*

[2] **Cuisse**, (kwĭs), defensive armor for the thighs.

And I, the last, go fŏrth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the yeârs,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

8. And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order chāngèth, yielding place to new,
And Gŏd fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. Mŏre things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nŏurish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Bŏth for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whŏle round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

9. But now farewell. I am going a lŏng way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollŏws crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

0. So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol, ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the meer the wailing died away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

V.

189. THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.[1]

1.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hŏllōw breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comèst to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshlèss palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

2.

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snōw,
Came a dull voice of wōe
From the heart's chamber.

3.

"I was a Vīking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skăld[2] in sōng has told,
No Sāga[3] taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

4.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;[4]
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

5.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shădōw;
Oft through the fōrest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the sōaring lark
Sang from the mĕadōw.

6.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

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[1] The author says: "The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. This is an admirable exercise in Monotone, see p. 67.

[2] Skăld, an ancient Scandinavian bard or poet; a reciter and singer of heroic poems, eulogies, etc., among the Norsemen.

[3] Sā′ ga, a Scandinavian legend or story handed down among the Norsemen and kindred people.

[4] Ger-falcon, (jĕr′ fâ kn).

7.

y a wassail-bout[1]
the lŏng Winter out;
our midnight shout
et the cocks crowing,
the Berserk's tale
red in cups of ale,
ing the oaken pail,
illed to ō'erflōwing.

8.

as I told in glee
of the stormy sea,
yes did gaze on me,
urning yĕt tender;
s the white stars shine
e dark Norway pine,
at dark heart of mine
'ell their sŏft splendor.

9.

oed the blue-eyed maid,
ing, yĕt half afraid,
n the fŏrest's shade
ur vows were plighted.
its loosened vest
ered her little breast,
birds within their nest
y the hawk frighted.

10.

ht in her father's hall
ls gleamed upon the wall,
sang the minstrels all,
haunting his glōry;
of old Hildebrand
d his daughter's hand,
did the minstrels stand
o hear my stōry.

11.

ile the brown ale he quaffed,
then the champion laughed,
s the wind-gusts waft
he sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshōrn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

12.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Vīking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Fŏllōw the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

13.

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairèst of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

14.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yĕt we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

15.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

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[1] wassail-bout, (wŏs'sil-bout), a drinking-bout; a contest or set-to at ill, a kind of liquor used on festive occasions.

16.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bōre I the maiden.

17.

"Three weeks we westward bōre,
And when the storm was ō'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shōre
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lōfty tower,
Which, to this vĕry hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

18.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

19.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast fŏrest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

20.

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bōwl
Deep drinks the warrior's sōul,
Skōal! to the Northland! *skōal!*"[1]
—Thus the tale ended.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

140. SCENES FROM PICKWICK.

THE DILEMMA.

MR. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell street, although on a limited scale, were not ōnly of a vĕry neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sĭtting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room was the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal

[1] **Skōal**, in Scandanavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. The orthography of the word is slightly changed, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not mōre populous than popular thoroughfare.

2. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house ŏfficer—was a comely (kŭm'lў) woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and lŏng practice into an ĕx'quĭsĭte talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The ōnly other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always at home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine spōrts and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Clĕanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

3. To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and cŏn'versant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior, on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatansvill, would have been mōst mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hŭrried steps, popped his head out of the windōw at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience, vĕry unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

4. "Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell. "Your little boy is a vĕry long time gone." "Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell. "Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "vĕry true; so it is." Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

5. Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again. "Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep

one?" "La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the vĕry border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!" "Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick. "That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table; "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir." "That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

6. "La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again. "I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont (wŭnt) in speaking of a subject which interested him. "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind." "Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell. "You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

7. Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had lŏng worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildèst and mŏst extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!—"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?" "Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're vĕry kind, sir." "It will save you a great deal of trouble, wōn't it?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of cōurse, I should take more trouble to please you then than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

8. "Ah to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will." "I'm sure I ought to be a *very happy* woman," said Mrs. Bardell. "And your little boy—"

said Mr. Pickwick. "Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob. "He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week, than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

9. "Oh you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Pickwick started. "Oh you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs. "Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick;—"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, dŏn't—if anybody should come—" "Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good, soul;" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

10. "Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Dŏn't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were ălīke unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass. Mr. Pickwick was struck motionlèss and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

11. The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situation until the suspended animation of the lady was restŏred, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward, with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman

about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the vĭŏlence of his excitement allowed.

12. Take this little villain ăwāy," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad." "What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians. "I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy—(here Mr. Winkle carried the in'teresting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment.) Now help me to lead this woman down stairs." "Oh, I'm better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly. "Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman. "Thank you, sir—thank you;" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

13. "I can not conceive"—said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned—"I can not conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Vĕry extraordinary thing." "Very," said his three friends. "Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick. "Very;" was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

4. This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.—"There is a man in the passage, now," said Mr. Tupman. "It's the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

II.

141. SCENES FROM PICKWICK.

SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

YOU heard from my learnèd friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a widōw; yes, Gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, Gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the ōnly pledge *of* her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world

and cōurted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street: and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard', bearing this inscription,—"APARTMENTS FURNISHED FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN. INQUIRE WITHIN."

2. Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, Gentlemen, were derived from a lōng contemplation of the ines'timable qualities of her lōst husband. She had no fear,—she had no distrust,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widōw, "was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

3. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, Gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widōw dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlŏr-windōw. Did it remain there lōng? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor-windōw three days,—three days, Gentleman,—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the vĕry next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant!

4. Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, Gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, Gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revōlting heartlèssnèss, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, Gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in cōurt, as I am informed he is, that it would have been mōre decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is nēither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do ēither the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name

Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

5. I shall show you, Gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whŏle of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullèst trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms ŏffered her marriage,—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no wĭtnèssès to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—mŏst unwilling witnesses, Gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses,—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

6. And now, Gentlemen, but one word mŏre. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye,—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomāto sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentleman, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! And Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallŏw artifices as these?

7. The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to mŏrrŏw. Slow cōach." And then follows this very remarkable expression,—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, Gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute *for some* endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted

system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whŏle of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, Gentlemen, as he will find to his cŏst, will very soon be greased by you!

8. But enough of this, Gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gŏne indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant spōrts are disregarded, when his mother weeps.

9. But Pickwick, Gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic ō'asis in the desert of Goswell street,—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward,—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomāto-sauce and warming-pans,—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, Gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him,—the only recompense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative Jury of her civilized countrymen!

III.

142. SCENES FROM PICKWICK.

SAM WELLER AS WITNESS.

"WHAT'S your name, sir?" inquired the judge. "Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman. "Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W?'" inquired the judge. "That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it mōre than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'" Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud,—"Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right.

Put it down a *we*, my lord, put it down a *we*." "Who is that that dares to address the cōurt?" said the little judge looking up;—"Usher!" "Yes, my lord!" "Bring that person here instantly." "Yes, my lord."

2. But, as the usher didn't *find* the person, he didn't *bring* him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said—"Do you know who that was, sir?" "I rather suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam. "Do you see him here now?" said the judge. "No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the cōurt. "If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge. Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance toward Sergeant[1] Buzfuz.

3. "Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz. "Now, sir," replied Sam. "I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller." "I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is." "Little to do, and plenty to gĕt, I suppose?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jŏcŭlăr'ity. "Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam. "You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evibence." "Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

4. "Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz. "Yĕs I do, sir," replied Sam. "Have the goodnèss to tell the jury what it was." "I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a *wery* particler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

5. Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said,—"You had better be careful, sir." "So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam, "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my lord." The judge looked

[1] **Sergeant**, (sär'jent), a lawyer of the highest rank.

sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that he said nothing, and motioned Sergeant Buzfuz to proceed.

6. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance he would bother the witness yĕt—"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?" "Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

7. "Now attend, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer, "you were in the passage and yĕt saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?" "Yĕs, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' ōnly eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

8. At this answer, which was delivered without the slightèst appearance of irritation, and with the mōst complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Sergeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learnèd sergeant again turned to Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation,—"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please." "If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

9. "Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?" "Oh, yĕs; wery well." "Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits, "I thought we should get at something at last." "I rather thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again. "Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury. "I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talking about the trial," replied Sam. "Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Sergeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some

important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodnèss to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

10. "Vith all the plĕasure in my life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gĕts into a wery great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is sittin' near you now." This, of cōurse, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible. "The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz; "well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?" "Yĕs," said Sam; "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

11. At this vĕry unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning vĕry red, leaned over to Sergeant Buzfuz, and in a hŭrried manner whispered something in his ear. "You are quite right," said Sergeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly uselèss, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the cōurt by asking him any mōre questions. Stand down, sir."

12. "Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round mōst deliberately. "Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Sergeant Snubbin, laughing. "You may go down, sir," said Sergeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had in view all along. DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, the famous English novelist, was born at Portsmouth, in February, 1812. At an early period he became reporter for the newspaper press of London, and thus escaped the cramping necessity of depending for subsistence upon his first purely literary labors. His earliest works, "Sketches by Boz," first written for periodicals, were collected and published in two volumes, bearing respectively the dates of 1836 and 1837. His works immediately succeeding, "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby," fully established his reputation. The "Pickwick Papers," from which the preceding scenes were selected, is one of his best works. He has probably never drawn a character *more original* in conception and more happily sustained than that of Sam Weller.

The career of Dickens has been one of uniform success. His more recent publications, "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit," prove conclusively that, far from having "written himself out," the resources of his mind are well-nigh inexhaustible. His genius, which has peopled our literature with such a crowd of living and moving characters, gives promise of as many new creations, equally varied and true to nature. He is now editor of "All the Year Round," a first class magazine.

IV.

143. MY ORATORICAL EXPERIENCE.[1]

THE Mayor had got up to propose another tōast; and, listening rather inattentively to the first sentence or two, I soon became sensible of a drift in his Worship's remarks that made me glance apprehensively toward Sergeant Wilkins. "Yĕs," grumbled that gruff personage, shoving a decanter of Pōrt tōward me, "it is your turn next"; and seeing in my face, I suppose, the consternation of a whōlly unpracticed ōrator, he kindly added,—"It is nothing. A mere acknowledgment will answer the purpose. The less you say, the better they will like it." That being the case, I suggested that perhaps they would like it best if I said nothing at all. But the Sergeant shook his head.

2. Now, on first receiving the Mayor's invitation to dinner, it had occurred to me that I might possibly be brought into my present predicament; but I had dismissed the idē'a from my mind as too disagreeable to be entertained, and, moreover, as so alien from my disposition and character that Fate surely could not keep such a misfortune in stōre for me. If nothing else prevented, an earthquake or the crack of doom would certainly interfere before I need rise to speak. Yĕt here was the Mayor getting on inĕx'orably,—and, indeed, I heartily wished that he might get on and on forever, and of his wordy wanderings find no end.

3. If the gentle reader, my kindèst friend and closest confidant, deigns to desire it, I can impart to him my own experience as a public speaker quite as indifferently as if it concerned another person. Indeed, it does concern another, or a mere

[1] The author, in an article which describes the Civic Banquets, which he attended in London, while United States Consul at Liverpool, gives the following humorous account of the oratorical ordeal he passed at one of the Mayor's dinner-parties.

true man who can keep his own elevated conception of truth when the lower feeling of a multitude is assailing his natural sympathies, and who can speak out frankly the best that there is in him, when by adulterating it a little, or a good deal, he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to the audience. HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, an American novelist and essayist, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1804. Owing to ill health, at the age of ten years, he left home to try the effects of farm-life, going to a farm owned by the family, and located on the shores of Sebago Lake, Maine. He returned to Salem, resumed his studies, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. In 1837 he collected his early contributions to magazines, and published them under the title of "Twice-told Tales." The work was highly lauded by the N. A. Review. It was republished, with a second series, in 1842. Probably his most popular romances are the "Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and the "Marble Faun." During the administration of President Pierce, he was U. S. Consul at Liverpool. This office he resigned in 1857. He died suddenly, while on a journey to the White Mountains for his health, at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864. Mr. Hawthorne's literary reputation was not confined to the United States. His most important works have been republished and widely read in England, and, in the form of translations, in Germany

SECTION XXVII.

I.

144. A FOREST NOOK.

A NOOK within the fŏrest; overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright,
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a sŏft cool emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand
Of glōrious Nature!

2. Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale-green points;
The scalloped beech leaf, and the birch's, cut
Into firm rugged edges, interlace:
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalices half-brimmed with dew,

As though to hōard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath, beaded benēath with drops
Of richèst brown; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the ō'erhanging fir
Has dropped its dark, lōng cone.

3. The scorching glare
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things; the butterfly
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,
Fans his rich velvet form; the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings;
The robin perches on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp; and like a flake of fire
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overhead
In the thick green, betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yĕt concealed from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry—on yŏn highèst bough
Sits the gray squirrel, in his burlesque wrath
Stamping and chattering fiercely: now he drops
A hōarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliāge.

4. The insect tribe are here: the ant toils on
With its white burden; in its netted web
Gray glistening ō'er the bush, the spider lurks,
A close crouched ball, out-darting as a hum
Tells its trapped prey, and looping quick its threads,
Chains into helplèssnèss the buzzing wings.
The wood-tick taps its tīny-muffled drum
To the shrill cricket-fife, and swelling loud,
The grasshopper its swelling bugle winds.
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs,
Like gentle respirations, come and go,
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,
Displaying its white lining underneath,
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.

5. Such nooks as this are common in the woods:
And all these sights and sounds the commonèst
In Nature, when she wears her summer prime.
Yĕt by them pass not lightly: to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of e'en the lowliëst things that Gŏd has made;
That his familiar earth and sky are full
Of his ineffable power and majesty;
That in the humble objects, seen too ŏft
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate;
That the low flower our carelèss foot treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And rādiant beauty, and that Gŏd hath formed
All, from the cloud-wreathed mountain, to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
With deepèst forethought and severest care.
And thus these noteless lovely things are types
Of his perfection and dĭvĭnity. A. B. Street.

II.

145. FOREST TREES.

I HAVE paused mŏre than once in the wildernèss of Amĕrica, to contem'plate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutèst trees, and leaving a lŏng track of desolation. There is something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strŏng movement of sympathy with the wood-nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ăncient habitations.

2. I recŏllect also hearing a traveler of poĕtical temperament, expressing the kind of hŏrror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence *had* wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree

had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laŏc'oŏn[1] struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python.[2] It was the liŏn of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable Boă.

3. I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strŏng, unaffected interest, they will discuss topics, which, in other countries, are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and fŏrest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gŏne considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs'; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

4. There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strŏng relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glŏrious sons of the fŏrest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He can not expect to sĭt in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the ideă that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lŏfty pile, and shall keep on floŭrishing, and increas-

[1] La ŏc' o ŏn, a Trojan, and a priest of Apollo, who tried to dissuade his countrymen from drawing into the city the wooden horse of the Greeks, which finally caused the overthrow of Troy. When preparing to sacrifice a bull to Neptune, two fearful serpents suddenly rushed upon him and his two sons, and strangled them. His death formed the subject of many ancient works of art; and a magnificent group, representing the father and his two sons entwined by the two serpents, is still extant, and preserved in the Vatican, at Rome.

[2] Pȳ' thon, a celebrated serpent that lived in the caves of Mount Parnassus, but was slain by Apollo, who founded the Pythian games in commemoration of his victory, and received, in consequence, the surname *Pythius*. This, however, was not one of the serpents that destroyed Laocoon.

ing, and benefiting mankind, lŏng after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

5. Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe fŏrth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and phĭlănthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dĭlātes and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ăncient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are mōst of them full of stŏry. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them, from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse benēath their shade.

6. It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an ăncient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the serv'ile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But I trust I am nēither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility.

7. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible ōnly for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honorable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To bŏth does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gŏne before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

8. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a lŏnger existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble-spirited men who have received their heritages from foregoing ages. I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed *English* gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristo-

atic feelings, contem'plating those magnificent trees, which se like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal nds. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and in-imate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, ems to me to take its rānge with the lion and the eagle, and assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and in-llectual man.

9. With its mighty pillar rising straight and dĭrĕct toward aven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of rth, and supporting them ălŏft in free air and glŏrious sun-ine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be;* a fuge for the weak,—a shelter for the oppressed,—a defence for e defenceless; warding ŏff from them the peltings of the orm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *is,* is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who *otherwise,* ăbūses his eminent advantages;—abuses the grand-ur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his untry. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the orm, who would mōurn over his fall? Should he be bŏrne wn by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at s fate?—"WHY CUMBERETH HE THE GROUND?" IRVING.

III.

146. GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

THE groves were Gŏd's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lŏfty vault, to găther and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And ŏffered to the Mightiĕst solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mŏssy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundlĕss Power

And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
Gŏd's ăncient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadōw of this agèd wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

2. Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot tōward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

3. Here are seen
No traces of man's pŏmp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The bōast of our vain race to chānge the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the sŏft winds
That run alŏng the summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmōst darknèss of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

4. Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yŏn clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells sŏftly fōrth, and visits the strŏng roots
Of half the mighty fōrest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

5. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witnèss, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyŏnd the deep,
E'er wōre his crown as lŏftily as he
Wears the green cŏronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate fŏrest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mōld,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

6. My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great mĭracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creātion, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decāy,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lŏfty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Mōlder benēath them.

7. Oh! there is not lŏst
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yĕt,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshnèss of her far beginning lies,
And yĕt shall lie. Life mŏcks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own noŭrishment. For he came fŏrth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
Gŏd's ăncient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadōw of this agèd wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

2. Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot tōward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

3. Here are seen
No traces of man's pŏmp or pride; no silks
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Of the broad sun. That delicate fŏrest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
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Of the great mĭracle that still goes on,
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Makes his own noŭrishment. For he came fŏrth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here, we shall have lŏfty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with castled promontories—ample solitudes of unplowed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the rōar of the cataract.

5. This, too, is beautiful, and to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yĕt, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and the suggestion of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colors that compose its visible appearance are no mōre capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colors of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that ălōne gives it ēither interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact propōrtion to the fōrce of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections.

6. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and prīmē′val simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, "from towns and toils remote," and rustic poĕts and phĭlŏsophers communing with nature, and at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals: then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Powers which piled the mighty cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base, and all the images connected with the monuments of ăncient magnificence and extinguished hŏstĭlity—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideăs attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of the actual life of their descendants—their wild and enthusiastic poĕtry—their gloomy superstitions—their attachment to their chiefs—the dăngers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the spōrts that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter.

7. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity

at are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, d on the cliffs, and caves, the gulfy tŏrrents of the land; and a solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the aknèss and insignificance of pĕrishable man, whose generans thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambin; while nature holds on her unvarying cōurse, and pōurs out r streams, and renews her fŏrests, with undecaying activity, gardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.

JEFFREY.

V.

148. MORNING HYMN TO MOUNT BLANC.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep cōurse?—so lŏng he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blănc!
The Arvè and Aveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risèst from fŏrth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
An ĕbon mass; methinks thou piercèst it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

2. O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible ălōne.
Yĕt like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts
Yeā, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilāting soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

3. Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owèst—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet sŏng! Awake, my heart, ăwāke!

Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darknèss all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself, earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake! and utter praise.
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

4. And you, ye five wild tŏrrents fiercely glad!
Who called you fŏrth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggèd rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal fōam?
And who commanded,—and the silence came,—
"Here let the billōws stiffen, and have rest?"

5. Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Tŏrrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddèst plunge!
Mōtionlèss torrents! silent cataracts!—
Who made you glōrious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bāde the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliēst blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
"Gŏd!" let the torents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "Gŏd!"

6. "Gŏd!" sing, ye meadōw-streams, with gladsome voice,
Ye pine-groves, with your sōft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "Gŏd!"
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frōst!
Ye wild goats spōrting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread ărrōws of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter fōrth "GOD!" and fill the hills with praise.

¶ Once mōre, hōar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemèst, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yŏn rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD! COLERIDGE.

VI.

149. ELEMENTS OF THE SWISS LANDSCAPE.

PASSING out through a fōrest of larches, whose dark verdure is peculiarly appropriate to it, and going up toward the ıths[1] of Leuk,[2] the ĭnterèst of the landscape does not at all ımĭnish. What a concentration and congregation of all ele-ents of sublimity and beauty are before you! what surprising ntrasts of light and shade, of form and color, of sŏftnèss and ggèdnèss! Here are vast heights above you, and vast depths lōw, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages ıd winding paths, lovely meadōw slopes enameled with flowers, ep immĕasurable ravines', tōrrents thundering down them lōssal, overhanging, castellated[3] reefs of grănīte; snowy aks with the setting sun upon them.

2. You command a view far down over the valley of the

[1] **Baths**, (bȧthz).

[2] **Leuk**, (loik), a village and celebrated bathing-place of Switzerland, in the canton of Valais, on the Rhone, and about 5000 feet above the sea.

[3] **Căs'tel lā'ted**, inclosed; adorned with turrets and battlements, like a castle.

Rhône, with its villages and castles, and its mixture of rich farms and vast beds and heaps of mountain fragments, deposited by furious tŏrrents. What affects the mind vĕry powerfully on first entering upon these scenes, is the deep dark blue, so intensely deep and overshadowing, of the gorge at its upper end, and at the magnificent proud sweep of the granite barrier, which there shuts it in, apparently without a passage. The mountains rise like vast supernatural intelligences taking a material shape, and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur; there is a fŏrehĕad of power and majesty, and the likeness of a kingly crown above it.

3. Amidst all the grandeur of this scenery, I remember to have been in no place mŏre delighted with the profuse richnèss, delicacy, and beauty of the Al'pĭne flowers. The grass of the meadŏw slopes, in the gorge of the Dala, had a depth and power of verdure, a clear, delicious greenness, that in its effect upon the mind was like that of the atmosphere in the brightest autumnal morning of the year; or rather, perhaps, like the colors of the sky at sunset. There is no such grass-color in the world as that of these mountain meadows. It is just the same at the verge of the ice oceans of Mount Blănc. It makes you think of one of the points chosen by the Sacred Poët to illustrate the dĭvīne benevolence (and I had almost said, no man can truly understand why it was chosen, who has not traveled in Switzerland), "*Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.*"

4. And then the flowers, so mŏdèst, so lovely, yĕt of such deep ex'quisite hue, enameled in the grass, sparkling ămĭdst it, "a starry multitude," undernēath such awful brooding mountain forms and icy precipices—how beautiful! All that the poëts have ever said or sung of daisies, vĭŏlets, snow-drops, king-cups, primroses, and all modest flowers, is here outdone by the mute poëtry of the denizens of these wild pastures. Such a meadŏw slope as this, watered with pure rills from the glăciērs, would have set the mind of Edwards[1] at work in contemplation on the

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Jonathan Edwards, one of the first metaphysicians of his age, author of an "Essay on the Freedom of the Will," was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5th, 1703. He entered Yale College in his thirteenth year; graduated with the highest honors; and continued his residence in the institution for two years, for the study of theology. He first preached to a congregation in New York, in his nine-

beauty of holiness. He has connected these meek and lowly flowers with an image, which none (nŭn) of the poets of this world have ever thought of.

5. To him the dĭvīne beauty of hōlĭnèss "made the soul like a field or garden of Gŏd, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glōry; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet frāgrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

6. Vĕry likely such a passage as this, coming from the soul of the great theŏlōgiăn (for this is the poĕtry of the soul, and not of the artificial sentiment, nor of the mere worship of nature), will seem to many persons like vīŏlets in the bosom of a glăc'iĕr. But no poet ever described the meek, modest flowers so beautifully, *rejoicing in a calm rapture.* Jonathan Edwards himself, with his grand views of sacred theŏlogy and history, his living piĕty, and his great experience in the deep things of Gŏd, was like a mountain glacier, in one respect, as the "par'ent of perpetual streams," that are then the deepèst, when all the fountains of the world are the driĕst; like, also, in another respect, that in climbing his theology you gĕt very near to heaven, and are in a very pure and bracing atmosphere; like, again, in this, that it requires much spiritual labor and discipline to surmount his heights, and some care not to fall into the *crevăss'es;* and like, once mōre, in this, that when you get to the top, you have a vast,[1] wide, glōrious view of Gŏd's great plan, and see things in their chains and connections, which before you only saw separate and piecemeal. CHEEVER.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER was born at Hallowell, Maine, on the 17th of April, 1807. He was graduated at Bowdoin College, September, 1825, studied theology at Andover, was licensed to preach in 1830, and was first settled as pastor over Howard Street church of Salem, Massachusetts. He went to Europe in 1836,

teenth year. He preached in Northampton twenty-three years: was missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge, Mass., for six years; was installed president of Princeton College in January, 1758; and died on the 22d of March of the same year.

[1] Vast, (vâst), see Note 3, p. 22.

where he spent two years and six months. In 1839 he became pastor of the Allen Street church, New York, and in 1846 of the Church of the Puritans, a position which he still retains. In 1844 he again visited Europe for a year. Dr. Cheever is celebrated as a logician. He has a keen analytical mind, and combining fancy with logic, succeeds equally well in allegory and in argumentation His numerous and valuable works have gained him an enviable position in American literature. He has written extensively for our ablest reviews and periodicals. He was a valuable correspondent of the "New York Observer," when in Europe, and editor of the "New York Evangelist" during 1845 and 1846. He is now a contributor of "The Independent." His "Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1843, and "Voices of Nature," 1852, are among the ablest of his productions, and indicate most truly his mode and range of thought. "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Yungfrau Alp," from which the above extract is taken, published in 1846, on his return from his second visit to Europe, met with a very favorable reception. As a writer he is always clear and unimpassioned; he sees and hears and describes, never falling, through excess of feeling, into confusion, or figure, or redundancy of expression. The reader is strengthened by his power, calmed by his tranquillity, and incited to self-denying and lofty views, by his earnest and vigorous presentation of truth.

VII.

150. ALPINE SCENERY.

ABOVE me are the Alps—mōst glōrious Alps—
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thŭnderbōlt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yĕt appalls,
Găther around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yĕt leave vain man belōw.

2. Lake Lēman[1] woos me with its crystal face,—
The mirror, where the stars and mountains view
The stillnèss of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.
There is too much of man here, to look through,
With a fit mind, the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew

[1] **Lē′man** or Geneva, a crescent-shaped lake of Europe, between Switzerland and the Sardinian States. Length, forty-five miles; breadth, from one to nine and a half miles; and greatest depth, nine hundred and eighty-four feet. Its waters, which are never entirely frozen over, have a peculiar deep-blue color, are very transparent, and contain a great variety of fish. Steam navigation was introduced in 1823.

Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd that penned me in their fold.

8. Clear, plăcid Lēman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I've dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Tōrn ōcean's rōar; but thy sŏft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved

4. It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yĕt clear,
Mellōwed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura,[1] whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living frāgrance from the shōre,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol mōre.

5. He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;—
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distill,
Weeping themselves ăwāy till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

6. Ye stars! which are the poĕtry of heaven,
If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies ō'erlēap their mortal state,

[1] Jura, (jŏ'ra), a chain of mountains which separates France from Switzerland, extending for one hundred and eighty miles in the form of a curve, from S. to N. E., with a mean breadth of thirty miles. One of the culminating points, and the highest, is Mount Molesson six thousand five hundred and eighty-eight feet above the level of the sea.

And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mȳstery, and creāte
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

7. All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling mōst;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still! From the high hōst
Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain cōast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creātor and Defense.

8. The sky is chānged! and such a change! O Night,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strōng,
Yet lovely in your strength, as the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far alōng,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lōne cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

9. And this is in the night.—Mōst glōrious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A pōrtion of the tĕmpèst and of thee!
How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea—
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice ō'er a young earthquake's birth.

10. Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful:—the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where, of ye, O tempests! is the gōal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

1. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I,
Still on thy shŏres, fair Lēman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

LORD BYRON.

SECTION XXVIII.

I.

151. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I. EARLY DAWN.—SHELLEY.

THE point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the ŏrange light of widening morn,
Beyŏnd the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-dĭvĭded mist the darker lake
Reflects it. Now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:
'Tis lŏst! and through yŏn peaks of cloud-like snow
The rōseāte sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æŏliān[1] music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

II. DAYBREAK.—LONGFELLOW.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye măriners! the night is gŏne!"
And hŭrried landward far ăwāy,
Crying, "Awake! it is the dāy!"
It said unto the fŏrest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

[1] Æ ŏ' li an, pertaining to Æolus, the god of the winds; hence, music uced by wind may be termed Æolian music.

And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mȳstery, and creāte
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

7. All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling mōst;
And sīlent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still! From the high hōst
Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain cōast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creātor and Defense.

8. The sky is chānged! and such a change! O Nīght,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strōng,
Yet lovely in your strength, as the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far alōng,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lōne cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

9. And this is in the night.—Mōst glōrious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A pōrtion of the tĕmpèst and of thee!
How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea—
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice ō'er a young earthquake's birth.

10. Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful:—the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where, of ye, O tempests! is the gōal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Meantime, benēath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of gray vapor spreads,
That ō'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves on, in clustered masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is displayed
In vārious pŏmp of color, light, and shade,—
Hills, fŏrests, rivers, lakes, and level plain,
Lessening in sunshine to the southern main.
The lama's fleece fumes with ascending dew;
The gem-like humming-birds their toils renew;
And see, where yŏnder stalks, in crimson pride,
The tall flamingo, by the river's side,—
Stalks, in his richest plumage bright arrayed,
With snowy neck superb, and legs of lengthening shade.

V. DAWN.—Willis.

Throw up the windōw! 'Tis a morn for life
In its mōst subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so sŏftly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the vīōlet. There is joy
For all Gŏd's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch; and birds are singing,
As if to breathe were music; and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.

VI. MORNING.—Milton.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliĕst birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After sŏft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild: then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

VII. MORNING ON THE RHINE.—Bowles.

'Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow—
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—
Shōne in the early light, when on the Rhine
We sailed, and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting: varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some gray convent-wall or sun-lit spire
Starts up, alōng the banks, unfolding slow.
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass!—There, on the vineyard's side,
The bursting sunshine pōurs its streaming tide;
While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a lōng summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

VIII. MORNING SOUNDS.—Beattie.[1]

But who the melodies of morn can tell?—
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn alōng the cliffs above;
The hollōw murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slōw tōlls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts ăwāy on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower;
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

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[1] **James Beattie**, the well-known Scotch poet and moralist, author of *the celebrated* poem, the "Minstrel," and of the "Essay on Truth," was born December 5th, 1735, and died August 18th, 1803.

IX. EARLY RISING.—HURDIS.[1]

RISE with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps,
Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental vail puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed,
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theater, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion.
Oh! there is a charm
That morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Breathe per'fumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverish sleep; or wakeful, dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
But in the regions of romance'. Ye fair,
Like you it must be wooed, or never won;
And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
The faded features to restore: no chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

II.

152. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I. INVOCATION TO NIGHT.—J. F. HOLLINGS.

COME, with thy sweeping cloud and starry vest
Mother of counsel, and the joy which lies
In feelings deep, and inward sympathies,

[1] James Hurdis, an English poet, born in 1763, and died in 1801.

Soothing, like founts of health, the wearied breast.
Lo! ō'er the distant hills the day-star's crest
Sinks redly burning; and the winds arise,
Moving with shadowy gusts and feeble sighs
Amid the reeds which veil the bittern's nest!
Day hath its melody and light—the sense
Of mirth which spōrts round fancy's fairy mine;
But the full power, which lŏftier aids dispense,
To speed the soul where scenes unearthly shine—
Silence, and peace, and stern magnificence,
And awe, and throned solemnity—are thine!

II. A TWILIGHT PICTURE.—WHITTIER.

THE twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back:
And on their skirts, where yĕt the lingering day
On the shōrn greennèss of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep ălŏng the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lōwed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked benēath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

III. EVENING.—CROLY.

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how sŏft ye flōw!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glōw.
Then all by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye,—
The few we liked, the one we loved,—
And the whōle heart is memory:
And life is like a fading flower,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;
Yĕt as the shadōws round us lower,

Heaven pōurs above a brighter blaze.
When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,
Our hope, our heart, to earth is given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

IV. NIGHT.—COLERIDGE.[1]

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The in-door note of in'dustry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the windōw-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread:
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odors! and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds, that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night. And haply now she sleeps;
For all the garrulous noises of the air
Are hushed in peace: the sōft dew silent weeps,
Like hopelèss lovers, for a maid so fair:—
Oh! that I were the happy dream that creeps
To her soft heart, to find my image there.

V. NIGHT AT CORINTH.[2]—BYRON.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down:
Blue roll the waters: blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So widely, spiritually bright;—
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee ăwāy,
And mix with their eternal rāy?
The waves on ēither shōre lay there

[1] **Hartley Coleridge**, eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born at Clevedown, a small village near Bristol, England, September 19th, 1796. Some of his poems are exquisitely beautiful, and his sonnets are surpassed by few in the language. His prose works are remarkable for brilliancy of imagery, beauty of thought, pure English style, and pleasing and instructive suggestions. He died on the 6th of January, 1849.

[2] **The night here described is supposed to have been in 1715, when Corinth, then in possession of the Venetians, was besieged by the Turks.**

Calm, clear, and ăzure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillōwed on the waves;
The banners drooped alŏng their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shōne the crescent curling:
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed ŏft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill;
And the wild hum of that wild hōst
Rustled like leaves from cōast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's[1] voice in air
In midnight call to wonted[2] prayer.

VI. A SUMMER'S NIGHT.—BAILEY.[3]

THE last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's swōrd upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glōry gŏne.
Oh! I could weep to see the day die thus.
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger, ye clouds, one moment lŏnger there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings!
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end.
It will wake no mōre till the all-revealing day;
When, like a drop of water, greatened bright
Into a shadōw, it shall show itself,
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds,
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gŏne to Gŏd,—
Straight—like an infant's spirit, or a mŏcked
And mōurning messenger of grace to man.
Would it had taken me too on its wings!
My end is nigh. Would I might die outright!

[1] **Mu ĕz′ zin**, one appointed by the Turks, who use no bells for the purpose, to summon the religious to their devotions, to the extent of his voice.

[2] **Wonted**, (wŭnt′ ed).

[3] **Philip James Bailey**, an English poet, was born in Nottingham, April 22d, 1816. He was educated in the schools of his native town and at the university of Glasgow. His first and most remarkable poem, "Festus," appeared in 1839. His principal publications since are the "Angel World" and "Mystic."

So ō'er the sunset clouds of red mortality
The emerald hues of deathlèssnèss diffuse
Their glōry, heightening to the starry blue
Of all embosoming eternity.

VII. NIGHT AND DEATH.—White.[1]

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from repōrt dĭvīne, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glōrious canopy of light and blue?
Yĕt 'nēath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus,[2] with the hōst of heaven came;
And lo! creātion widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darknèss lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mādest us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

VIII. NIGHT.—Shelley.

How beautiful this night! The balmiëst sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this movelèss scene. Heaven's ĕbon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yŏn gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangèth o'er the time-wōrn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemèth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene

[1] **Joseph Blanco White**, a Spanish gentleman of Irish descent, who came to England in 1810, and devoted himself to literature, chiefly through the magazines and periodical press. He was born in 1775, and died in 1841.

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Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthlinèss;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch ălōne,
So cold, so bright, so still.

IX. THE MOON.—CHARLOTTE SMITH.[1]

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shădōw trembling in the stream,
Or mark the flōating clouds that crōss thy way:
And while I gaze, thy mild and plăcid light
Sheds a sŏft calm upon my troubled breast;
And ŏft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sŏrrōw here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

X. THE STARS.—DARWIN.[2]

ROLL on, ye stars; exult in youthful prime;
Mark with bright curves the printlèss steps of Time;
Near and mōre near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.

[1] **Mrs. Charlotte Smith** (Miss Turner) was born in King Street, St. James Square, London, May 4th, 1749. Her first collection of sonnets and other poems was very popular, passing through no less than eleven editions. Her first novel, "Emmeline," which was exceedingly popular, appeared in 1788. Her novels and other prose works, in all about forty volumes, were much admired by Sir Walter Scott and other contemporaries; but she is now most known and most valued for her poetry, which abounds with touches of tenderness, grace, and beauty. She died on the 28th of October, 1806.

[2] **Erasmus Darwin**, an English physician, poet, and botanist, was born at Elton, in 1731, and after taking his degree at Edinburgh, pursued his professional career at Litchfield, from which place he removed to Derby, where he died in 1802. Dr. Darwin was an original thinker, a great adept in analogies, and an able versifier.

Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlŏng, extinct, to one dark center fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all;
Till ō'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her chāngeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre, on wings of flame,
And sōars and shines, another and the same.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

153. LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!
And save his good broadswŏrd he weapons had none,—
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Nĕtherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I lŏng wooed your daughter,—my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come with this lōst love of mine,
To lead but one mĕasure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland mōre lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed ŏff the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her sŏft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a mĕasure!" said young Lochinvar.

6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bŏnnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scar;
They'll have fleet steeds that follŏw," quoth young Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lŏst bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SCOTT.

II.

154. THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Dānish king
(Hŭrry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pĭned for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

2. Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hŭrry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the fōaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

3. His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hŭrry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follōws ălōne,
For strength and for courage trying
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

4. The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle pōrtal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

5. The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed fōrth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O, steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

III.

155. SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of dāy,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismāy,
The affrighted air with a shudder bōre,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's dōor,
The terrible grumble and rumble and rōar,
Telling the battle was on once mōre,
And Sheridan—twenty miles āwāy.

2. And wider still those billōws of war
Thundered ălōng the horī'zon's bar,
And louder yĕt into Winchester rolled
The rōar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away.

3. But there is a rōad from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

4. Still sprung from these swift hoofs, thundering South
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to foemen the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

5. Under his spurning feet, the rōad
Like an ărrōwy Al'pĭne river flōwed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;

And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the rōaring frāy,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

6. The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him bōth,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible ōath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its cōurse there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whōle great army to say,
"*I have brought you Sheridan all the way*
From Winchester down to save the day!"

7. Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glōrious General's name,
Be it said in letters bōth bold and bright:
"*Here is the steed that saved the day*
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!" T. B. Reed.

IV.

156. THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup (stŭr'rup), and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bōlts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the pōstern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped ăbrĕast.

2. Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Rōland a whit.

3. 'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lōkeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yĕllōw star came out to see;
At Dŭffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mĕcheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yĕt there is time!"

4. At Aerschot, up lēaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Rōland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

5. And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which āye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

6. By Hasselt Dirck grōaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix" (āks)—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and hŏrrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

7. So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitilèss laugh;
'Nēath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

8. "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his rōan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Rōland to bear the whōle weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

9. Then I cast loose my buff-cōat, each hōlster let fall,
Shook off bōth my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sàng, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Rōland galloped and stood.

0. And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sāte with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Rōland of mine,
As I pōured down his thrōat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no mōre than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING, one of the most remarkable English poets of the age, was rn in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812, and educated at the London iversity. At the age of twenty he went to Italy, where he passed some time idying the mediæval history of the country, and making himself acquainted th the life, habits, and characteristics of its people. The effect of his Italian : is distinctly perceivable in the selection of subjects for his poems and his atment of them. His first work, "Paracelsus," a dramatic poem of great wer, appeared in 1835. Mr. Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett, in vember, 1846. His collective poems, in two volumes, appeared in London 1849, and since then three additional volumes were published, all of which re been republished in this country. Though a true poet, of original genius, h dramatic and lyrical, his poems are not popular among the masses. Much his poetry is written for poets, requiring careful study, and repaying all that given to it. A few of his dramatic lyrics, however, such as "The Pied Piper Hamelin," "The Lost Leader," "Incident of the French Camp," and "How y brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," are unrivaled in elements of pularity.

SECTION XXX.

I.

157. CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

HAMLET is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poēt's brain. But are they not *reäl?* They e as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's ind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play is a prophetic truth, hich is above that of hĭstòry.

2. Whoever has become thoughtful and mĕl'ancholy through s own mishaps or those of others; whoever has bōrne about

with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him ōnly a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sădnèss cling to his heart like a mălady; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strānge things; who can not be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a specter; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences: this is the true Hamlet.

3. We have been so used to this tragedy,[1] that we hardly know how to criticise it, any mōre than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays, that we think of oftenest, because it abounds mōst in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves; because he applies it so himself, as a means of general reasoning.

4. He is a great mōralizer, and what makes him worth attending to, is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If Lear shows the greātèst depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. There is no attempt to fōrce an interest: ĕvèry thing is left for time and cir'cumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of cōurse; the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do, if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point.

5. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music bōrne on the

[1] **Trăg´ e dў**, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some remarkable action, performed by illustrious persons, having a fatal and mournful end; any event by which human lives are lost by human violence.

wind. The whŏle play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the cōurt of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in mŏrals and manners were heard of. It would have been ĭn'teresting enough to have been admitted, as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on.

6. But here we are mōre than spectators. We have not ōnly "the outward pāgeants and the signs of grief," but "we have that within which passes show." We read the thoughts of the heart, we cătch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us vĕry fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comment, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

7. The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will, or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as man well can be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility,—the spōrt of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings; and fōrced from the natural bīas of his disposition by the strāngenèss of his situation.

HAZLITT.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, an English author, was born at Maidstone, April 10th, 1778. After graduating at college, he first became a painter, but finding he was not likely to reach the highest standard, he renounced the art and embarked in a literary career. His essay on "The Principles of Human Action," appeared in 1805. Thenceforth his principal support was derived from his contributions to the periodicals, and his occasional publications and lectures. Among his best known works are: "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," which appeared in London in 1817; "A View of the English Stage," 1818; "Lectures on the English Poets," 1818; "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," 1819; "Table Talk," 1821; and "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." He lived in London during the last twenty years of his life, in a house in Westminster, once occupied by Milton. He died September 18, 1830.

II.

158. SCENES FROM HAMLET.

PART FIRST.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, LORDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

KING. Though yĕt of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whŏle kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of wōe;
Yĕt so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisèst sŏrrōw think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair ălŏng:—For all, our thanks.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——
Ham. A little mōre than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailèd lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not ălōne my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of fōrced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passèth shōw;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mōurning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lŏst a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sŏrrōw: but to persevere

In obstinate condŏlement, is a cŏurse
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will mŏst incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient:
An understanding simple and unschooled:
For what, we know, must be; and is as common
As any of the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to heaven.
We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
Our chiefèst courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unfŏrced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jŏcund health, that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, LORDS, *&c.*

Ham. Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! Oh fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed: things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion[1] to a sātyr:[2] so loving to my mother,

[1] **Hy pē′ ri on**, the father of Aurora, and the Sun and Moon; or, as Shakspeare represents, this is a name of Apollo, the god of day, who was distinguished for his beauty.

[2] **Sā′ tyr**, a demigod or deity of

That he might not beteem[1] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? And yĕt, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Nī'obè, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discōurse of reason,
Would have mōurned longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules:
It is not, nor it can not come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forgĕt myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wĭt'tenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord.——

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own repōrt
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mŏck me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it fŏllōwed hard upon.

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the wood, described as a monster, part man and part goat, and characterized by riotous merriment and indulgence in sensual pleasure. Satyrs are represented with bristly hair, the nose round and turned upward, the ears pointed, with two small horns growing out of the forehead, and a tail like that of a goat.

[1] Be tēem', allow; suffer.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. Where,
My lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was (wŏz) a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! whom?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king, my father?
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almŏst to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, bŏth in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not mŏre like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none (nŭn); yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Armed, say you?
All. Armed, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not
His face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up
Ham. What! looked he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sŏrrŏw than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Ham. His beard was grizzled?—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, 'twill.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,[1]
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then, sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

III.

159. SCENES FROM HAMLET.

PART SECOND.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

HAMLET. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont[2] to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,[3]
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't;

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[1] Gape, (gāp).

[2] Wont, (wŭnt), custom; habit.

[3] Rouse, (rouz), a carousal; a festival; a drinking frolic.

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honored in the breach, than the observance.
Enter GHOST.
Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ingorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cēre'ments! why the sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath ōped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So hŏrribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyŏnd the reaches of our souls?
Say why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go ăwāy with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you ălōne.
Mar. Look, with what courteous[1] action
It waves you to a mōre removèd ground;
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me fōrth again;—I'll fōllōw it.

[1] **Corteous**, (kôrt' e ŭs), of court-like or elegant and condescending manners; well-bred; complaisant.

Hor. What, if it tempt you tōward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles ō'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other hŏrrible form,
And draw you into mădnèss?
Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold ŏff your hands.
Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nē'mean lion's nerve.— [Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I called;—unhand me, gentlemen:—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets[1] me:—
I say, ăway!—Go on, I'll fŏllŏw thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* Hamlet, *followed by* Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Re-enter Ghost *and* Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightèst word

[1] **Lĕts, retards; hinders.**

Would hărrŏw up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knottèd and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List,—list,—O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder mŏst foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural,
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe[1] wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whŏle ear of Denmark
Is by a fŏrgèd prŏcess of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crŏwn.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Ay,—
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
He won to his shameful love
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand and hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline

[1] Lē′the, a river of Africa, watering the city of Berenice, which, because it runs many miles under ground, was fabled by the poets to be one of the rivers of hell, and because the name signifies *oblivion*, was feigned to cause forgetfulness of all that was past to those who drank of its waters; oblivion; forgetfulness.

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!—
But, sŏft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon in a vial,
And in the pōrches of mine ears did pōur
The leperous distillment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it cōurses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched:
Cut ŏff even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O, hŏrrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Hold, hold, my heart:
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yeā, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe ăwāy all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven,
I have swŏrn't.

IV.

160. SCENES FROM HAMLET.[1]

PART THIRD.

POLONIUS *interrupts* HAMLET *who is reading a book.*

POLONIUS. Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's vĕry true, my lord.

Ham. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yĕt he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gŏne, far gone; and, truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love;—very near this. I'll speak to him again. [*To* HAMLET.] What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

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[1] **Hamlet**, after the interview with the ghost of his father, in order that he may verify his belief of the murder and successfully avenge it, affects insanity. The king and queen are so disturbed by this that they send for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two of his former companions, to draw out, if possible, the secret which oppresses him. Polonius, lord chamberlain of the palace, an aged man, also tries to fathom him, and confidently declares him crazy through lovesickness.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be mădnèss, yĕt there's method in it. [*To* HAMLET.] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. [*To* HAMLET.] My honorable lord, I will mŏst humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You can not, sir, take from me anything that I will mŏre willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. My honored lord!—

Ros. My mŏst dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye bŏth? What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near. But your news is not true. Let me question mŏre in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many con'fines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 't is none (nŭn) to you; for there is nothing (nŭth'ing) ēither good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 't is too nărrōw for your mind.

Ham. O, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count mysell a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining?

Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color; I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure′ you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what mŏre dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether ye were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*To* GUILDENSTERN.] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside.*] Nay, then I have an eye of you. [*To them.*] If you love me, hold not ŏff.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a stĕrīle prom′ontory; this mōst excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave ō′erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the păragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?—Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Reënter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yŏnder cloud, that's almōst in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and t is like a camel, indeed.
Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.
Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or, like a whale.
Pol. Vĕry like a whale.
Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Sŏft; now to my mother!—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

V.

161. SCENES FROM HAMLET.

PART FOURTH.[1]

Enter QUEEN *and* HAMLET.

HAMLET. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgŏt me?
Ham. No, by the rood,[2] not so:

[1] Hamlet, doubtful of the relation of the ghost, and fearful that it might be only the tale of a wicked spirit, laid a plot to convince himself of his uncle's participation in the murder; and the scene here given occurs after the successful issue of the plot, and he becomes fully convinced that his uncle was the murderer of his father.

[2] Rood, (rōd), the cross, or an image of Christ on the cross, with the Virgin Mary and a saint, or St. John, on each side of it.

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do?—thou wilt not murder me?
Ham. Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oath! oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars,[1] to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,[2]
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

[1] **Mars**, an ancient Roman god, who, at an early period, was identified with the Greek Ares, or the god delighting in bloody war. Next *to Jupiter*, Mars enjoyed the highest honors at Rome; also, a planet.

[2] **Mer'cu ry**, in *mythology*, the messenger and interpreter of the gods, and the god of eloquence and of commerce, called Hermes by the Greeks.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every gŏd did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you, now, what follows:
Here is your hŭsband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his whŏlesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You can not call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?

Queen. Oh, speak no mŏre!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my vĕry soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots,
As will not leave their tinct.[1] Oh, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precĕdent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diădem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches;— [*Enter* Ghost.
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:

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[1] **Tinct, (tingkt), spot; stain; color.**

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. SHAKSPEARE.

SECTION XXXI.

I.

162. SOCIETY THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

SOCIETY is the great educator. More than universities, more than schools, more than books, society educates. Nature is the schoolhouse, and many lessons are written upon its walls; but man is the effective teacher. Parents, relatives, friends, associates; social manners, maxims, morals, worships, the daily example, the fireside conversation, the casual interview, the spirit that breathes through the whole atmosphere of life—these are the powers and influences that train the mass of mankind. Even books, which are daily assuming a larger place in human training, are but the influence of man on man.

2. It is evident that one of the leading and ordained means by which men are raised in the scale of knowledge and virtue, is the conversation, example, influence of men superior to themselves. It seems, if one may say so, to be the purpose, the intent, the *effort* of nature—of Providence, to bring men together, and to bring them together, for the most part, in relations of discipleship and teaching.

3. The social nature, first, draws them to intercourse. Perpetual solitariness is intolerable. But then, much of their intercourse is on terms of inequality. Equals in *age*, people in *society*, seldom meet, but one is able to teach or tell something, and the other is desirous to learn it. The lower are strongly drawn to the higher. Children are not content to be always by themselves; curiosity, reverence, filial affection draw them to their superiors. In the whole business of life—tillage, mechanism, manufacture, merchandise—a younger generation is connected with an elder, to be taught by it.

4. Barbarous tribes go on forever in their barbarism, till they are brought into the presence of superior culture. The Chinese

exclusion has kept that people stationary, though civilization has been knocking at their gates for more than three centuries. And it is better—I speak of mere results, not principles—that the way for light should be opened into that country by English cannon balls, or the rending asunder of the empire, than never to be opened.

5. But such a fixed barrier to civilization is a solitary phenomenon in hĭstòrў. Nations, the barbarous and civilized, by some means or other, in the everlasting fer'ment of human interests and passions, are thrown into communication and interfusion—if by no better means, by war, by subjugation, by capture: for Providence, if one may say so, *will* have them come together. Human injustice and cruelty are not to be abetted in this matter. There are better ways, which Christian civilization ought to learn—travel, trade, missions of light and mercy; but, some way, the nations must mingle together, or the ignorant will never be enlightened, the savage never civilized.

6. Where are the ruder peasantry of Europe now resorting, for work and for subsistence? To the heart of England and Amĕrica. Many an enlightened man, building a railroad, or improving his estate, many a refined woman in her household, is made their teacher—little suspecting the ŏffice, perhaps. It were fortunate, I think, for bŏth parties, if they did; it might make the relation mōre kindly and holy; but any way, the work will be done. How fine and delicate and penetrating is this power of man to influence his kind! A word, a tone, a look—nothing (nŭth'ing) goes to the depths of the soul like that. The dexterous hands, and the embracing arms, the commanding eye and the persuasive lips and the stately presence are fitted for nothing more remarkably than to teach.

7. Traveling on a railroad, one day, I saw a little child in the company of some half a dozen affectionate relatives. From hand to hand it passed—to be ămūsed, to be soothed, to be taught something from moment to moment—to receive many lessons, and mōre caresses, all the day long. "Here," I thought with myself, "is a company of unpaid, loving, willing, unwearied teachers. Such governesses could scarce be hired on any terms." Well, it was not a nobleman's child; it was not a rich man's child, that I know: the same thing, substantially, is passing in every house where childhood lives, every day.

8. How sharp, too, and jealous, is the guardianship of society over the virtue of its members! How preventive and corrective are its sŏrrōw and indigna.ion at their failures! A parent's grief is such a warning and retribution as prisons and dungeons could not bring upon his erring child. And then it is to be observed that the grōsser and mōre ruinous vices are such as soon betray themselves, and can not be lŏng concealed. The police of society is vĕry likely to find them out.

9. And selfishness, covetousness, vanity, do not escape. The repulsive atmosphere of common feeling about the selfish man, the cold shădōw in which the miser walks, the stinging criticisms upon the vain man, proclaim that society is not an idle censor What does public opinion brand, what does literature satirize, all over the world, but the faults and foibles of men?

10. Society has thrones for the good and noble, and purple and gold are but rags and dust in the comparison. Society has prisons and penitentiaries for the base and bad, and stone walls and silent cells are not so cold and death-like. DEWEY.

II.

163. THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CONQUEROR.

THERE is nothing (nŭth'ing) which the adversaries of improvement are mōre wont (wŭnt) to make themselves mĕrry with than what is termed the "*march of intellect;*" and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a vĕry absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the prŏgress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pŏmp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lămentā'-tions for the slain.

2. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly găthers round him those who are to further their execution—he quietly, though firmly, advances in his

humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recĕss'es of ignorance, and tōrn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a prŏgress not to be compared with any thing like a march; but it leads to a far mōre brilliant triumph, and to laurels more impĕrishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

3. Such men—men deserving the glōrious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessèd vocation, wherever I have gōne. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved Italians (ĭ tăl'yănz); and in our own country, Gŏd be thanked, their number everywhere abound, and are every day increasing.

4. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in propōrtion as it sounds not far ŏff in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed cōurse; awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises; and, resting from his labors, bequēaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglōrious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lŏst a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy." BROUGHAM.

HENRY BROUGHAM, the distinguished philanthropist, orator, and statesman, was born in Westmoreland, England, in 1779. He received his preparatory education at the high school in Edinburgh, and in 1795 entered the university, where his course was a complete triumph. He was one of the projectors and chief contributors of the Edinburgh Review, and in 1803 published "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," which at once called the attention of the public to its author. After his admission to the Scottish bar, he visited the north of Europe, and on his return commenced practice in the Court of King's Bench, London, where he soon gained both popularity and emolument. He first entered Parliament in 1810, and here the vastness and universality of his acquirements, his singular activity, and untiring energies rendered him very serviceable in the promotion of reforms. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1825, and was president of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," established in 1827. He was appointed Lord Chancellor and elevated to the peerage in 1830. Since 1834 he has been *constantly* exerting his transcendent abilities in the House of Lords in favor of all *measures* that are calculated to advance the best interests of society. Among

his most valuable works are, "Biography of Eminent Statesmen and Men of Letters in the Reign of George III.," 3 vols.; "A Discourse on Natural Theology," and an edition of his Parliamentary Speeches, revised by himself. His speeches unquestionably stand in the very first rank of oratorical masterpieces.

III.

164. INTELLECTUAL POWER.

IF we pass in review all the pursuits of mankind, and all the ends they aim at under the instigation of their appetites and passions, or at the dictation of shăllōw utilitarian phĭlŏs'-ophy, we shall find that they pursue shădōws and worship idols, or that whatever there is that is good and great and catholic in their deeds and purposes, depends for its accŏmplishmènt upon the intellect, and is accomplished just in propōrtion as that intellect is stōred with knowledge. And whether we examine the present or the past, we shall find that knowledge ălōne is reăl power—"mōre powerful," says Bacon, "than the will, commanding the reason, understanding, and belief," and "setting up a throne in the spirits and souls of men."

2. We shall find that the prŏgress of knowledge is the ōnly true and permanent progress of our race, and that however inventions, and discoveries, and events which change the face of human affairs, may appear to be the results of contemporary efforts, or providential accidents, it is, in fact, the men of learning who lead with noiseless step the vanguard of civilization, that mark out the rōad over which—opened sooner or later—posterity marches; and from the abundance of their precious stōres sow seed by the wayside, which spring up in due season and produce a hundred fold; and cast bread upon the waters which is găthered after many days. The age which gives birth to the largest number of such men is always the mōst enlightened; and the age in which the highèst reverence and most intelligent obedience is accorded to them, always advances most rapidly in the career of improvement.

3. And let not the ambitious aspirant to enrol himself with this illustrious band, to fill the throne which learning "sĕttèth up in the spirits and souls of men," and wield its absolute power, be checked, however humble he may be, however unlikely to attain wealth or office, or secure homage as a practical man or man of action, by any fear that true knowledge can be

stifled, overshadowed, or compelled to involuntary barrenness. Whenever or wherever men meet to deliberate or act, the trained intellect will always master.

4. But for the mōst sensitive and mŏdèst, who seeks retirement, there is another resōurce. The public press, accessible to all, will enable him, from the depths of solitude, to speak trumpet-tongued to the four corners of the earth. No matter how he may be situated—if he has facts that will bear scrutiny, if he has thoughts that burn, if he is sure he has a call to teach —the press is a trīpod[1] from which he may give utterance to his ŏracles; and if there be truth in them, the world and future ages will accept it.

5. It is not commerce that is king, nor manufactures, nor cotton, nor any single art or science, any mōre than those who wear the bauble crowns. Knowledge is sovereign,[2] and the press is the royal seat on which she sits, a sceptered monarch. From this she rules public opinion, and finally gives laws alike to prince and people,—laws framed by men of letters; by the wandering bard; by the phīlōsopher in his grove or pōrtico, his tower or lăboratory; by the pale student in his closet.

6. We contemplate with awe the mighty movements of the last eighty years, and we held our breath while we gazed upon the heaving human mass so lately struggling, like huge leviathan, over the broad face of Europe. What has thus stirred the world? The press. The press, which has scattered far and wide the sparks of genius, kindling as they fly. Books, journals, pamphlets, these are the cannon-balls—moulded often by the obscure and humble, but loaded with fiery thoughts—which have burst in the sides of every structure, political, social, and religious, and shattered, too often, alike the rotten and the sound. For in knowledge, as in everything else, the two great principles of Good and Evil maintain their eternal warfare,—a war amid and above all other wars.

7. But in the strife of knowledge, unlike other contests, victory never fails to ăbīde with truth. And the wise and virtuous who find and use this mighty wĕapon, are sure of their

[1] Trī′pŏd, any utensil or vessel, supported on three feet, as a stool, a table, an altar, and the like. On *such a stool* the Pythian priest, in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, sat while giving responses to those consulting the oracle.

[2] Sovereign (sŭv′ er in).

reward. It may not come soon. Years, ages, centuries may pass away, and the grave-stone may have crumbled above the head that should have worn the wreath. But to the eye of faith, the vision of the unperishable and inevitable halo that shall enshrine the memory is forever present, cheering and sweetening toil, and compensating for privation. And it often happens that the great and heroic mind, unnoticed by the world, buried apparently in profoundest darkness, sustained by faith, works out the grandest problems of human prŏgress; working under broad rays of brightest light; light furnished by that inward and immortal lamp, which, when its mission upon earth has closed, is trimmed anew by angels' hands, and placed among the stars of heaven. HAMMOND.

JAMES HENRY HAMMOND, a statesman and a political writer of distinction, was born in Newberry District, South Carolina, November 15, 1807. He graduated in South Carolina College, in Columbia, of which his father was president, in 1825; was admitted to the bar in 1828; and in 1830 became editor, at Columbia, of the "Southern Times." He retired from his profession, on his marriage with Miss Fitzsimmons, in 1831. He was elected member of Congress, in which body he took his seat in 1835. Owing to the failure of his health, he resigned his seat in Congress the following spring, and traveled a year and a half in Europe. He was, in 1842, elected Governor of his native State, in which capacity he gave special attention to the State military organization, introducing the West Point system into several of the academies and colleges. In 1857 he was elected to the U. S. Senate, from which he withdrew on the secession of South Carolina. After the outbreak of hostilities he remained quietly at home, superintending the affairs of his large estate, until declining health withdrew him from active pursuits. He was an ardent supporter of Mr. Calhoun's views, advocating with zeal and ability the doctrine of State Rights. His published speeches and essays, and his elaborate review of the Life, Character, and Services of John C. Calhoun, severally display the statesman, and the industrious and energetic scholar. The above extract is from an Oration before the Literary Societies of S. C. College. He died November 13, 1864.

IV.

165. MORAL PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A KIND of reverence is paid by all nations to antiquity. There is no one that does not trace its lineage from the gŏds, or from those who were especially favored by the gods. Every people has had its age of gold, or Augustan age, or heroic age—an age, alas! forever passed. These prejudices are not altogether unwhŏlesome. Although they produce a conviction of declining virtue, which is unfavorable to generous emulation, yĕt a people at once ignorant and irreverential, would necessarily

become licentious. Nevertheless, such prejudices ought to be modified.

2. It is untrue, that in the perĭod of a nation's rise from disorder to refinement, it is not able to continually surpass itself. We see the *present*, plainly, distinctly, with all its cōarse outlines, its rough inequalities, its dark blots, and its glaring deformities. We hear all its tumultuous sounds and jarring discords. We see and hear the *past*, through a distance which reduces all its inequalities to a plane, mellōws all its shades into a pleasing hue, and subdues even its hōarsèst voices into harmony.

3. In our own case, the prejudice is less erroneous than in mōst others. The revolutionary age was truly a heroic one. Its exigencies called fōrth the genius, and the talents, and the virtues of society, and they ripened amid the hardships of a lōng and severe trial. But there were selfishness, and vice, and factions, then, as now, although comparatively subdued and repressed. You have only to consult impartial history, to learn that nēither public faith, nor public loyalty, nor private virtue, culminated at that period in our own country; while a mere glance at the literature, or at the stage, or at the politics of any Europē'an country, in any previous age, reveals the fact that it was marked, more distinctly than the present, by licentious mŏrals and mean ambition.

4. It is only just to infer in favor of the United States an improvement of mŏrals from their established prŏgress in knowledge and power; otherwise, the phĭlŏsophy of society is misunderstood, and we must chānge all our cōurses, and hencefōrth seek safety in imbecility, and virtue in superstition and ignorance. What shall be the test of the nătional morals? Shall it be the eccentricity of crimes? Certainly not; for then we must compare the criminal eccentricity of to-day with that of yĕsterday. The result of the comparison would be ōnly this, that the crimes of society change with changing circumstances.

5. Loyalty to the state is a public virtue. Was it ever deepertoned or mōre universal than it is now? I know there are ebullitions of passion and discontent, sometimes breaking out into disorder and vĭŏlence; but was faction ever more effectually disarmed and harmless than it is now?—There is a loyalty that springs from the affection that we bear to our native soil. This *we have as* strŏng as any people. But it is not the soil alone,

nor yĕt the soil beneath our feet and the skies over our heads, that constitute our country. It is its freedom, equality, justice, greatness, and glōry. Who among us is so low as to be insensible of an interest in them? Four hundred thousand natives of other lands every year voluntarily renounce their own sovereigns, and swear feälty to our own. Who has ever known an Amĕrican to transfer his allegiänce permanently to a fōreign power?

6. The spirit of the laws, in any country, is a true index to the mōrals of a people, just in propōrtion to the power they exercise in making them. Who complains here or elsewhere, that crime or immorality blots our statute-books with licentious enactments? The character of a country's magistrates, legislators, and captains, chosen by a people, reflects their own. It is true that in the earnest canvassing which so frequently recurring elections require, suspicion ŏf*ten* follōws the magistrate, and scandal follows in the footsteps of the statesman. Yĕt, when his cōurse has been finished, what magistrate has left a name tarnished by corruption, or what statesman has left an act or an opinion so erroneous that decent charity can not excuse, though it may disapprove? What chieftain ever tempered military triumph with so much moderation as he who, when he had placed our standard on the battlements of the capital of Mexico, not ōnly received an ŏffer of supreme authŏrity from the conquered nation, but declined it?

7. The manners of a nation are the outward form of its inner life. Where is woman held in so chivalrous respect, and where does she deserve that eminence better? Where is property mōre safe, commercial honor better sustained, or human life more sacred? Moderation is a virtue in private and in public life. Has not the great increase of private wealth manifested itself chiefly in widening the circle of education and elevating the standard of popular intelligence? With fōrces which, if combined and dĭrĕcted by ambition, would subjugate this continent at once, we have made only two vĕry short wars—the one confessedly a war of defence, and the other ended by paying for a peace and for a domain already fully conquered.

8. Where lies the secret of the increase of virtue which has thus been established? I think it will be found in the entire emancipation of the consciences of men from ēither direct or indirect control by established ecclesiastical or political systems.

Religious classes, like political parties, have been left to compete in the great work of mŏral education, and to entitle themselves to the confidence and affection of society, by the purity of their faith and of their morals.

9. I am well aware that some, who may be willing to adopt the general conclusions of this argument, will object that it is not altogĕther sustained by the action of the government itself, however true it may be that it is sustained by the great action of society. I can not enter a field where truth is to be sought among the disputations of passion and prejudice. I may say, however, in reply first, that the governments of the United States, although more perfect than any other, and although they embrace the great ideăs of the age more fully than any other, are, nevertheless, like all other governments, founded on compromises of some abstract truths and of some natural rights.

10. As government is impressed by its constitution, so it must necessarily act. This may suffice to explain the phenomenon complained of. But it is true, also, that no government ever did altogĕther act out, purely, and for a lŏng period, all the virtues of its original constitution. Hence it is that we are so well told by Bolingbroke,[1] that every nation must perpetually renew its constitution or perish. Hence, moreover, it is a great excellence of our system, that sovereignty resides, not in Congress and the President, nor yĕt in the governments of the States, but in the people of the United States. If the sovereign be just and firm and uncorrupted, the governments can always be brought back from any aberrations, and even the constitutions themselves, if in any degree imperfect, can be amended. This great ideă of the sovereignty of the people over the government glimmers in the British system, while it fills our own with a broad and glowing light.

SEWARD.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, son of Dr. Samuel S. Seward, of Florida, Orange County, New York, was born in that village on the 16th of May, 1801. He en-

[1] **Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke**, an orator, statesman, and philosophical essayist, was born at Battersea, in Surrey, England, in 1672. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. St. John entered parliament in 1701, and was successively secretary of war and secretary of state. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712. Unfortunately, none of the speeches delivered by him in either house have been preserved, though they are reported to have been very brilliant. He died in 1751, and a complete edition of his works, in five volumes, appeared soon after.

tered Union College in 1816. After completing his course with distinguished honor, he studied law at New York with John Anthon, and afterward with John Duer and Ogden Hoffman. Soon after his admission to the bar he commenced practice in Auburn, New York, where he married in 1824. He rose rapidly to distinction in his profession. In 1828 he first took a prominent part in politics, when he labored for the reëlection of John Quincy Adams to the presidency. He became a member of the State Senate in 1830, where he remained for four years. He made a tour in Europe, of a few months, in 1833, during which he wrote a series of letters, which were published in the "Albany Evening Journal." He was elected governor of the State by the whig party in 1838; reëlected in 1840; but in 1842, declining a renomination, retired to the practice of his profession. He was chosen United States senator in 1849, by a large majority; and, on the expiration of his term in 1855, he was reëlected to the same body. When Mr. Lincoln became president, Mr. Seward was appointed secretary of State. In 1853 an edition of his works was published in New York, in three octavo volumes, containing his speeches in the State and national Senate, and before popular assemblies, with his messages as governor, his forensic arguments, miscellaneous addresses, letters from Europe, and selections from his public correspondence. His writings and speeches are models of correct composition; their grammatical construction, rhetorical finish, and accurate arrangement, rendering them well-nigh faultless. Though not remarkable for oratory, his classic style, his perfect self-control, his truthful manner, his uncommon sense, and his thorough knowledge of the leading questions of the day, command the attention and admiration of the hearer. The above extract is from his address at Yale College, 1854.

SECTION XXXII.

I.

166. TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!—bird thou never wert,—
That from heaven, or near it, pourèst thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

2. Higher still, and higher, from the earth thou springèst
Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingèst,
And singing still dost (dŭst) soar, and soaring ever, singèst.

3. In the golden lightening of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

4. The pale purple even melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven, in the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yĕt I hear thy shrill delight.

5. Keen are the ărrōws of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp nărrōws in the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

6. All the earth and air with thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

7. What thou art we know not: what is mōst like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

8. Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

9. Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

10. Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

11. Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

12. Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

13. Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted fōrth a flood of rapture so dĭvīne.

14. Chorus hȳmenē'al, or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all but an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

15. What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains? what shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

16. With thy clear keen joyance languor can not be:
Shadōw of annoyance never came near thee:
Thou lovèst; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

17. Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

18. We look before and after, and pine for what is not:
Our sincerèst laughter with some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest sŏngs are those that tell of saddest thought.

19. Yĕt if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

20. Better than all mĕasures of delight and sound,
Better than all trĕasures that in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

21. Teach me half the gladnèss that thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness from my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, a poet of admirable genius, the son and heir of a wealthy baronet in Sussex, England, was born in that county in 1792. He was educated first at Eton, and afterward at Oxford, where he studied hard, but irregularly; incessantly speculated, thought, and read; became entangled in metaphysical difficulties, and, at the age of seventeen, published, with a direct appeal to the heads of the colleges, a pamphlet entitled "The Necessity of Atheism." He was immediately expelled; and his friends being disgusted with him, he was cast on the world a prey to the undisciplined ardor of youth and passion. At the age of eighteen he printed his poem of "Queen Mab," in which singular poetic beauties are interspersed with many speculative absurdities. Shortly after this he married a young woman of humble station in life, which completed his alienation from his family. After a tour on the continent, during which he visited some of the most magnificent scenes of Switzerland, he settled near Windsor Forest, where he composed his poem, "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," which contains descriptive passages excelled by none of his subsequent works. His domestic unhappiness soon after induced him to separate from his wife, and the unhappy woman destroyed herself. This event subjected him to much misrepresentation, and by a decree of chancery he was deprived of the guardianship of his two children, on the ground of immorality and atheism. Not long after his wife's death he married the daughter of Godwin, authoress of "Frankenstein," and other novels. They resided for a few months in Buckinghamshire, where they made themselves beloved by their charity for the poor. Here he composed the "Revolt of Islam," a poem still more energetic than "Alastor." In the spring of 1818 he and his family removed to Italy, where they at length settled themselves at Pisa. In that country, with health already failing, Shelley produced some of his principal works, in a period of four years. In July, 1822, he was drowned in a storm which he encountered in his yacht on the Gulf of Spezzia. In accordance with his own desire, his body was burned, under the direction of Lord Byron and other friends, and the ashes were carried to Rome and deposited in the Protestant burial-ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city. A complete edition of "Shelley's Poetical Works," with notes by his widow, has been published. The above ode to the Skylark bears, perhaps, *as pure a poetical stamp* as any of his productions.

II.

167. SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

I. VOICE OF THE WIND.—HENRY TAYLOR.

THE wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice, and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering vŏl'atile, from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully, with a free and lashing chānge,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
Was her sole trĭbute: from the willŏw came,
So lŏng as dainty summer dressed her out,
A whispering sweetnèss; but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine
Did he solicit; and from her he drew
A voice so constant, sŏft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.

II. MINISTRATIONS OF NATURE.—COLERIDGE.

WITH other ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child!
Thou pourest on him thy sŏft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no mŏre endure
To be a jarring and discordant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

III. MOONLIGHT.—SHAKSPEARE.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank?
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: sŏft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica.[1] Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens[2] of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an ăngel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grŏssly close it in, we can not hear it.

IV. THE BELLS OF OSTEND.—Bowles.

No, I never, till life and its shadŏws shall end,
Can forgĕt the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend![3]
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it passed through each murmuring shroud.
My fŏre*hĕ*ad was wet with the foam of the spray,
My heart sighed in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the east,
The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:
The peal from a land I ne'er saw, seemed to say,
"Let the strănger forgĕt every sŏrrŏw to-day!"
Yĕt the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave;
I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,
Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.
But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,
Seemed tidings of plĕasure, though mŏurnful to bear,
And I never, till life and its shadŏws shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

V. MUSIC.—Shakspeare.

Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bĕllŏwing and neighing loud,

[1] Jessica, daughter of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice."

[2] Păt'en, the plate or vessel on which the consecrated bread is placed; a plate.

[3] Os tĕnd', a fortified seaport town of Belgium, province of W. Flanders, on the N. Sea. It is neatly built, being a watering-place sometimes resorted to by the Belgian court.

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poĕt
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:[1]
Let no such man be trusted.

VI. MUSIC.—SHELLEY.

My soul is an enchanted bōat,
Which, like a sleeping swan doth flōat
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an ăngel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever
Upon that many winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!

VII. PASTORAL MUSIC—BYRON.

HARK! the note,
The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd:
My soul would drink those echoes. Oh that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

[1] Er'e bus, son of Chaos, in heathen mythology. The name signifies darkness, and is therefore applied to the dark and gloomy space under the earth, through which the shades pass into Hades.

III.

168. HYMNS.

THE discovery of a statue, a vase, or even of a cameō, inspires art-critics and collectors with enthusiastic in'dustry, to search whether it be a copy or an original, of what age, and by what artist. But I think that a heart-hymn, sprung from the soul's dēepèst life, and which is, as it were, the words of the heart in those hours of transfiguration in which it behōlds Gŏd, and heavenly ängels, is nobler by far than any old sĭmulācrum,[1] or carved ring, or heathen head, however ex'quisite in lines and feature!

2. To trace back a hymn to its sōurce, to return upon the path alŏng which it has trodden on its mission of mercy through generations, to witness its changes, its obscurations and reāppearances, is a work of the truēst religious enthusiasm, and far surpasses in importance the tracing of the ideās of mere art. For hymns are the expō'nents of the ĭnmōst piĕty of the Church. They are crўstallĭne tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures. They are the jewels which the Church hăs wōrn: the pearls, the diämonds and precious stones, formed into amulets mōre potent against sŏrrōw and sădnèss than the most famous charms of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed, knows where the blood of piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the vĕry heart.

3. No other composition is like an experimental hymn. It is not a mere poĕtic impulse. It is not a thought, a fancy, a feeling threaded upon words. It is the voice of experience speaking from the soul a few words that condense and ōften represent a whōle life. It is the life, too, not of the natural feelings growing wild, but of regenerated feeling, inspired by Gŏd to a heavenly destiny, and making its way through troubles and hindrances, through joys and victories, dark or light, sad or serene, yĕt always struggling forward. Forty years the heart may have been in battle, and one verse shall express the fruit of the whōle.

4. One great hope may come to fruit only at the end of many years, and as the ripening of a hundred experiences. As there be flowers that drink up the dews of spring and summer, and

[1] Sĭm' u lā`crum, the likeness, resemblance, or representation of anything; an *image, picture, figure,* effigy, or statue.

feed upon all the rains, and, ōnly just before the winter comes, burst fōrth into bloom, so it is with some of the nōblèst blossoms of the soul. The bōlt that prostrated Saul gave him the exceeding brightness of Christ; and so some hymns could never have been written but for a heart-stroke that well-nigh crushed out the life. It is cleft in two by bereavement, and out of the rift comes fōrth, as by resurrection, the form and voice that shall never die out of the world. Angels sat at the grave's mouth; and so hymns are the āngels that rise up out of our griefs and darkness and dismay.

5. Thus born, a hymn is one of those silent ministers which Gŏd sends to those who are to be heirs of salvation. It enters into the tender imagination of childhood, and casts down upon the chāmbers of its thought a holy rādiance which shall never quite depart. It goes with the Christian, singing to him all the wāy, as if it were the airy voice of some guardiān spirit. When darkness of trouble, settling fast, is shutting out every star, a hymn bursts through and brings light like a torch. It ăbīdes by our side in sickness. It goes fōrth with us in joy to syllable that joy.

6. And thus, after a time, we clothe a hymn with the memories and associations of our own life. It is garlanded with flowers which grew in our hearts. Born of the experience of one mind, it becomes the unconscious record of many minds. We sang it, perhaps, the morning that our child died. We sang this one on that Sabbath evening when, after ten years, the family were once mōre all togĕther. There be hymns that were sung while the mother lay a-dying; that were sung when the child, just converted, was filling the family with the joy of Christ new-born, and laid, not now in a mānger, but in a heart. And thus sprung from a wondrous life, they lead a life yĕt more wonderful. When they first come to us they are like the single strokes of a bell ringing down to us from above; but, at length, a single hymn becomes a whōle chime of bells, mingling and discōursing to us the harmonies of a life's Christian experience.

7. And ŏftentimes, when in the mountain country, far from noise and interruption, we wrought upon these hymns[1] for our vacation tasks, we almost forgot the living world, and were lifted up by noble lyrics as upon mighty wings, and went back to the

[1] **Hymns**, "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," published in 1855.

days when Christ sang with his disciples, when the disciples sang too, as in our churches they have almost ceased to do. Oh! but for one moment even, to have sat transfixed, and to have listened to the hymn that Christ sang and to the singing! But the olive-trees did not hear his murmured notes more clearly than, rapt in imagination, we have heard them!

8. There, too, are the hymns of St. Ambrose[1] and many others, that rose up like birds in the early centuries, and have come flying and singing all the way down to us. Their wing is untired yĕt, nor is the voice less sweet now than it was a thousand years ago. Though they sometimes disappeared, they never sank; but, as engineers for destruction send bombs that, rising high up in wide curves, overleap great spaces and drop down in a distant spot, so Gŏd, in times of darkness, seems to have caught up these hymns, spanning lŏng periods of time, and letting them fall at distant ēras, not for explosion and wounding, but for healing and consolation.

9. There are crusaders' hymns, that rōlled fōrth their truths upon the oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time belōw, and ten thousand palm-leaves whispered and kept time above! Other hymns, fulfilling the promise of Gŏd that His saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have bōrne up the sŏrrōws, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed, and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans, and winged them to the bosom of God.

10. In our own time, and in the familiar experiences of daily life, how are hymns mōssed over and vine-clad with domestic associations! One hymn hath opened the morning in ten thousand families, and dear children with sweet voices have charmed the evening in a thousand places with the utterance of another. Nor do I know of any steps now left on earth by which one may

[1] **St. Ambrose**, a celebrated Christian father, was probably born at Trèves, in 340. After a careful education at Rome, he practiced with great success, as an advocate, at Milan; and about 370 was appointed prefect of the provinces of Liguria and Æmilia, whose seat of government was Milan. He was appointed Bishop of Milan in 374; and finally acquired so much influence, that after the massacre of Thessalonica in 39, he refused the Emperor Theodosius to the Church of Milan for a period of eight months, and then caused him to perform a public penance. Ambrose was a man of eloquence, firmness, and ability. The best edition of his works is that of the Benedictines.

[2] **Bombs**, (bŭmz).

so soon rise above trouble or weariness as the verses of and the notes of a tune. And if the ăngels, that Ja sang when they appeared, then I know that the ladd he beheld was but the scale of dĭvīne music let do heaven to earth. H. W. Bee

IV.

169. THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was youn
While yĕt in early Greece she sung,
The Passions ŏft, to hear her shell,
Thrŏnged around her magic cell,—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,—
Possessed beyŏnd the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

2. First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.—
Next Anger rushed—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hŭrried hands, the strings.
With woful mĕasures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

3. But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair—
What was thy delighted mĕasure?
Still it whispered promised plĕasure,

d bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
d, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all her song;
d where her sweetest theme she chose,
soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

nd longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woes;
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien;
ile each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.—
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bŏw ăcrŏss her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Sātyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from fŏrth their alleys green:
Brown EXERCISE rejoiced to hear;
And SPORT lēaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

7. Last came JOY'S ecstatic trial:—
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening vĭŏl,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempè's[1] vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
LOVE framed with MIRTH a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound—
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings. COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS, one of the most interesting and exquisite of English poets, was born at Chichester on Christmas-day, 1720. He was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. Before leaving college he published the "Oriental Eclogues," which, to the disgrace of the university and the literary public, were wholly neglected. In 1744 he came to London as a literary adventurer, and about two years later published his "Odes," and made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, who held him in the highest esteem. His life in the metropolis was irregular, and, until the death of an uncle, who left him a legacy of £2000, was one of continual hardship. On the receipt of this little fortune, he repaid Miller, the bookseller, the loss sustained by the publication of his neglected "Odes," which were afterward destined to become immortal. Unhappily, the seeds of disease and occasional insanity had been too deeply sown in his former poverty to be eradicated, and after a short sojourn in France, he passed through the doors of a lunatic asylum to his early home, where, in care of his sister, he died, in 1756, at the early age of thirty-six. His appearance was manly, his conversation elegant, his views extensive, his disposition cheerful, and his morals

[1] Tempe, (tĕm′pē), a valley of European Turkey, in the N. E. of Thessaly, between the mountains of Olympus on the N., and Ossa on the S. The beauties of its scenery are much celebrated by ancient writers.

pure. He was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. The "Oriental Eclogues" are written in a clear, correct style, and they charm by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. No poet has been more happy in the use of metaphors and personification. Collins' "Odes" are unsurpassed by any thing of the same species of composition in the English language, and that to the "Passions" is a perfect master-piece of poetical description.

V.

170. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Alŏft, in awful state,
The gŏdlike hero sate,
On his impĕriăl throne.
His valiant peers were placed around
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thaïs[1] by his side
Sat, like an eastern blooming bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None (nŭn) but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

2. Timotheŭs, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The sŏng began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on rădiant spheres he rode,

[1] Thā'is, a celebrated beauty of Athens, an attendant of Alexander, who gained such influence over him, as to cause him, during a great festival at Persĕpolis, to set fire to the palace of the Persian kings. On the death of the conqueror, she married Ptolemy, king of Egypt, one of Alexander's generals. She is sometimes called Menandria.

When he to fair Olympia[1] pressed,
And stampt an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lŏfty sound;
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

3. The praise of Bacchus,[2] then, the sweet musician sung,—
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!
The jolly gŏd in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpet! beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath!—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a trĕasure;
Drinking is the soldier's plĕasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure, after pain!

4. Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles ō'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain,
The master saw the mădnèss rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes!
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chănged his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mōurnful muse,
Sŏft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius,[3] great and good,

[1] **Olympia** (o lĭm′pi a), or Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter.

[2] **Bac′chus**, or rather Dionysus, the beautiful, but effeminate god of wine, in mythology, represented as crowned with vine leaves.

[3] **Da rĭ′us III.**, sometimes called Codomannus, in whose defeat by Alexander the Great the Persian empire was consummated, succeeded to the throne B. C. 336, and was killed 330.

By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!—
Fallen from his high estate.
And weltering in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyous victor sate,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The vārious turns of fate belōw;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flōw.

5. The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred strain to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Sŏftly sweet, in Lydiān[1] mĕasures,
Soon he soothed his soul to plĕasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thāis sits beside thee;
Take the good the gŏds provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crowned; but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

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[1] **Lŷd'ian**, pertaining to Lydia, country of Asia Minor, or to its inabitants: hence, soft; effeminate;— said especially of one of the ancient Greek modes or keys, the music in which was soft and pathetic.

6. Now strike the golden lyre again—
A louder yĕt, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the hŏrrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheŭs cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

7. Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglōrious, on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behōld how they tŏss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hŏstīle gŏds!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thaïs led the way
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen,[1] fired another Troy.

8. Thus lŏng ago,—
Ere heaving bellows[2] learned to blow,
While organs yĕt were mute,—
Timotheŭs to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle sŏft desire.

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[1] **Helen**, a most beautiful woman of ancient Greece, whom Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, stole from the arms of her husband, Menelāŭs, who, with the other Greek chiefs, resolved to avenge her abduction. Hence rose the Trojan war.

[2] **Bellows**, (bĕl′ lŭs).

At last, dīvīne Cecilia[1] came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred stōre,
Enlarged the former narrōw bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown befōre.
Let old Timotheŭs yield the prize,
Or bōth dīvīde the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an āngel down. DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the great masters of English verse, was born at Oldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, August, 1631. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He began his literary career by a set of heroic stanzas on the death of Cromwell, which was a good precursor of his future excellence. The Restoration occurring when he was in his thirtieth year, excluded him for the time from government employment and patronage, and he at once devoted himself to literature for a profession. The stage now offered itself as the only means through which his pen could furnish a livelihood; and, in the course of twenty-five years, he wrote twenty-seven dramas, the most remarkable of which are his "Heroic Plays." From these rhymed dialogues arose that mastery of the English heroic couplet which he was the first to acquire, and in which no succeeding poet has nearly equaled him. The prefaces, dedications, and essays, with which he accompanied his dramas, exhibit him at once as the earliest writer of regular and elegant English prose, and as the first who aimed in our language at any thing like philosophical criticism. These prose fragments contain some of the most felicitous specimens of style which our tongue has ever produced. His engagement to write plays for the King's Theater gave him £300 a year: his circumstances were improved by his marriage, in 1665, with Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire; and in 1670 he received, with a salary of £200 a year and the famous butt of wine, the joint offices of historiographer-royal and poet-laureate. "Absalom and Achitophel," the best of all his political satires, appeared in 1681. "The Medal" and "Mac Flecknoe," works of the same kind, followed soon after. In 1685, Dryden was received into the Church of Rome, the first public fruit of which was the "Hind and Panther," a rich allegorical poem, in which the main arguments of the Roman Church are stated. The Revolution, taking place in his fifty-seventh year, deprived the poet of his courtly patrons and pensions, and forced him to spend the last twelve years of his life in hard toil. Some of his best works were produced in this period. In 1690 appeared his tragedy of "Don Sebastian," the best of his serious plays. In 1697 he threw off at a heat his "Alexander's Feast," one of the most animated of all lyrical poems; and his spirited translation of Virgil appeared the same year. Lastly, in the spring of 1700, were published his "Fables," which prove that his warm imagination then burned as brightly

[1] Cecilia, the patron saint of music, erroneously regarded as the inventress of the organ, suffered martyrdom A. D. 220. She has been celebrated by several of the poets, and depicted on canvas by more than one of the great painters. Raphael has most admirably presented her as the personification of heavenly devotion.

as ever, and that his metrical skill increased at the close of his life. These admirable poems shed a glory on the last days of the poet, who died on the 1st of May, 1700. For an extended description of Dryden's poetical endowments, the reader is referred to the 66th Exercise, p. 243.

SECTION XXXIII.

I.

171. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO be—or not to be—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and ărrōws of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep;—
No mōre? and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To die—to sleep:
To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay; there's the rub;
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled ŏff this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!

2. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so lŏng life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrŏng, the proud man's con'tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of ŏffice, and the spurns
That patient mĕrit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

3. Who would fardels bear,
To grōan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bōurn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

4. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied ō'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their cŭrrents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. SHAKSPEARE.

II.

172. CATO'S[1] SOLILOQUY.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This lŏnging after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward hŏrror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the dĭvĭnity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

2. Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and chănges must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadōws, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.

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[1] **Marcus Porcius Cato**, great-grandson of Cato the Censor, was born B. C. 95. From his youth he was celebrated for his bravery, virtue, decision, severity, and harshness of character. He was the principal supporter of Cicero in his measures for suppressing the Catilinerian conspiracy; and on the commencement of civil war, in B. C. 49, he joined the party of Pompey against Cæsar. After the defeat of the former, Cato proceeded to Africa, where the hopes of the republican party were finally extinguished by the battle of Thapsus, April 6th, B. C. 46. Failing to inspire his countrymen, who were collected at Utica, with courage to endure a siege, he resolved not to outlive the downfall of the republic. After providing for the safety of his friends, and spending the greater part of the night in perusing Plato's Phædo, he inflicted on himself the wound of which he died, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

3. Thus am I doubly armed. My death[1] and life,
My bane and antidote, are bŏth before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flŏŭrish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds. ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the eldest son of an able and learned clergyman, was born at his father's rectory of Milston, in Wiltshire, England, on the first day of May, 1672. He was educated chiefly at the Charter-house and at Oxford, and distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verse. He took his master's degree in 1693, and held a fellowship from 1699 to 1711. He first appeared in print by contributing English verses, some of which are original, and others translations from the classics, to Dryden's Miscellanies. Political encouragement from the whig party, soon after induced him to write a poem complimenting King William on the campaign in which he took Namur. A pension, procured for him by Lord Somers, enabled him, in 1699, to visit the Continent, where he resided for three years. The best of his poems, a "Letter from Italy," was written in 1701, while he was still abroad; and his "Travels in Italy," his first extended prose work, exhibited his extensive knowledge, and his skill and liveliness in composition. Soon after his return to England he wrote "The Campaign," a poem celebrating Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, which, receiving extraordinary applause, secured him an appointment, in 1704, as one of the commissioners of appeal in excise. He became an under secretary of state in 1706, and secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1709, about a year and a half before the dismissal of the ministry which he served. From the autumn of 1710 till the end of 1714, four of the best years of his life, the opposition having deprived him of office, Addison's principal employment was the composition of his celebrated Periodical Essays. In 1709 he began to furnish papers for the "Tattler," a periodical conducted by his schoolfellow and friend, Richard Steele, writing, in all, more than sixty of the two hundred and seventy-one essays which the work contained. On the first day of March, 1711, these two writers commenced the "Spectator," which appeared every week-day till the 6th day of December, 1712. The two contributing almost equally, seem together to have written not very much less than five hundred of the papers. On the cessation of the "Spectator," Steele set on foot the "Guardian," which, started in March, 1713, came to an end in October, with its one hundred and seventy-fifth number, fifty-three of the papers

[1] **Death,** *bane,* and the first *this,* refer to his sword; and *life. antidote and* the second *this,* to the book he held in his hand.

being Addison's. In point of style the two friends resembled each other very closely, when dealing with familiar objects; but, in the higher tones of thought and composition, Addison showed a mastery of language raising him very decisively, not above Steele only, but above all his contemporaries. In April, 1713, he brought on the stage his tragedy of "Cato," which was rendered so immensely popular, partly through political considerations, as to raise the reputation of the author to its highest point. The accession of George I. occurring in the latter part of 1714, restored the whigs to power, and thus again diverted Addison from literature to politics. After acting as secretary to the regency, he was made one of the lords of trade early in 1715. Owing, it is said, to the influence of his wife, the Countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had married a few months before, he was induced to become one of the two principal secretaries of state in 1717; but ill health caused him to resign, eleven months after his appointment, from which period he received a pension of £1500 a year. He died at Holland House, on the 17th of June, 1719. His body, after lying in state, was interred in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.

III.

178 SELECT PASSAGES IN PROSE.

I. EVIDENCE OF A CREATOR.—Tillotson.[1]

HOW ŏften might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poĕm, yeā, or so much as make a good discōurse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world?—How lŏng might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man! And is a man easier made by chance than this picture?—How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army! And yĕt this is much mōre easy to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous[2] themselves into a world.[3]

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[1] **John Tillotson**, a distinguished prelate of the English Church, was born in Sowerby, Yorkshire, in 1630. He was educated at Clare Hall College, Cambridge. Soon after leaving that institution, he rose to distinction as a preacher, and preferments flowed upon him in rapid succession, till in 1690 he became Archbishop of Canterbury. Died in 1694. His sermons, his principal compositions, were, for half a century, more read than any in our language.

[2] **Rendezvous** (rĕn'de vō), to assemble, or meet at a particular place, as troops, ships, &c.; to bring together at a certain place.

[3] **World**, (wĕrld).

II. NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.—Chateaubriand.[1]

There is a Gŏd! The *h*erbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him; the insect spōrts in his beam; the bird sings him in the foliāge; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens; the ocean declares his immensity;—man alone has said, There is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the mōst beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year, —a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds—meadōws enameled with flowers—fōrests hōary with snow—fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe!

While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable power does that agèd star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reāppear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day, the glōrious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noonday, and setting in the west; or, rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no East or West, no North or South, in the world.

III. THE UNBELIEVER.—Chalmers.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glōry, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my vĕry heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever!—one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and impĕrishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance!

The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the gŏd-like gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth, rāylèss, cheerless, hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the hŏrrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the

[1] **Chateaubriand,** (shå tō bre ōn'), a noted French writer and statesman, author of the "Genius of Christianity," was born in Brittany, in 1769, and died in Paris, in 1848, at nearly the close of his 80th year.

desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly rĕm'ediless ; reason is prostrate ; and passion, prejudice, and superstition, have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or benēath him, that evinces the existence of a Gŏd ; and he denies—yeā, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and DENIES THERE IS A GOD.

IV. BLESSINGS OF RELIGIOUS FAITH.—DAVY.[1]

I ENVY no quality of the mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy ; but if I could choose what would be mōst delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to ĕvèry other blessing ; for it makes life a discipline of goodnèss ; creätes new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish ; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the mōst gorgeous of all lights ; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and dĭvĭnity ; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise ; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view ōnly gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

IV.

174. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when mĕadōw, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem appareled in celestial light—

[1] **Sir Humphrey Davy**, who ranks, as a man of science, second to none in the nineteenth century, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, England, December, 1778. Of his numerous discoveries, that of the safety-lamp *was, perhaps, most useful.* Though not an extended, he was an able prose writer, and possessed a fine poetical imagination, which, had he not been the first chemist, would have placed him among the first poets of his age. He died at Geneva, on the 30th of May, 1829.

The glōry and the frĕshnèss of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yōre;
Turn wheresoe'er I may, by night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no mōre,

2. The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glōrious birth;
But yĕt I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

3. Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me ălōne there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blōw their trumpets from the steep—
No mōre shall grief of minė the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

4. Ye blessèd creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its cōronal—
The fullnèss of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,

And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon—
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

5. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy:
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

6. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that *imperial* palace whence he came.

7. Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—
A wedding or a festival,
A mŏurning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her ĕquipage;
As if his whŏle vocation
Were endless imitation.

8. Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best phĭlŏsopher, who yĕt dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, dĕaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind!—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darknèss lŏst, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master ŏ'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glŏrious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9. O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yĕt remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never—
Which nēither lĭstlèssnèss, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—
Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children spōrt upon the shōre,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermōre.

10. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the rādiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

11. And O ye fountains, mĕadōws, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yĕt in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I ōnly have relinquished one delight
To live benēath your mōre habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even mōre than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch ō'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the mēanèst flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SECTION XXXIV.

I.

175. THE POET.

HOW glōrious, above all earthly glory, are the faculty and mission of the Poet! His are the flaming thoughts that pierce the vail of heaven—his are the feelings, which on the wings of rapture sweep over the abyss of ages. The star of his being is a splendor of the world.

2. The Poet's state and attributes are half dĭvīne. The breezes of glădness are the heralds of his approach; the glimpse of his coming is as the flash of the dawn. The hues of Conquest flush his brow: the anger of triumph is in his eyes. The secret of Creātion is with him; the mystery of the Immortal is among his trĕasures. The doom of unending sovereignty is upon his nature.

3. The meditations of his mind are Angels, and their issuing fōrth is with the strength of eternity. The tălisman[1] of his speech is the scepter of the free. The decrees of a dominion whose swāy is over spirits, and whose continuance is to everlasting, go out from befōre him; and that ethereāl essence, which is the untamable in man—which is the liberty of the Infinite within the bondage of life—is obedient to them. His phrases are the forms of Power: his syllables are agencies of Joy.

4. With men in his sympathies, that he may be above them in his influence, his nature is the jewel-clasp that binds Humanity to Heaven. It mediates between the earthly and celestial: in the vigor of his production, dĭvĭnity becomes substantial; in the sublimity of his apprehensions, the material loses itself into spirit. It is his to drag fōrth the eternal from our mortal form of being—to tear the Infinite into our bounden state of action.

5. What conqueror has troops like his?—the spirit-fōrces of Language—those subtle slaves of mind, those impetuous masters of the Passions; whose mysterious substance who can comprehend—whose mighty operation what can cŏm'bat? Evolved, none knowèth how, within the curtained chāmbers of existence

[1] **Talisman**, (tăl'iz măn), something formed by *magical skill*, to which *wonderful effects* were ascribed, such as preservation from sickness, injury, &c.; that which produces remarkable effects.

—half-physical, half-ideăl, and finer than all the agencies of Time—linked togĕther by spells, which are the spontaneous magic of genius, which he that can use, never understands—the wēird hōsts of words fly fōrth, silently, with silver wings, to win resistlessly against the obstacles of Days, and Distance, and Destruction, to fetter nations in the viewless chains of admiration, and be, in the ever-presence of their all-vitality, the immortal pōrtion of their author's being.

6. Say what we will of the *real* character of the strifes of war, and policy, and wealth, the accents of the singer are the true acts of the race. What prince, in the secret places of his dalliance, uses such delights as his? Passing through the life of the actuăl, with its transitory blisses, its deciduous[1] hopes, its quickly waning fires, his interests dwell only in the deep consciousness of the soul and mind, to which belōng undecaying raptures, and the tone of a gŏdlike fōrce. Within that glowing universe of Sentiment and Fancy, which he generates from his own strenuous and teeming spirit, he is visited by immortal forms, whose motions torment the heart with ecstasy—whose vesture is of light—whose society is a frāgrance of all the blossoms of Hope.

7. To him the True approaches in the rādiant garments of the Beautiful; the Good unvails to him the princely splendors of her native lineaments, and is seen to be Plēasure. His soul lies strewn upon its flowery desires, while, from the fountains of ideăl loveliness, flows sŏftly over him the rich, warm luxury of the Fancy's passion. His Joys are Powers; and it is the blessedness of his condition that Triumph to him is prepared not by toil, but by indulgence. Begotten by the creative might of rapture, and beaming with the strength of the delight of their conception, the shapes of his imagination come fōrth in splendor, and he fascinates the world with his felicities. H. B. WALLACE.

II.

176. TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

LEAVE me not yĕt! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear ideăl of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, though all the world depart!

[1] **De cĭd' u ous**, falling in autumn, as leaves; not permanent.

Thou, that dost vail the frailèst flower with glōry,
Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy stōry
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Through which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest, the only,
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

2. Thou that camest to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the chāngeful clouds to pāġeants rare,
Peopling the smiling vale and shaded wildwood
With airy beings, faint yĕt strāngely fair;
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
While it went whispering through the willing leaves;
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a sŏng!
A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet, impassioned plaint of love and wrŏng!
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise ō'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life, that bŏrrōws from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath!

3. Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreathe thy flowers of light around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control;
By all my dreams, the passionate, the holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me;
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavished upon thine and thee;
By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
To echo from thy voice—stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there's no returning!
The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.

Tell me not TIME, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has withered spring's sweet bloom within my heart:
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

4. Well do I know that I have wrŏnged thine altar
With the light ŏfferings of an idler's mind;
And thus with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! dĕaf, and dumb, and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers;
Leave me not, heavenly yĕt human teacher,
Lonely and lŏst in this cold world of ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with rādiănt dreams the darkened day;
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false and vain:
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom I now pity and disdain!
Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glōry shining:
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight! OSGOOD.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, daughter of Joseph Locke, a Boston merchant, was born in that city about the year 1812. Some of her first poems appeared in a juvenile Miscellany, conducted by Mrs. L. M. Child, rapidly followed by others, which soon gave their signature, "Florence," a wide reputation. About 1834 she was married to S. S. Osgood, a young painter already distinguished in his profession. They soon after went to London, where Mr. Osgood pursued his art of portrait-painting with success; and his wife's poetical compositions to various periodicals met with equal favor. In 1839 a collection of her poems was published in London, entitled "A Wreath of Wild-Flowers from New England." About the same period she wrote "The Happy Release, or the Triumphs of Love," a play in three acts. She returned with Mr. Osgood to Boston in 1840. They removed to New York soon afterward, where the remainder of her life was principally passed. Her poems, and prose tales and sketches, appeared at brief intervals in the magazines. In 1841 she edited "The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry," and in 1847, "The Floral Offering," two illustrated gift-books. Her poems were collected and published in New York in 1846. She possessed an unusual facility in writing verses, with a felicitous style, and was happy in the selection of subjects. Her rare gracefulness and delicacy, and her unaffected and lively manners, won her a large circle of warm friends. She died on the 12th of May, 1850.

III.

177. THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

WE believe that poĕtry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the cŏnsciousnèss of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highèst efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity (krĭst yăn'ĭ tĭ),—that is, to spiritualize our nature.

2. True, poĕtry has been made the instrumènt of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licĕntiousnèss and misăn'thropy, she can not whŏlly forgĕt her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hŏllŏwnèss of the world, passages true to our mŏral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to dĭvŏrce itself wholly from what is good.

3. Poĕtry has a natural alliănce with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed pŏrtrāys with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyŏnd and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it mŏre profound and generous emotion.

4. It reveals to us the lovelinèss of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple plĕasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our ĭnterèst in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

5. We are aware that it is objected to poĕtry that it gives wrŏng views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief ĭnterèst of life—we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence.

6. But, passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poĕtry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundlèss. In many poems there is mōre of truth than in many histories and phĭlosŏphic theŏries. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wĭsdom.

7. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much mōre may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetrў, and it is the highest ŏffice of the bard to detect this dĭvīne element among the grōsser plĕasures and labors of our earthly being. The present life is not whōlly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic.

8. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire,—these are all poetical.

9. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He ōnly extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its vŏlatīle frāgrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolŏngs its mōre refined but ĕvanĕs'cent joys; and in this he does well; for it is

good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

10. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which makes civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which—being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts—requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, ĕp'icurē'an[1] life. CHANNING.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D., an eminent American divine, was born at Newport, R. I., April 7th, 1780. At the age of twelve he was sent to New London, Conn., to prepare for college under his uncle, the Rev. Henry Channing. His father, an able and hospitable lawyer, soon afterward died, to which, in connection with a revival which then swept over New England, he attributed the commencement of his decidedly religious life. He entered the freshman class of Harvard College in 1794, where he graduated with the highest honors. He became pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston, in 1803. The society rapidly increased under his charge, and his reputation and influence became marked and extensive. He married, in 1814; visited Europe for his health, in 1822; and died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. He published many admirable addresses and letters. His nephew, William E. Channing, collected and published six volumes of his writings in 1848. A selection of his writings, entitled "Beauties of Channing," has been published in London; and many of his essays, at various times, have been translated into German. Among the best of his general writings are his "Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton;" on "Bonaparte;" on "Fenelon;" and on "Self-Culture."

IV.

178. TO THE POET.

THOU, who wouldst wear the name
Of poĕt mid thy brethren of mankind,
And clothe in words of flame
Thoughts that shall live within the general mind,—
Deem not the framing of a dĕathless lāy
The pastime of a drowsy summer dāy.

[1] Ep'i cu rē'an, pertaining to Epicurus, a celebrated Greek philosopher, whose theory was based upon the opinion that pleasure constitutes the highest human happiness; hence, given to luxury.

2. But găther all thy powers,
And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave,
And in thy lonely hours,
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,
While the warm cŭrrent tingles through thy veins,
Set fŏrth the burning words in fluent strains.

3. No smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymer lays
Upon his page with languid ĭn'dustry,
Can wake the lĭstlèss pulse to livelier speed,
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

4. The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
Let thine own eyes ō'erflōw;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
Seize the great thought, ere yĕt its power be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

5. Then, should thy verse appear
Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,
Touch the crude line with fear,
Save in the moment of impassioned thought;
Then summon back the original glow, and mend
The strain with rapture that with fire was penned.

6. Yĕt let no empty gust
Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,
A blast that whirls the dust
Along the howling street and dies away;
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,
Like cŭrrents journeying through the windless deep.

7. Seek'st thou, in living lays,
To limn the beauty of the earth and sky?
Before thine inner gaze
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie;
Look on it with exceeding love, and write
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

8. Of tempests wouldst thou sing,
Or tell of battles—make thyself a part

Of the great tumult; cling
To the tŏssed wreck with terror in thy heart;
Scale, with the assaulting hōst, the rampart's height,
And strike and struggle in the thĭckèst fight.

9. So shalt thou frame a lay
That haply may endure from age to age,
And they who read shall say:
What witchery hangs upon this poet's page!
What art is his the written spells to find
That sway from mood to mood the willing mind! BRYANT.

SECTION XXXV.

I.

179. THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of mĕrriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crўstallīne delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic [1] rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation [2] that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mĕllōw wedding-bells,
Gōlden bells!
What a world [3] of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

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[1] **Runic** (rō′nik), an epithet applied to the language and letters of the ancient Goths.

[2] **Tĭn`tin năb`u lā′tion**, a tinkling sound, as of a bell or bells.

[3] **World**, (wĕrld).

From the mōlten-gōlden nōtes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty flōats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glōats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

3. Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of tĕrror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much hŏrrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the dĕaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and rōar!
What a hŏrror they outpōur
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yĕt the air, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,

How the dănger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

4. Hear the tōlling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody[1] compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the měl'ancholy menace of their tōne!
For every sound that flōats
From the rust within their thrōats
Is a grōan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All ălōne,
And who tōlling, tōlling, tōlling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glōry in so rōlling
On the human heart a stone—
They are nēither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:[2]
And their king it is who tōlls;
And he rōlls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan[3] from the bells!
And his mĕrry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!

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[1] **Mŏn'o dy**, a species of poem of a mournful character, in which a single mourner is supposed to bewail himself.

[2] **Ghoul** (gōl), an imaginary evil being among Eastern nations, which was supposed to prey upon human bodies.

[3] **Pæ'an**, among the *ancients*, a song of rejoicing in honor of Apollo; hence, a loud and joyous song; a song of triumph.

And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rōlling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tōlling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the mōaning and the grōaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

EDGAR A. POE, born in Baltimore, in January, 1811, was left an orphan by the death of his parents at Richmond, in 1815. He was adopted by John Allen, a wealthy merchant of Virginia, who in the following year took him to England, and placed him at a school near London, from which, in 1822, he was removed to the University of Virginia, where he graduated with distinction in 1826. While at the Military Academy at West Point, in 1830, he published his first work, a small volume of poems. He secured prizes for a poem and a tale at Baltimore, in 1833; in 1835 he was employed to assist in editing "The Southern Literary Gazette," at Richmond; in 1838 he removed to Philadelphia, where he was connected as editor with Burton's Magazine one year, and with Graham's a year and a half; and subsequently, while in that city, published several volumes of tales, besides many of his finest criticisms, tales, and poems, in periodicals. He went to New York in 1844, where he wrote several months for the "Evening Mirror." In 1845 appeared his very popular poem of "The Raven," and the same year he aided in establishing the "Broadway Journal," of which he was afterward the sole editor. His wife, to whom he had been married about twelve years, died in the spring of 1849. In the summer of that year he returned to Virginia, where it was supposed he had mastered his previous habits of dissipation; but he died from his excesses, at Baltimore, on the seventh of October, at the age of thirty-eight years. In poetry, as in prose, he was eminently successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. He had a great deal of imagination and fancy, and his mind was highly analytical. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art.

II.

180. THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

'THERE is no Gŏd,' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sŏrrōw;'
And nature ŏft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will bŏrrōw:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'
Be pitiful, O Gŏd!

2. The tempèst stretches from the steep
The shădōw of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human:
Yĕt, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind
We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

3. The battle hurtles[1] on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest . . honor,
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit,—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

4. The plague runs festering through the town,
And never a bell is tōlling;
And corpses, jostled 'nēath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rōlling.
The young child callèth for the cup—
The strŏng man brings it weeping;

[1] **Hurtle** (hĕr′tl), to make a clashing, terrifying, or threatening sound; to resound.

The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God!

5. The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple simar[1] which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.[2]
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

6. The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enfŏrces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like mŏre of Death's White Horses!
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scŏffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the ŏffing.
Be pitiful, O God!

7. We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the winecup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
'It shall be ours to-mŏrrōw!'
God's seraphs! do your voices sound
As sad in naming sŏrrōw?
Be pitiful, O God!

8. We sĭt togĕther, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
'And how long will you love us?'

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[1] **Simar** (sĭ mär′), a kind of long gown or robe.

[2] **Cĕn′ taur**, a fabulous being, supposed to be half man and half horse, represented in ancient works of art as man from the head to the loins, the remainder of the body being that of a horse with its four feet and tail; also, as here used, a *bull-killer*.

The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and brĕathlèss—
'Till death us part'—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

9. We tremble by the harmlèss bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be strŏnger hearted!'
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

10. The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces:
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places?
We can not speak:—we see anew
The hills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God!

11. We pray togĕther at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm belōw our knee—
Its spirit, bright befōre Thee—
Between them, worse than ēither, we—
Without the rest of glōry!
Be pitiful, O God!

12. We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
With endless generations.
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors;

And, glassed therein, our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful, O God!

13. We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strŏngest,
But now it is the churchyard grass,
We look upon the lŏngest.
Be pitiful, O God!

15. And soon all vision waxeth dull—
Men whisper, 'He is dying:'
We cry no mōre, 'Be pitiful!'—
We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Dĭvīne,
The Son adjures the Father—
Be pitiful, O God!

MRS. BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, an English poetess, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, was born in London, in 1809. Educated with great care, she became a ripe scholar, uniting remarkably the distinctive characteristics of the masculine understanding and the feminine heart. She began to write at a very early age for periodicals. Her first volume of poems appeared in 1826. She became the wife of Robert Browning in 1846. She died at Florence, the principal residence of the Brownings for several years, June 29th, 1861. Her range of subjects was wide. Her genius grew apace, every new performance giving better promise for the next. She abounded in figures, strong and striking, in happy conceits, and successful expressions. She knew the true art of choosing words, a large per cent. of them being Saxon. Of her numerous poems, probably none surpasses "Aurora Leigh," a narrative poem in 9 books, published in 1856.

III.

181. THE RAVEN.

1.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lōre—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chămber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

2.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the mŏrrōw: vainly I had sought to bŏrrōw
From my books surcease of sŏrrōw—sorrow for the lŏst Lenōre—
For the rare and rādiant maiden whom the ăngels name Lenore—
Namelèss here forĕvermōre.

3.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chămber-dōor,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

4.

Presently my soul grew strŏnger: hesitating then no lŏnger,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgivenèss I implōre;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chămber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

5.

Deep into that darkness peering, lŏng I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the ōnly word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This *I* whisper'd, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

6.

Back into the chămber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my windōw-lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explōre,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing mōre."

7.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yōre.
Not the least obēisance made he ; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chāmber-door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

8.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decōrum of the countenance it wōre,
"Though thy crest be shōrn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven ;
Ghastly, grim, and āncient raven, wandering from the nightly shōre,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore ?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore !"

9.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discōurse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bōre ;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yĕt was blessed with seeing bird above his chāmber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore !"

10.

But the raven sĭtting lonely on the placid bust, spoke ōnly
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpōur.
Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely mōre than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—
On the mŏrrōw *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore !"

11.

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"*Doubtless*," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and stōre,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster

Follŏw'd fast and follow'd faster, till his sŏngs one burden bōre,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—"Never—nevermore!"

12.

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yōre—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

13.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's cōre
This and mōre I sat dīvining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light glōated ŏ'er,
But whose velvet viŏlet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

14.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy Gŏd hath lent thee—by these ăngels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe[1] from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forgĕt this lŏst Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

15.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tŏss'd thee here ăshōre,
Desolate, yĕt all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Hŏrror haunted—tell me truly, I implōre—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

16.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that Gŏd we bŏth ădōre,

[1] **Ne pĕn′the**, a drug or medicine that relieves pain and exhilarates.

Tell this soul, with sŏrrŏw laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,[1]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the ăngels name Lenōre;
Clasp a rare and rādiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

17.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Gĕt thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shōre!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my dōor!
Take thy bēak from out my heart, and take thy form from ŏff my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

18.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chămber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a dēmon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shădōw on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies flōating on the floor
Shall be lifted—Nevermore! EDGAR A. POE.

SECTION XXXVI.

I.

182. THE SARACEN BROTHERS.

PART FIRST.

ATTENDANT. A strănger craves admittance to your highnèss.

Saladin. Whence comes he?

Atten. That I know not.
Enveloped with a vĕstmènt of strănge form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,

[1] **Aidenn**, from Aïdès, a name preferred by the poets for Hades. In Homer, Aïdès is invariably the name *of the god*; but in latter times it was transferred to his house, his abode, or kingdom, so that it became a name in quite general use for the nether world.

His lŏfty pōrt, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim—if that I dare pronounce it.
Sal. Whom?
Atten. Thy royal brother!
Sal. Bring him instantly. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.
Now, with his spēcious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die.
[*Enter* ATTENDANT *and* MALEK ADHEL.
Leave us togĕther. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.] [*Aside.*] I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, strānger, speak; but first unvail thyself,
For Săl'adĭn[1] must view the form that fronts him.
Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!
Sal. I see a traitor's visage.
Mal. Ad. A brother's!
Sal. No!
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Mal. Ad. O, patience, Heaven. Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.
Sal. And why not now? Can this heart be mōre pierced
By Malek Adhel's swōrd than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tĕnderness, and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to supprt, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?

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[1] Săl' a dĭn, the hero of this dramatic piece, was born in 1137. He became Sultan of Egypt and Syria in 1168, from which period he is noted for his wars with the Christian crusaders. He died at Damascus in 1193, leaving a brother and seventeen sons to share his power and conquests. Christians and Saracens have vied with each other in writing panegyrics on the justice, valor, generosity, and political wisdom of this prince, who possessed the art, not simply of acquiring power, but of devoting it to the good of his subjects.

Hĕnceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glōrious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerlèss void,—
His brother has betrayed him!

Mal. Ad. Thou art sŏftened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst——
My tongue can never utter the base title!

Sal. Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondèst hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that spēcious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Think'st thou I'm sŏftened? By Mahomet! these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh, what a wretch art thou? Oh! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Mal. Ad. Go on! go on!
'Tis but a littlė while to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

Sal. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!

Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.

Sal. Oh, doubt it not!
They're eager for the ŏffice. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Mal. Ad. Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer :—Oh, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!

Sal. This vĕry hour!
[*Aside.*] For, oh! the mōre I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch sŏftens, and the judge is lōst
In all the brother's weaknèss; yĕt such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?
[*Enter* ATTENDANT.

Atten. Did your highnèss call?

Sal. Assemble quickly
My fōrces in the cōurt. Tell them they come
To view the death of yŏnder bosom-traitor.
And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.

II.

183. THE SARACEN BROTHERS.

PART SECOND.

MALEK ADHEL. Now, Săl'adin,
The word is given, I have nothing mōre
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, ēither,
The justice of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
Think'st thou, thy slumbers render quiëter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter,

Thy harshnèss made him carry to the grave?
Sal. Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.
Mal. Ad. I have not!
Yĕt will I ask for it. We part forever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrev'ocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of fōrces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse;
But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye one solitary tear—
Oh, torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindnèss.
Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful spōrts!—are they forgotten?
Strike me with dĕafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yĕt, yet thou wilt! Oh, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face—thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—
Sal. [*seizing his hand.*] Brother! brother!
Mal. Ad. [*breaking away.*] Now, call thy followers.
Death has not now a single pang in stōre. Proceed! I'm ready.
Sal. Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, mid a splendid thrōng
Of glōrious qualities—
Mal. Ad. Oh, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life. I ōnly wished

To carry thy forgĭvenèss to the grave.
No, Emperor, the lŏss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cŏst them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offences with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go!
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glŏry. [*Going.*

Sal. Thou shalt not. [*Enter* ATTENDANT.

Atten. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultous thrŏng the cŏurts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the vĕry guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spācious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the ŏffice.

Mal. Ad. O faithful friends! [*To Atten.*] Thine shalt.

Atten. Mine?—Never!—
The other first shall lop it from the body.

Sal. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Atten. O joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*

Sal. These men, the mēanèst in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature
Hardened, and rendered callous,—these, who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
Oh, these can cast aside their vowed allegiāance,
Throw ŏff their lŏng obediĕnce, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction! While I,
I, who can not, in all my memory,
Call back one dānger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindnèss hath not soothed,

Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered "BROTHER!"
And seen that form like lightning rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own,—I could forgĕt
That 'twas to thee I owed the vĕry breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! Oh, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!

Mal. Ad. By these tears, I can!
O brother! from this vĕry hour, a new,
A glōrious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and ŏft again
May this swōrd fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever.

III.

184. BRUTUS AND TITUS.

BRUTUS. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tĕmpèst were quite overblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee:
So hushed a stīllnèss, as if all the gŏds
Looked down and listened to what we were saying:
Speak, then, and tell me, O my best beloved,
My son, my Titus! is all well again?

Titus. So well, that saying how must make it nothing:
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart, with powerful throbs, persuades me
That were indeed to make you reparation;
That were, my lord, to thank you home—to die
And that, for Titus, too, would be mōst happy.

Brutus. How's that, my son? would death for thee be happy

Titus. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I, in life, must look for;

All those reprōaches which the eyes, the fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me,—
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying.
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will forever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honor in the way,
Where'er my měl'ancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Brutus. But, is not death a vĕry dreadful thing?

Titus. Not to a mind resolved. No, Sir; to me
It seems as natural as to be born.
Grōans and convulsions, and discolored faces,
Friends weeping round us, crapes and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing: the pŏmp of death
Is far mōre tĕrrible than death itself
Yĕs, Sir; I call the powers of heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honor Brutus.

Brutus. Thou perfect glōry of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once mōre to my bosom;
Grōan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible;—
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child!
For thou must die, my Titus—die, my son!
I swear, the gŏds have doomed thee to the grave.
The vĭŏlated genius of thy country
Bares his sad head, and passes sentence on thee.
This morning sun, that lights thy sŏrrōws on
To the trībūnal of this hŏrrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more!

Titus. Alas! my lord,
Why art thou moved thus? Why am I worth thy sŏrrōw?
Why should the gŏdlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a trāitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Brutus. They will, my Titus;
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark! the deeper that I search,
My harassed soul returns the mōre confirmed.

Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,—
Like a machine, they whirl thee to thy fate.
It seems as if the gŏds had preŏrdained it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fixed; O, therefore let not fancy dupe thee!
So fixed thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the ax.

Titus. The ax! O Heaven! must I, then, fall so basely?
What! shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brutus. If thou deny me this, thou givest me nothing.
Yĕs, Titus, since the gŏds have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take the advantage
Of thy important fate; cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood.
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my son—on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then, with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common ax,
Without a grōan, without one pitying tear
(If that the gods can hold me to my purpose),
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourged like a bondman! Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all: yĕt, here I fail;
The image of this suffering quite unmans me.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yĕt have no token of your tĕndernèss—
No sign of mercy? What! not bate me that?
Can you resolve on all the extremity
Of cruel rigor? To behold me, too—
To sit, unmoved, and see me whipped to death—
Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brutus. Think that I love thee, by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here;

These sighs, that twitch the vĕry strings of life;
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death. O, do not call it shameful
That thus shall fix the glōry of the world.
I own thy suffering ought to unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellōw like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That fōrce a father thus to kill his child!
Titus. O, rise, thou vīolated majesty!
I now submit to all your threatened vengeance.
Come fōrth, ye executioners of justice!
Nay, all ye lictors, slaves, and common hangmen
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed! Whip me, like furies!
And, when you've scourged me till I foam and fall
For want of spirits, grŏveling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it to his justice:
By all the gŏds, I greedily resign it? LEE.

NATHANIEL LEE, an English dramatic writer, was born in Hertfordshire in 1651. He received a classical education at Westminster school, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author; was four years in bedlam from wild insanity; but recovered his reason, resumed his labors as a dramatist, and though subject to fits of partial derangement, continued to write till the end of his life. He was the author of eleven tragedies, besides assisting Dryden in the composition of "Œdipus" and "The Duke of Guise." His best tragedies are the "Rival Queens," "Mithridates," "Theodosius," and Lucius Junius Brutus." He possessed no small degree of the fire of genius, excelling in tenderness and genuine passion; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant phrensy, in part caused by his mental malady. He died in London on the 6th of April, 1692.

IV.

185. THE PHRENSY OF ORRA.

HARTMAN. Is she well?
Theobald. Her body is.
Hart. And not her mind? Oh, dīrèst wreck of all!
That noble mind!—But 'tis some passing seizure,
Some powerful movement of a trănsient nature;
It is not mădnèss!

Theo. 'Tis Heaven's infliction; let us call it so;
Give it no other name.
Eleanora. Nay, do not thus despair; when she behōlds us,
She'll know her friends, and, by our kindly soothing,
Be gradually restored—
Alice. Let me go to her.
Theo. Nay, forbear, I pray thee;
I will myself with thee, my worthy Hartman,
Go in and lead her fōrth.
Orra. Come back, come back! the fierce and fiery light!
Theo. Shrink not, dear love! it is the light of day.
Orra. Have cocks crōwed yĕt?
Theo. Yĕs; twice I've heard already
Their matin sound. Look up to the blue sky—
Is it not daylight? And these green boughs
Are fresh and frāgrant round thee: every sense
Tells thee it is the cheerful early day.
Orra. Aye, so it is; day takes his daily turns,
Rising between the gulfy dells of night,
Like whitened billōws on a gloomy sea.
Till glow-worms gleam, and stars peep through the dark,
And will-o'-the wisp his dancing taper light,"
They will not come again. [*Bending her ear to the ground.*
Hark, hark! aye, hark!
They are all there: I hear their hŏllōw sound
Full many a fathom down.
Theo. Be still, poor troubled soul! they'll ne'er return—
They are forever gŏne. Be well assured
Thou shalt from hencefōrth have a cheerful home,
With crackling fagots on thy midnight fire,
Blazing like day around thee; and thy friends—
Thy living, loving friends—still by thy side,
To speak to thee and cheer thee. See, my Orra!
They are beside thee now; dost thou not know them?
Orra. No, no! athwart the wavering, garish light,
Things move and seem to be, and yĕt are nothing.
Elea. My gentle Orra, hast thou then forgot me?
Dost not thou know my voice?
Orra. 'Tis like an old tune to my ear returned.
For there be those who sit in cheerful halls,

And breathe sweet air, and speak with pleasant sounds;
And once I lived with such; some years gŏne by,—
I wot not now how lŏng.
Hughobert. Keen words that rend my heart: thou hadst a home,
And one whose faith was pledged for thy protection.
Urston. Be mōre composed, my lord; some faint remembrance
Returns upon her with the well-known sound
Of voices once familiar to her ear.
Let Alice sing to her some favorite tune
That may lōst thoughts recall. [ALICE *sings.*
Orra. Ha, ha! the witchèd air sings for thee bravely.
Hoot owls through mantling fog for matin birds?
It lures not me.—I know thee well enough:
The bones of murdered men thy mĕasurė beat,
And fleshlèss heads nod to thee.—Off, I say!
Why are ye here? That is the blessèd sun.
Elea. Ah, Orra! do not look upon us thus:
These are the voices of thy loving friends
That speak to thee; this is a friendly hand
That presses thine so kindly.
Hart. Oh, grievous state! what terror seizes thee?
Orra. Take it away! It was the swāthèd dead;
I know its clammy, chill, and bony touch.
Come not again; I'm strŏng and tĕrrible now:
Mine eyes have looked upon all dreadful things;
And when the earth yawns, and the hell-blast sounds,
I'll bide the trooping of unearthly steps,
With stiff, clenched, terrible strength.
Hugh. A murderer is a guiltless wretch to me.
Hart. Be patient; 'tis a momentary pitch;
Let me encounter it.
Orra. Take ŏff from me thy strāngely fastened eye;
I may not look upon thee—yĕt I must.
Unfix thy baleful glance. Art thou a snake?
Something of hŏrrid power within thee dwells.
Still, still that powerful eye doth suck me in,
Like a dark eddy to its wheeling cōre.
Spare me! oh spare me, Being of strange power,
And at thy feet my subject head I'll lay.
Elea. Alas, the piteous sight! to see her thus,

The noble, generous, playful, stately Orra!
Theo. Out on thy hateful and ungenerous guile!
Think'st thou I'll suffer ō'er her wretched state
The slightèst shadōw of a base control?
[*Raising* ORRA *from the ground.*
No; rise, thou stately flower with rude blasts rent:
As honored art thou with thy broken stem
And leaflets strewed, as in thy summer's pride.
I've seen thee worshiped like a regal dame,
With every studied form of marked devotion,
Whilst I, in distant silence, scarcely proffered
Even a plain soldier's courtesy; but now,
No liege man to his crownèd mistress sworn,
Bound and devoted is as I to thee;
And he who ŏffers to thy altered state
The slightest seeming of diminished reverence,
Must in my blood—[*To* HARTMAN]. Oh pardon me, my friend!
Thou'st wrung my heart.
Hart. Nay, do thou pardon me,—I am to blame:
Thy noble heart shall not again be wrung.
But what can now be done? O'er such wild ravings
There must be some control.
Theo. O none! none! none! but gentle sympathy,
And watchfulnèss of love.—My noble Orra!
Wander where'er thou wilt, thy vagrant steps
Shall fŏllōwed be by one who shall not weary,
Nor e'er detach him from his hopeless task;
Bound to thee now as fairest, gentlest beauty
Could ne'er have bound him.
Alice. See how she gazes on him with a look,
Subsiding gradually to sŏfter sadness,
Half saying that she knows him.
Elea. There is a kindness in her chānging eye. BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born in 1762, at Bothwell, in Lanark, Scotland, of which place her father was the parish minister. She removed to London at an early age, and resided in that city, or its neighborhood, almost constantly. Her first volume of dramas, "Plays of the Passions," was published in 1798, her second in 1802, her third in 1812, and her fourth in 1836. A volume of her miscellaneous poems, of which some of the small ones are exceedingly good, appeared in 1841. Her tragedies, though not well adapted to the stage, are fine poems, noble in sentiment, and classical and vigorous in language. Scott numbered the description of Orra's madness with the sublimest scenes ever written, and compared the language to Shakspeare's. She died at Hampstead in Feb., 1841.

SECTION XXXVII.

L

186. MILTON.

PART FIRST.

WE venture to say, paradoxical[1] as the remark may appear, that no poĕt has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable cir'cumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of his clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poĕtical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

2. We think that as civilization advances, poĕtry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the mōre because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the mōst wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We can not understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliĕst poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

3. He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poĕt, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whōle web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has, perhaps, constituted hitherto his chief title of superiŏrity. His vĕry talents will be a hinderance to him. His difficulties will be propōrtioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well, if, after all his săcri-

[1] **Păr`a dŏx'ic al**, seemingly absurd; inclined to tenets contrary to received opinions.

fices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen, in our own time, great talents, intense labor, and lŏng meditation employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age; and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

4. If these reasonings be just, no poĕt has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical[1] literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which ēither plĕasure or information was then to be derived. He was, perhaps, the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse.

5. It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poĕtry of Milton. The public has lŏng been agreed as to the merit of the mōst remarkable passages, the incom'parable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist[2] to degrade; which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic[3] powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism in which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yĕt the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

6. The mōst striking characteristic of the poĕtry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideăs which it dĭrĕctly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the "Iliad." Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion; but takes the whōle upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton can not be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of

[1] **Rab bĭn' ic al**, pertaining to Rabbins, or Jewish doctors of the law.

[2] ***Păr'o* dist**, one who makes slight *alterations*, ironical or jocular, by which poetry written on one subject is applied to another.

[3] **Id`i o măt' ic**, peculiar to the structure of a language.

the reader coöperate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

7. We often hear of the magical influence of poëtry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult[1] power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment; no sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym[2] for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure' with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesamè!"[3] The miserable failure of Dryden, in his attempt to re-write some parts of the "Paradise Lost," is a remarkable instance of this.

II.

187. MILTON.

PART SECOND.

THE character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription, facetiously termed the Act of Indemnity and Ob-

[1] Oc cult', invisible: concealed from the eye or understanding.

[2] Syn' o nym, one of two or more words in the same language which are the precise equivalents of each other, or which have very nearly the same signification.

[3] Ses' a me, an oily grain; an herb-like plant from the seeds of which oil is expressed.

livion, had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate cōurt and an inconstant people!

2. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign (sŭv'er in) and the public. It was a lōathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus,—grotesque' monsters, half-bĕstial, half-human, dropping with wine, blōated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chāste lady of the Masque, lōfty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at by the whōle rabble of Sātyrs and Goblins.

3. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Nēither blindnèss, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly ēquable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes: such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

4. His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable ēras in the history of mankind; at the vĕry crisis of the great conflict between liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American fŏrests; which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years; and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire

in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with a strange and unwonted fear!

5. We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton[1] appear to be peculiarly set apart and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the great poet. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction!

6. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand, and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if, indeed, such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend, Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

7. These are, perhaps, foolish feelings. Yet we can not be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall, in any degree, excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism*.[2] But *there are* a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure; which have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting; which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High.

[1] **Relic of Milton.** "A Treatise on the Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone."

[2] **Bŏs' well ism,** see p. 210.

8. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger[1] sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not ōnly by their superior bloom and sweetnèss, but by their mĭrăcūloŭs efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify.

9. Nor do we envy the man who can study ēither the life or the writings of the great poet and pātriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lŏfty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dāngers, the deadly hatred which he bōre to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame. T. B. Macaulay.

III.

188. SATAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH.

BLACK it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, tĕrrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head,
The likenèss of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With hŏrrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not feared: Gŏd and his Son except,
Creăted thing naught valued he, nor shunned;
And with disdainful look thus first began:—

2. "Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance

[1] **Philip Massinger**, one of the very best of the old English dramatists, was born in 1584, and died in 1640. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which eighteen have been preserved. The "Virgin Martyr," the "Bondman," the "Fatal Dowry," "The City Madam," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," are his best known productions.

Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hellborn! not to contend with spirits of heaven!"

3. To whom the goblin, full of wrath replied:—
"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

4. So spake the grisly terror: and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus[1] huge
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

5. Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:

[1] **Ophiuchus**, (ŏf'ĭ ū'kus), the Serpent-bearer; a cluster of fixed stars whose center is nearly over the equator, opposite to Orion.

So frowned the mighty com'batants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once mōre was ēither like
To meet so great a Foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, one of the greatest of all poets and scholars, was born in London on the 9th of December, 1608. His father, liberally educated and from a good family, having been disinherited for embracing Protestantism, became a scrivener, and acquired a competent fortune. The firmness and the sufferings of the father for conscience' sake were not lost upon the son, who became a stern, unbending champion of religious freedom. Milton was educated with great care. He studied ancient and modern languages, delighted in poetical reading, and cultivated the musical taste which he inherited from his father. At fifteen he was sent to St. Paul's School, London, and two years later to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in due course. He wrote several poems at an early age. His "Hymn on the Nativity," composed in his twenty-first year, is one of the noblest of his works, and perhaps the finest lyric in the English language. Leaving the university in 1632, he went to the house of his father, at Hutton in Buckinghamshire, where he lived five years, studying classical literature and writing poems. During this happy period of his life he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Arcades," "Lycidas," and "Comus." In 1638 the poet visited the Continent, where he remained fifteen months, principally in Italy and France. His study of the works of art during this period probably suggested some of his best poetical creations. On his return to England in 1639 he took up his residence in London. The next twenty years, during the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate, the poet's lyre was mute. A Republican in politics and an Independent in religion, during this stormy period he threw himself promptly and fearlessly into the vortex of the struggle, and, as a controversialist, enrolled his name among the noblest and most eloquent of the writers of old English prose. In 1643 Milton married Mary Powell, the daughter of a high cavalier of Oxfordshire. In 1649 he was appointed Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and retained the same position during the Protectorate. For ten years his eyesight had been failing, when, in 1652, he became totally blind. About the same period his first wife died, but he married soon after. His second wife, Catharine Woodcock, died in 1656. The Restoration of 1660 consigned the poet, for the last fourteen years of his life, to an obscurity which gave him leisure to complete the mighty poetical task which was to secure him an immortality of literary fame. In 1664 he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, of a good Cheshire family. In 1665 he completed "Paradise Lost," which was first published in 1667. In 1671 appeared the "Paradise Regained," to which was subjoined "Samson Agonistes." He died on the 8th of November, 1674. For a further description of Milton and his poetry, the reader is referred to the two exercises immediately preceding the above.

IV.

189. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.[1]

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh the pain—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2. Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

3. The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting? ALEXANDER POPE.

SECTION XXXVIII.

I.

190. MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.

MACBETH.[2] Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
I have thee not, and yĕt I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

Expression, in the delivery of this exquisite little poem, the reader must bear in mind, requires the continued production of the feeble and failing tone of the *dying man*, while conveying the perfect, *enthusiastic* confidence of the hopeful *Christian*.

[2] **Mac bĕth′**, afterward king of Scotland, prompted by ambition, and urged on by his wife, resolves to murder the king, then his guest, and seize the crown.

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fool o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hĕc'ate's ŏfferings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's[1] ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy vĕry stones prate of my whĕre-about,
And take the present hŏrror from the time,
Which now suits with it. While I threat he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds to cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.—Hark!—peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good-night. He is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mŏck their charge with snŏres: I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,

[1] Tar'quin, two kings of Rome: *L. Tarquinius* Superbus, here alluded to, *seventh* in the line of kings, obtained the throne by the murder of Servius Tullius, whose daughter, Tullia, he had married.

Whether they live or die.

Macbeth [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed!—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the cricket's cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Aye.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chămber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sŏrry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, MURDER!
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged togĕther.

Macb. One cried, *Gŏd bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had mōst need of blessing, and āmĕn
Stuck in my thrōat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
MACBETH *doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—*
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second cōurse,

Chief nŏurisher in life's feast:—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more,* to all the house;
GLAMIS *hath murdered sleep; and therefore* CAWDOR
Shall sleep no more—MACBETH *shall sleep no more!*
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, gĕt some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no mōre:
I am afraid to think what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here?—Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hands? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,"[1]
Making the green—one red.
Reënter Lady MACBETH.
Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chămber:
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then? Your constancy[2]
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lōst
So poorly in your thoughts.

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[1] *Incarnadine,* (ĭn kär′ nā dĭn), to *stain red,* or of a flesh-color.

[2] Cŏn′ stan cy, fixedness or firmness of mind; resolution.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.
SHAKSPEARE.

II.

191. THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE, IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbĕth'. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulnèss and a depth of solemnity; yĕt, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanèst faculty in the human mind, and the mōst to be distrusted; and yet the great majŏrity of people trust to nothing else; which may do fŏr ordinary life, but not for phĭlosŏphical purposes.

2. My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect, dĭrĕct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this: Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is whōlly dĭrĕcted to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of cōarse and vulgar hŏrror; and for this reason, that it flings the ĭnterèst exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) among all living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greātèst of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most ab'ject and humiliating attitude.

3. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poĕt.

What, then, must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of cōurse I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer —such a murderer as a poet will condescend to—there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will creāte a hĕll within him; and into this hell we are to look.

4. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creātion, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife—the tiger spirit not so ăwāke, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yĕt, as bōth were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in bōth. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a mōre propōrtionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking ŏff," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i. e.*, the dĭvīne nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, was gŏne, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention.

5. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the mōst affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great năti̇onal idol was carried in funeral pŏmp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through *which it* passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion

of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the deathlike stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting, as at that moment when the suspension ceases and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed.

6. All action in any dĭrĕction is best expounded, mĕasured, and made apprehensible by reäction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman: bŏth are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable?

7. In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut ŏff by an immĕasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess′; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncopè[1] and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darknèss is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pägeantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reäction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again, and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

[1] **Syncope**, (sĭng′ko pe), a fainting or swooning; a diminution, decrease, or interruption of the motion of the heart, and of respiration, accompanied with a suspension of the action of the brain, and a temporary loss of sensation, volition, and other faculties.

8. O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frŏst and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder,—which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert; but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the mōre we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident. DE QUINCEY.

SECTION XXXIX.

I.

192. MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Sōlўma![1] begin the sŏng—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belŏng.
The mōssy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus[2] and the Aōniăn maids,[3]
Delight no mōre—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's[4] hăllōwed lips with fire!

2. Rapt into future times the bard began:
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
Whose sacred flower with frāgrance fills the skies!
Th' ethereal spirit ō'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mўstic dove.

3. Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pōur,
And in sōft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ăncient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift ălŏft her scale,

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[1] Sŏl'ўma, another name for Jerusalem.

[2] Pĭn'dus, a lofty range of mountains in Northern Greece.

[3] *Aonian* maids, the *Muses*, so called, because they frequented Mt. Helicon and the fountain Aganippe, which were in *Aonia*, one of the ancient names of *Bœotia*.

[4] Isaiah, (ī zā' yȧ).

Peace ō'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

4. Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
O spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliëst wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lŏfty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding fŏrests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!

5. Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a Gŏd, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!

6. The Saviour comes! by ăncient bards foretōld—
Hear Him, ye dĕaf; and all ye blind, behōld!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sīghtlèss eyeball pōur the day;
'T is He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
From every face He wipes ŏff every tear.
In ăd'amăn'tĭne chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

7. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks frĕshèst pasture, and the purest air,
Explōres the lōst, the wandering sheep dĭrĕcts,
By day ō'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs He raises in his arms—
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
The promised father of the future age.

8. No mōre shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered ō'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no mōre;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shădōw to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

9. The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late ăbōdes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leaflèss shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

10. The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmlèss serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crĕstèd basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forkèd tongues shall innocently play.

11. Rise, crowned with light, impĕriăl Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a lŏng race thy spacious cōurts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yĕt unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thrŏnged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with prŏducts of Sabean[1] springs!

[1] *Sa bē' an*, pertaining to Saba, in Arabia, celebrated for producing aromatic plants.

For Thee Idūme's[1] spicy fŏrests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's[2] mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling pŏrtals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

12. No mōre the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cўnthiă[3] fill her silver horn;
But lōst, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glōry, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflōw thy cōurts; the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and Gŏd's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Mĕssiah reigns! Pope.

II.

193. OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

I WAS yĕsterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first ămūsed myself with all the richnĕss and variety of colors which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in propōrtion as they faded ăwāy and went out, several stars and planets appeared, one after another, until the whōle firmament was in a glōw. The blueness of the ēther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy[4] appeared in its mōst beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was mōre finely shaded and disposed among sŏfter lights than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

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[1] I dū′ me, or Id u′ mæ a, an ancient country of Western Asia, comprising the mountainous tract on the east side of the great valleys of El-Ghor and El-Arabah, and west and southwest of the Dead Sea, with a portion of Arabia.

[2] O′ phir, an ancient country mentioned in the Scriptures, and renowned from the earliest times for its gold. Some suppose it to be the same as the modern Sofala; and others conjecture it was situated in the East Indies.

[3] Cўn′ thi a, the moon, a name given to Diana, derived from Mount Cynthus, her birthplace.

[4] Gă1′ ax y, the Milky Way.

2. As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightnèss, and taking her prŏgress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe vĕry ŏften perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou regardèst him!" In the same manner when I considered that infinite hŏst of stars, or, to speak mŏre phĭlosŏphically, of suns which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idē'a, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursue this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bŏre amidst the immensity of Gŏd's works.

3. If we consider Gŏd in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whŏle frame of nature. His creätion, and ĕvèry part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is ēither so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose center is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

4. In the second place, he is omniscient[1] as well as omnipresent.[2] His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he can not but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whŏle material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus inti-

[1] ***Omniscience***, (om nĭsh' ent), *having all* knowledge; all-seeing.

[2] Om'nĭ prĕs'ent, present in all places at the same time.

mately united. Several mŏralists have considered the creăation as the temple of Gŏd, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty; but the noblèst and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium[1] of the Gŏdhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a vĕry nărrŏw circle. But as God Almighty can not but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

5. Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyŏnd the bounds of the creăation; should it for millions of years continue its prŏgress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find him!" says Job. "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I can not perceive him; on the left hand, where he does work, but I can not behold him; he hidèth himself on the right hand that I can not see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he can not be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

6. In this consideration of Gŏd Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He can not but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is prĭvy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them. ADDISON.

[1] Sen sō′ ri um, the seat of sense or perception.

III.

194. GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all dĕv'astāting flight!
Thou ōnly Gŏd—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explōre
Who fill'st existence with Thyself ălone—
Embracing all, suppōrting, ruling ō'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no mōre!

2. In its sublime research, phĭlŏsophy
May mĕasure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, Gŏd! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brīghtèst spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, ĭnfinīte and dark;
And thought is lŏst ere thought can sōar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

3. Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung fōrth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays dĭvīne;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glōrious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Pōtentate!

4. Thy chains the unmĕasured universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring fōrth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pāgeantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

5. A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glōrious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

6. Yĕs! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glōry of sublimèst thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatnèss—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

7. Naught! But the effluence of Thy light dĭvīne,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yĕs! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy dĭvĭnity.
I am, O Gŏd! and surely Thou must be!

8. Thou art!—dĭrĕcting, guiding all—Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

9. The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!

I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

10. Creator, yĕs! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou sōurce of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bădе it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyōnd this little sphere,
Even to its sōurce—to Thee—its Author there.

11. O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yĕt shall Thy shadōwed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
Gŏd! thus ălōne my lowly thoughts can sōar,
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, ădōre;
And when the tongue is eloquent no mōre
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAVEN.

GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN, a Russian lyric poet, was born in Kasan, July 3d, 1743. He gained distinction in the military and civil service, receiving the appointment of secretary of state in 1791, and of minister of justice in 1802. Many of his poems abound with beautiful moral sentiments and expressions, especially the above ode to "God," which was translated into several European languages, and into Chinese and Japanese. It is said to have been hung up in the palace of the emperor of China, printed in gold letters on white satin: it was in like manner placed in the temple of Jeddo. His complete works, in five volumes, appeared at St. Petersburg in 1810. He died July 6th, 1816. The above admirable translation was made by Sir John Bowring, British governor of Hong Kong.

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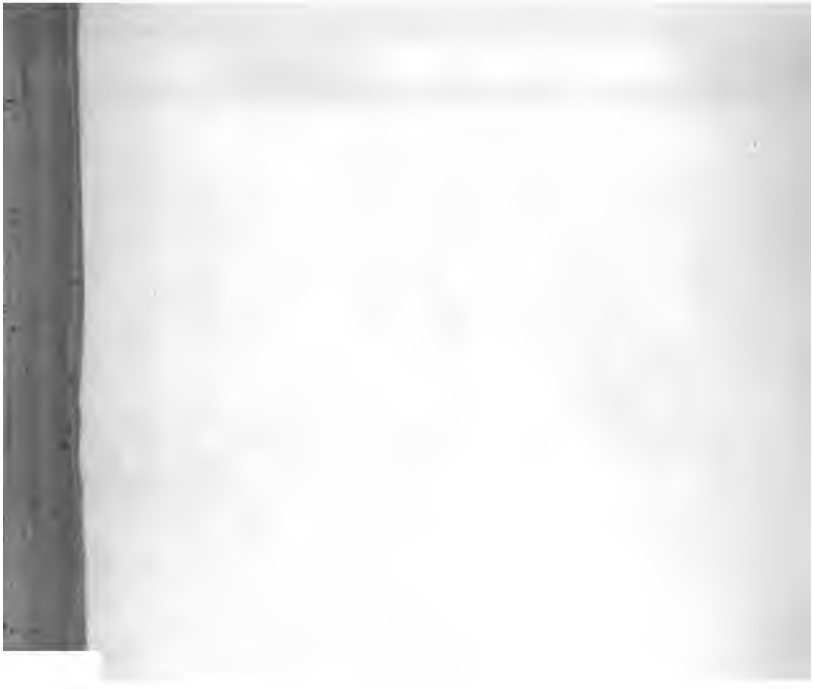
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